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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M.
Ph.D., L.H.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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ONE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Volume II

NEW YORK: AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY, PUBLISHERS

SAINT AUGUSTINE AND HIS MOTHER

Photogravure from a painting by Ary Scheffer.

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FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

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MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Arnold, Matthew, an English poet and essayist, the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He studied in several schools, lastly at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1840; and gained the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1843, his subject being "Cromwell." He graduated with honors; and from 1847 to 1851 acted as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. After about 1848 Matthew Arnold became a frequent contributor to current literature, at first mainly in verse; afterward more usually in prose. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a position which he held for the ensuing ten years, during which he wrote and published no little prose and verse.

Matthew Arnold's prose writings cover a wide field in manifold departments, the theological element being rather predominant. Thus we have "St. Paul and Protestantism" (1870); "Literature and Dogma" (1873); "Last Essays on Church and Religion" (1877); "Irish Essays, and others" (1882). In 1884 he made a tour in America, delivering several discourses, some of which embody his best and most matured thought.

Sweetness and Light.

(From "Culture and Anarchy.")

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity; but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve; and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are — which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are

called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection.* It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As in the first view of it we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words, "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so in the second view of it there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail."

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action: what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute. . . .

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater! — the passion for making them *prevail.* It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I

have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary proper literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely, — nourished and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea;* and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as

the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: —"Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

Keeping this in view, I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of employing, in order to designate our aristocratic class, the name of *The Barbarians*. The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much, and who reinvigorated and renewed our worn-out Europe, had, as is well known, eminent merits; and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that stanch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr. Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have at any rate a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field-sports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion, too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigor, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means, — all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bear-

ing, — what is this but the attractive commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble no doubt, one would have admired, if one could have been then alive to see it, the rudiments of our politest peer. Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly. It consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess. The chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones; they were courage, a high spirit, self-confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access. Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly; all the exterior graces and accomplishments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion. It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which, from the world of thought and feeling, true culture teaches us to fetch sweetness and light; but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit. Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this class was an insufficiency of light. And owing to the same causes, does not a subtle criticism lead us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, and of even the most fascinating half of that class, the feminine half, the one qualifying remark, that in these charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfection, a shade more *soul?*

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former, in my own mind, *The Barbarians.* And when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, "There," I say to myself, "is a great fortified post of the Barbarians."

Oxford.

(From "Essays in Criticism.")

No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so

OXFORD FROM THE MAGDALEN COLLEGE TOWER

unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? — nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him: the bondage of "*was uns alle bandigt, Das Gemeine!*" She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

To a Friend.

Who prop, thou ask'st in these bad days, my mind?
He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.
Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

Youth and Calm.

'T is death! and peace, indeed, is here,
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.
There 's nothing can dismarble now
The smoothness of that limpid brow.
But is a calm like this, in truth,
The crowning end of life and youth,
And when this boon rewards the dead,
Are all debts paid, has all been said?
And is the heart of youth so light,
Its step so firm, its eye so bright,
Because on its hot brow there blows
A wind of promise and repose
From the far grave, to which it goes;
Because it has the hope to come,
One day, to harbor in the tomb?
Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath —
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm 's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'T is all perhaps which man acquires,
But 't is not what our youth desires.

Sohrab and Rustum.

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed:
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent.
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow

When the sun melts the snows on high Pamera;
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came a little back
From the stream's brink — the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fallen, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep:
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said: —
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said: —
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said: —
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents while it is war,
And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old, —
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian king.
There go! — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul:
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade —
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard — so they streamed.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere —
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians formed; —
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake and said: —

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day;
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy —
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,
Cross, underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow;
Crossing so high that as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries, —
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows, —
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King;
These came and counseled, and then Gudurz said: —

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name;
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried: —
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

He spake; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.

And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food, —
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark-green melons; and there Rustum sat
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it: but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said: —
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? But sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said: —
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart:
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"
He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile: —
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young —
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have —
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,

And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply: —
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And greatly moved, then Rustum made reply: —
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."
He spoke, and frowned: and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy —
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel —
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth:
The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes

Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her fire —
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul,
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said: —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?

Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs; — hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said: —
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul?
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he!"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul: —
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: *Rustum is here!*
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight: but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud: —
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet: —
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young —
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand,

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —
"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang:
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way: —
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou are not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance:
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.

Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning ! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath: first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head: but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry; —
No horse's cry was that, — most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand —
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,

And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head: but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form:
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground:
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair; —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began: —
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied: —
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off; — anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest: but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers — never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
And with a cold, incredulous voice, he said: —
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And with a failing voice, Sohrab replied: —
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear:
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;

But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke: but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought:
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds — so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time —
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near his bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass — so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said: —
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.

For Rustum had no son: one child he had —
But one — a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us —
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desirèd to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die, —
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And rising sternly on one arm, he said: —
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said: —
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift — at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands —
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved —
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said: —
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood

Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
O boy — thy father! — and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life: and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair, —
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
Amd strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said: —
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away —
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind;
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief

Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice and said: —
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on their nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field!"
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said: —
"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
And said: *'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!'* — but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed: —
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
But with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied: —
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me: I pray thee, slay not these!

Let me entreat for them: what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And with a mournful voice, Rustum replied: —
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have —
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say, *'O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,

And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."
Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."
And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said: —
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; — all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay —
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires

Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; — he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer — till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

Homer and His Translators.

I. Pope's Translation.

And now may Apollo and Artemis be gracious,
And to all of you, maidens, I say farewell.
Yet remember me when I am gone;
And if some other toiling pilgrim among the sons of men
Comes and asks: O maidens,
Who is the sweetest minstrel of all who wander hither,
And in whom do you delight most,
Make answer with one voice, in gentle words,
The blind old man of Chios' rocky isle.

Homer, in "Hymn to Apollo."

Homer's verses were some of the first words which a young Athenian heard. He heard them from his mother or his nurse before he went to school; and at school, when he went there, he was constantly occupied with them. So much did he hear of them that Socrates proposes, in the interests of morality, to

A READING FROM HOMER

From a Painting by Alma-Tadema

have selections from Homer made, and placed in the hands of mothers and nurses, in his model republic; in order that, of an author with whom they were sure to be so perpetually conversant, the young might learn only those parts which might do them good. His language was as familiar to Sophocles, we may be quite sure, as the language of the Bible is to us.

Nay, more. Homer's language was not, of course, in the time of Sophocles, the spoken or written language of ordinary life, any more than the language of the Bible, any more than the language of poetry, is with us: but for one great species of composition — epic poetry — it was still the current language; it was the language in which every one who made that sort of poetry composed. Every one at Athens who dabbled in epic poetry not only understood Homer's language, — he possessed it. He possessed it as every one who dabbles in poetry with us possesses what may be called the poetical vocabulary, as distinguished from the vocabulary of common speech and of modern prose: I mean, such expressions as *perchance* for *perhaps*, *spake* for *spoke*, *aye* for *ever*, *don* for *put on*, *charmèd* for *charmed*, and thousands of others. . . .

Robert Wood, whose "Essay on the Genius of Homer" is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris.

"I found him," he continues, "so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying, it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs.

"ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε,
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
νῦν δ' — ἔμπης γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βρότον, οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι —
ἴομεν.

His lordship repeated the last words several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) 'on the most glorious war, and most honorable peace, this nation ever saw.'"

I quote this story, first, because it is interesting as exhibiting the English aristocracy at its very height of culture, lofty spirit, and greatness, towards the middle of the last century. I quote it, secondly, because it seems to me to illustrate Goethe's saying, which I mentioned, that our life, in Homer's view of it, represents a conflict and a hell; and it brings out, too, what there is tonic and fortifying in this doctrine. I quote it, lastly, because it shows that the passage is just one of those in translating which Pope will be at his best, a passage of strong emotion and oratorical movement, not of simple narrative or description.

Pope translates the passage thus: —

> Could all our care elude the gloomy grave
> Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
> For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
> In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
> But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
> Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
> The life which others pay, let us bestow,
> And give to fame what we to nature owe.

Nothing could better exhibit Pope's prodigious talent, and nothing, too, could be better in its own way. But, as Bentley said, "You must not call it Homer." One feels that Homer's thought has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible, and come out highly intellectualized; come out in a form which strongly impresses us indeed, but which no longer impresses us in the same way as when it was uttered by Homer. The antithesis of the last two lines —

> The life which others pay, let us bestow,
> And give to fame what we to nature owe —

is excellent, and is just suited to Pope's heroic couplet; but neither the antithesis itself, nor the couplet which conveys it, is suited to the feeling or to the movement of the Homeric ἴομεν.

Every one knows the passage at the end of the eighth book

of the Iliad, where the fires of the Trojan encampment are likened to the stars. It is very far from my wish to hold Pope up to ridicule, so I shall not quote the commencement of the passage, which in the original is of great and celebrated beauty, and in translating which Pope has been singularly and notoriously unfortunate. But the latter part of the passage, where Homer leaves the stars and comes to the Trojan fires, treats of the plainest, most matter-of-fact subject possible, and deals with this, as Homer always deals with every subject, in the plainest and most straightforward style. "So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires in the plain; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning."

In Pope's translation, this plain story becomes the following: —

> So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
> And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
> The long reflections of the distant fires
> Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
> A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
> And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.
> Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
> Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
> Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
> And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says, somewhere, that wherever Virgil seems to have composed "with his eye on the object," Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes "with his eye on the object," whether the object be a moral or a material one: Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's

description with ornament and dignity. A sentiment may be changed by being put into a pointed and oratorical form, yet may still be very effective in that form; but a description, the moment it takes its eyes off that which it is to describe, and begins to think of ornamenting itself, is worthless.

Therefore, I say, the translator of Homer should penetrate himself with a sense of the plainness and directness of Homer's style; of the simplicity with which Homer's thought is evolved and expressed. He has Pope's fate before his eyes, to show him what a divorce may be created even between the most gifted translator and Homer by an artificial evolution of thought and a literary cast of style.

II. CHAPMAN'S VERSION.

Chapman's style is not artificial and literary like Pope's; nor his movement elaborate and self-retarding like the Miltonic movement of Cowper. He is plain-spoken, fresh, vigorous, and to a certain degree rapid; and all these are Homeric qualities. I cannot say that I think the movement of his fourteen-syllable line, which has been so much commended, Homeric: but it is not distinctly anti-Homeric, like the movement of Milton's blank verse; and it has a rapidity of its own. Chapman's diction, too, is generally good, — that is, appropriate to Homer; above all, the syntactical character of his style is appropriate. With these merits, what prevents his translation from being a satisfactory version of Homer? Is it merely the want of literal faithfulness to his original, imposed upon him, it is said, by the exigences of rhyme? Has this celebrated version, which has so many advantages, no other and deeper defect than that? Its author is a poet, and a poet, too, of the Elizabethan age: the golden age of English literature, as it is called — and on the whole truly called; for whatever be the defects of Elizabethan literature (and they are great), we have no development of our literature to compare with it for vigor and richness. This age, too, showed what it could do in translating, by producing a masterpiece, its version of the Bible.

Chapman's translation has often been praised as eminently Homeric. Keats' fine sonnet in its honor every one knows; but Keats could not read the original, and therefore could not really judge the translation. Coleridge, in praising Chapman's

version, says at the same time, "It will give you small idea of Homer." But the grave authority of Mr. Hallam pronounces this translation to be "often exceedingly Homeric"; and its latest editor boldly declares that by what, with a deplorable style, he calls "his own innative Homeric genius," Chapman "has thoroughly identified himself with Homer"; and that "we pardon him even for his digressions, for they are such as we feel Homer himself would have written."

I confess that I can never read twenty lines of Chapman's version without recurring to Bentley's cry, "This is not Homer!" and that from a deeper cause than any unfaithfulness occasioned by the fetters of rhyme.

I said that there were four things which eminently distinguished Homer, and with a sense of which Homer's translator should penetrate himself as fully as possible. One of these four things was the plainness and directness of Homer's ideas. I have just been speaking of the plainness and directness of his style; but the plainness and directness of the contents of his style, of his ideas themselves, is not less remarkable. But as eminently as Homer is plain, so eminently is the Elizabethan literature in general, and Chapman in particular, fanciful. Steeped in humors and fantasticality up to its very lips, the Elizabethan age, newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in this first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately. Happily, in the translation of the Bible, the sacred character of their original inspired the translators with such respect that they did not dare to give the rein to their own fancies in dealing with it. But in dealing with works of profane literature, in dealing with poetical works above all, which highly stimulated them, one may say that the minds of the Elizabethan translators were *too* active; that they could not forbear importing so much of their own, and this of a most peculiar and Elizabethan character, into their original, that they effaced the character of the original itself.

Take merely the opening pages to Chapman's translation, the introductory verses and the dedications. You will find —

> An Anagram of the name of our Dread Prince,
> My most gracious and sacred Mæcenas,
> Henry, Prince of Wales,
> Our Sunn, Heyr, Peace, Life, —

Henry, son of James the First, to whom the work is dedicated. Then comes an address —

> To the sacred Fountain of Princes,
> Sole Empress of Beauty and Virtue, Anne, Queen
> Of England, etc.

All the Middle Age, with its grotesqueness, its conceits, its irrationality, is still in these opening pages: they by themselves are sufficient to indicate to us what a gulf divides Chapman from the "clearest-souled" of poets, from Homer; almost as great a gulf as that which divides him from Voltaire. Pope has been sneered at for saying that Chapman writes "somewhat as one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived at years of discretion." But the remark is excellent: Homer expresses himself like a man of adult reason, Chapman like a man whose reason has not yet cleared itself. For instance, if Homer had had to say of a poet, that he hoped his merit was now about to be fully established in the opinion of good judges, he was as incapable of saying this as Chapman says it, — "Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun," — I say, Homer was as incapable of saying this in that manner, as Voltaire himself would have been. Homer, indeed, has actually an affinity with Voltaire in the unrivaled clearness and straightforwardness of his thinking; in the way in which he keeps to one thought at a time, and puts that thought forth in its complete natural plainness, instead of being led away from it by some fancy striking him in connection with it, and being beguiled to wander off with this fancy till his original thought, in its natural reality, knows him no more. What could better show us how gifted a race was this Greek race? The same member of it has not only the power of profoundly touching that natural heart of humanity which it is Voltaire's weakness that he cannot reach, but can also address the understanding with all Voltaire's admirable simplicity and rationality.

My limits will not allow me to do more than shortly illustrate, from Chapman's version of the Iliad, what I mean when I speak of this vital difference between Homer and an Elizabethan poet in the quality of their thought; between the plain

simplicity of the thought of the one, and the curious complexity of the thought of the other. As in Pope's case, I carefully abstain from choosing passages for the express purpose of making Chapman appear ridiculous; Chapman, like Pope, merits in himself all respect, though he too, like Pope, fails to render Homer.

In that tonic speech of Sarpedon, of which I have said so much, Homer, you may remember, has —

> if indeed, but once *this* battle avoided
> We were forever to live without growing old and immortal.

Chapman cannot be satisfied with this, but must add a fancy to it —

> if keeping back
> Would keep back age from us, and death, and *that we might not wrack*
> *In this life's human sea at all;*

and so on. Again: in another passage which I have before quoted, where Zeus says to the horses of Peleus,

> Why gave we you to royal Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal.

Chapman sophisticates this into —

> Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
> And *incapacity of age so dignifies your states?*

Again; in the speech of Achilles to his horses, where Achilles, according to Homer, says simply, "Take heed that ye bring your master safe back to the host of the Danaans, in some other sort than the last time, when the battle is ended," Chapman sophisticates this into —

> *When with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield*
> *Our heart satiety,* bring us off.

In Hector's famous speech, again, at his parting from Andromache, Homer makes him say: "Nor does my own heart so bid me" (to keep safe behind the walls), "since I have learned to be stanch always, and to fight among the foremost of the Trojans, busy on behalf of my father's great glory, and my own." In Chapman's hand this becomes —

> The spirit I first did breathe
> Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
> Was settled in me, *and my mind knew what a worthy was,*
> *Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass*

Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine:
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.

You see how ingeniously Homer's plain thought is *tormented*, as the French would say, here. Homer goes on: "For well I know this in my mind and in my heart, the day will be, when sacred Troy shall perish." Chapman makes this —

And such a *stormy* day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy *shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow.*

I might go on forever, but I could not give you a better illustration than this last, of what I mean by saying that the Elizabethan poet fails to render Homer because he cannot forbear to interpose a play of thought between his object and its expression. Chapman translates his object into Elizabethan, as Pope translates it into the Augustan of Queen Anne; both convey it to us through a medium. Homer, on the other hand, sees his object and conveys it to us immediately.

And yet, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of Homer's style, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of his ideas, he is eminently *noble;* he works as entirely in the grand style, he is as grandiose, as Phidias, or Dante, or Michael Angelo. This is what makes his translators despair. "To give relief," says Cowper, "to prosaic subjects" (such as dressing, eating, drinking, harnessing, travelling, going to bed), — that is, to treat such subjects nobly, in the grand style, — "without seeming unreasonably tumid, is extremely difficult." It *is* difficult, but Homer has done it. Homer is precisely the incomparable poet he is, because he has done it. His translator must not be tumid, must not be artificial, must not be literary.; true: but then also he must not be commonplace, must not be ignoble.

The Strayed Reveler.

Scene: The Portico of Circe's Palace. Evening. Present: A Youth, Circe.

The Youth. Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
Down on me! thy right arm,
Leaned up against the column there,
Props thy soft cheek;
Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
I held but now.

Is it then evening
So soon? I see the night dews,
Clustered in thick beads, dim
The agate brooch stones
On thy white shoulder;
The cool night wind, too,
Blows through the portico,
Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
Waves thy white robe!

CIRCE. Whence art thou, sleeper?

THE YOUTH. When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley head,
Came breaking, Goddess!
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn skin;
Passing out, from the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut door,
I snatched up my vine crown, my fir staff,
All drenched in dew —
Came swift down to join
The rout early gathered
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.

Quick I passed, following
The woodcutters' cart track
Down the dark valley; — I saw
On my left, through the beeches,
Thy palace, Goddess,
Smokeless, empty!
Trembling, I entered; beheld
The court all silent,
The lions sleeping,
On the altar this bowl.

I drank, Goddess !
And sank down here, sleeping,
On the steps of thy portico.

CIRCE. Foolish boy! Why tremblest thou?
Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,
Through the delicate, flushed marble,
The red, creaming liquor,
Strewn with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I chide thee not,
Deny thee not my bowl.
Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so!
Drink — drink again!

THE YOUTH. Thanks, gracious one! —
Ah, the sweet fumes again!
More soft, ah me,
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute music!
Faint — faint! Ah me,
Again the sweet sleep!

CIRCE. Hist! Thou — within there!
Come forth, Ulysses!
Art tired with hunting?
While we range the woodland,
See what the day brings.

ULYSSES. Ever new magic!
Hast thou then lured hither,
Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
Iacchus' darling —
Or some youth beloved of Pan,
Of Pan and the Nymphs?
That he sits, bending downward
His white, delicate neck
To the ivy-wreathed marge
Of thy cup; the bright, glancing vine leaves
That crown his hair,
Falling forward, mingling
With the dark ivy plants —
His fawn skin, half untied,
Smeared with red wine stains? Who is he,
That he sits, overweighed

By fumes of wine and sleep,
So late, in thy portico?
What youth, Goddess, — what guest
Of Gods or mortals?

CIRCE. Hist! he wakes!
I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
Nay, ask him!

THE YOUTH. Who speaks! Ah, who comes forth
To thy side, Goddess, from within?
How shall I name him?
This spare, dark-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger?
Ah, and I see too
His sailor's bonnet,
His short coat, travel-tarnished,
With one arm bare! —
Art thou not he, whom fame
This long time rumors
The favored guest of Circe, brought by the waves?
Art thou he, stranger?
The wise Ulysses,
Laertes' son?

ULYSSES. I am Ulysses.
And thou, too, sleeper?
Thy voice is sweet.
It may be thou hast followed
Through the islands some divine bard,
By age taught many things,
Age and the Muses;
And heard him delighting
The chiefs and people
In the banquet, and learned his songs,
Of Gods and Heroes,
Of war and arts
And peopled cities,
Inland, or built
By the gray sea — If so, then hail!
I honor and welcome thee.

THE YOUTH. The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

They see Tiresias
Sitting, staff in hand,
On the warm, grassy
Asopus bank,
His robe drawn over
His old, sightless head,
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Reared proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moored to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting; — round him,
Round his green harvest plot,
Flow the cool lake waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide steppe, unharnessing
His wheeled house at noon.
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers; all around
The boundless, waving grass plains stretch, thick-starred
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris flowers.
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal; before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard fowl,
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds

Topped with rough-hewn,
Gray, rain-bleared statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream; — thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
The ferryboat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm-harnessed by the mane; a chief,
With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them; but astern
The cowering merchants in long robes
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk bales and of balsam drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barred onyx stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor!
O prince, what pain!

They too can see
Tiresias; — but the Gods,
Who gave them vision,
Added this law:
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorned white hairs;

Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthened
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion; — then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears
Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones; they feel
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alcmena's dreadful son
Ply his bow; — such a price
The Gods exact for song:
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake; — but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms
In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon harvest to the heart — They see
The Scythian; but long frosts
Parch them in winter time on the bare steppe,
Till they too fade like grass; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
On the Oxus stream; — but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber horse have burst
Upon their caravan; or greedy kings,
In the walled cities the way passes through,
Crushed them with tolls; or fever airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes
Near harbor; — but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy;
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first
Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
Came, lolling in the sunshine,
From the dewy forest coverts,
This way, at noon.
Sitting by me, while his Fauns
Down at the water side
Sprinkled and smoothed
His drooping garland,
He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the valley,
All day long, have seen,
Without pain, without labor,
Sometimes a wild-haired Mænad—
Sometimes a Faun with torches—
And sometimes, for a moment,
Passing through the dark stems
Flowing-robed, the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus.

Ah, cool night wind, tremulous stars!
Ah, glimmering water,
Fitful earth murmur,
Dreaming woods!
Ah, golden-haired, strangely smiling Goddess,
And thou, proved, much enduring,
Waved-tossed Wanderer!
Who can stand still?
Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me—
The cup again!

Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Dover Beach.

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Memorial Verses (1850).

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease,
But one such death remained to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb —
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.

He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said, —
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe had done his pilgrimage,
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: Thou ailest here, and here!
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life —
He said, The end is everywhere,
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth! — Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us — and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen — on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth,
On the cool, flowery lap of earth.
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;

The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?
Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Rugby Chapel.

November, 1857.

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent; hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the schoolroom windows; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!

That word *gloom* to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigor again.
In the gloom of November we passed
Days not dark at thy side:
Seasons impaired not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here.
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad;
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest. This was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there, eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die,—
Perish; and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

And there are some whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave.
We, we have chosen our path,—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance; but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth:
Then, on the height, comes the storm.
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock; the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breached
The track; the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep; the spray
Boils o'er its borders; aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin. Alas!
Havoc is made in our train!

Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm.

We, we only are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compressed, we strain on,
On; and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs,
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks, —
Whom in our party we bring?
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer, We bring
Only ourselves! We lost
Sight of the rest in the storm.
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripped, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou wouldst not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing: to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else —
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see —
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous and arid and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! — or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost —
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted and fallen and died.

See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? A God
Marshalled them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!

Years they have been in the wild:
Sore thirst plagues them; the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe;
Factions divide them; their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
Ah! keep, keep them combined!
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive;
Sole they shall stray; on the rocks
Batter forever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye like angels appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.

Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

Arnold, Thomas, D.D., an English educator and historian; born at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795; died at Rugby, June 12, 1842. He was educated at various schools, and in 1811 was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and subsequently a fellow of Oriel College, where he gained in 1815 and 1817 the Chancellor's prize for two University essays, the one in Latin, the other in English. He received deacon's orders in 1818; married soon after, and took up his residence at Laleham, where he devoted himself for nine years to the preparation of students for the great schools and the universities. In 1828 he took priest's orders, and was chosen to the head-mastership of Rugby School. Probably no English educator ever exercised so powerful a personal influence over his pupils as did Thomas Arnold. His cardinal principle was that no "black sheep" should find place at Rugby. "It is not necessary," he said, "that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." In 1841, still retaining the head-mastership of Rugby, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and delivered an inaugural lecture which awakened the highest anticipations of the future which lay before him in this department. He had hardly passed middle age, and his apparently robust frame gave every indication that he would attain the extremest limit of human life. But on the evening of June 11, 1842, he was seized with a sudden spasm of the heart, and died early the next morning. His "Life and Correspondence," edited by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, is justly esteemed as among the best of English biographies.

Taking Life in Earnest.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of a year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always

on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are, generally talked about, still upon the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation; that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation. But I want a sign, which one catches by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life; whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

The Siege of Genoa in 1800.

(From "Lectures on Modern History.")

In the Autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont. Their last victory of Fossano, or Genola, had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po. The French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa — the narrow strip of coast, between the Apennines and the sea; which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa.

Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field until the following Spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without; everything was to depend upon his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy the hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval Commander-in-Chief, in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians; and by the vigilance of his cruisers the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It was not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, began to realize the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, began seriously to

conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply, or hope of supply, appeared.

Winter passed away, and Spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and opened to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hillsides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city, to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited for a very different object. Ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure.

The French General pitied the distress of the people; but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy. Not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June — when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy — the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure.

Hannibal the Carthaginian.

(From "History of Rome.")

Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the

calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, and even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to the political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth, and which forbore either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama.

This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered. His triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man — even though it were Hannibal himself — can in one generation effect such a work. But where a nation has been merely enkindled for awhile by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before.

He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the Commonwealth of Christian Europe.

Christian Politics.

(From "Life and Correspondence.")

I have long had in my mind a work on Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen, in which the whole question of a Religious Establishment, and the education proper for Christian members of a Christian Commonwealth would naturally find a place. It would embrace also an historical sketch of the pretended conversion of the Kingdoms of this World to the Kingdom of Christ, in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played. . . . I mean that by inducing Kings and nations to get into their hands the direction of Christian Societies he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and insuring the ascendency of his own.

Italy Seventy Years Ago.

(From Dr. Arnold's Journal.)

Chiavasso, July 3, 1825.

I can now understand what Signor A—— said of the nakedness of the country between Hounslow and Laleham, as all the plains here are covered with fruit-trees, and the villages, however filthy within, are generally picturesque either from situation, or from the character of their buildings, and their lively white. The architecture of the churches, however, is quite bad; and certainly their villages bear no more comparison with those of Northamptonshire, than St. Giles's does with Waterloo Place. There are more ruins here than I expected, — ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here; but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery than theirs; and I cannot help

thinking, that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel, their division of society would more tend to the general good, than ours. Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate them. I like the simple crosses and oratories by the roadside, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin, and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the water of life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible, if, indeed, any man can be so, and yet belong to a system so abominable.

July 25, 1825.

On the cliff above the Lake of Como. — We are on a mule-track that goes from Camo along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule-track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half-way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lonely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, and the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake; and about half a mile on my right the rock is too steep for anything to go on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond, I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses; and further still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same; villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

On the edge of the Lake of Como. — We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery; we stopped at a walk at a spot where the stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls; the dell so deep that the sun could not reach

the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear, that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them; the banks of the dell, all turf; and magnificent chestnuts varied with rocks, and the broad lake, bright in the sunshine, stretched out before us.

Joigny, April 6, 1827.

Sens has a fine cathedral, with two very beautiful painted rose-windows in the transepts, and a monument of the Dauphin, father to the present king, which is much spoken of. Here the cheating of the blacksmiths went on in full perfection, and is really a very great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in France. The moment we stop anywhere, out comes a fellow with his leathern apron, and goes poking and prying about the carriage in hopes of finding some job to do; and they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessor's clumsiness. Again I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement; there seem great elements of good amongst the people here, — great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favorably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His name.

Approach to Rome, April, 1827.

When we turned the summit and opened on the view of the other side, it might be called the first approach to Rome. At the distance of more than forty miles, it was of course impossible to see the town, and besides the distance was hazy; but we were looking on the scene of the Roman History; we were standing on the outward edge of the frame of the great picture, and, though the features of it were not to be traced dis-

tinctly, yet we had the consciousness that there they were before us. Here, too, we first saw the Mediterranean; the Alban hills, I think, in the remote distance, and just beneath us, on the left, Soracte, an outlier of the Apennines, which has got to the right bank of the Tiber, and stands out by itself most magnificently. Close under us, in front, was the Ciminian Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded, as they all are, with their basin of wooded hills, and lying like a beautiful mirror stretched out before us. Then there was the grand beauty of Italian scenery, the depth of the valleys, and the endless variety of the mountain outline, and the towns perched up on the mountain summits, and this now seen under a mottled sky which threw an ever varying shadow and light over the valley beneath, and all the freshness of the young spring. We descended along one of the rims of this lake to Ronciglione, and from thence still descending on the whole to Monterossi. Here the famous Campagna begins, and it certainly is one of the most striking tracts of country I ever beheld. It is by no means a perfect flat, except between Rome and the sea; but rather like the Bagshot Heath country — ridges of hills with intermediate valleys, and the road often running between high steep banks, and sometimes crossing sluggish streams sunk in a deep bed. All these banks were overgrown with the broom, now in full flower; and the same plant was luxuriant everywhere. There seemed no apparent reason why the country should be so desolate; the grass was growing richly everywhere, there was no marsh anywhere visible, but all looked as fresh and healthy as any of our chalk downs in England. But it is a wide wilderness, no villages, scarcely any houses, and here and there a lonely ruin of a single square tower, which I suppose used to serve as strongholds for men and cattle in the plundering warfare of the middle ages. It was after crowning the top of one of these lines of hills, a little on the Roman side of Baccano, at five minutes after six, according to my watch, that we had the first view of Rome itself. I expected to see St. Peter's rising above the line of the horizon as York Minster does, but instead of that, it was within the horizon, and so was much less conspicuous, and, only a part of the dome being visible from the nature of the ground, it looked mean and stumpy. Nothing else marked the site of the city, but the trees of the gardens about it, sunk by the distance into one dark mass, and the number of white villas, specking the opposite bank of the Tiber for some little distance

above the town, and then suddenly ceasing. But the whole scene that burst upon our view, when taken in all its parts, was most interesting. Full in front rose the Alban hills, the white villas on their sides distinctly visible even at that distance, which was more than thirty miles. On the left were the Apennines, and Tivoli was distinctly to be seen on the summit of its mountain, on one of the lowest and nearest points of the chain. On the right and all before us lay the Campagna, whose perfectly level outline was succeeded by that of the sea, which was scarcely more so. It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian bridge. About two miles farther on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.

Rome, April, 1827.

. . . After dinner Bunsen called for us in his carriage and took us to his house first on the Capitol, the different windows of which command the different views of ancient and modern Rome. Never shall I forget the view of the former; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and, beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban hills bright in the setting sun, which played full upon Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake; and, farther away in the distance, it lit up the old town of Lavicum. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen from rubbish at least fifteen feet, so that no wonder that the hills look lower than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was, one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation-stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honor of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in the fifth century. What the fragments of pillars belonged to, perhaps we never can know; but that I think matters little. I care not whether it was a Temple of Jupiter Stator, or the Basilica Julia, but one knows that one is on the

ARCH OF TITUS, SHOWING COLOSSEUM, ROME

ground of the Forum, under the Capitol, the place where the tribes assembled, and the orators spoke; the scene, in short, of all the internal struggles of the Roman people. We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs, there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned His visible and local Temple to the hands of the heathen for the sins of His nominal worshippers, has taken to Him His great power and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon; and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of His holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcass of sin in every land which the eagles of His wrath will surely find out, perish forever from before Him. We returned to our inn to dress, and then went again to Bunsen's evening party. We came home about eleven; I wrote some Journal, and went to bed soon after twelve. Such was my first day in Rome; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in comparison with what I find here; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham; that so I might bring home my recollection of this place "unmixed with baser matter."

May 2, 1827.

. . . After dinner we started again in our carriage to the Ponte Molle, about two miles out of Rome. All the way the road runs under a steep and cliffy bank, which is the continuation of the Collis Hortulorum in Rome itself, and which turns off at the Ponte Molle, and forms the boundary of the Tiber for some way to the northward, the cliffs, however, being succeeded by grass slopes. On the right bank, after crossing the Ponte Molle, the road which we followed ran southwest towards St. Peter's and the Vatican, between the Tiber and the Monte Mario. The Monte Mario is the highest point of the same line of hills, of which the Vatican and Janiculum form parts: it is a line intersected with many valleys of denudation, making several curves, and as it were little bays and creeks in it, like the hills on the right bank of the Thames behind Chertsey, which coming forward at St. Anne's, fall back in a very irregular line behind Stroud and Thorpe Green, and then come forward again with a

higher and steeper side close to the Thames at Cooper's Hill. The Monte Mario is like Cooper's Hill, the highest, boldest, and most prominent part of the line; it is about the height and steepness too of Cooper's Hill, and has the Tiber just at the foot of it, like the Thames at Anchorwick. To keep up the resemblance there is a sort of a terrace at the top of the Monte Mario planted with cypresses, and a villa, though dilapidated, crowns the summit, as also at our old friend above Egham. Here we stood, on a most delicious evening, the ilex and the gum-cistus in great profusion about us, the slope below full of olives and vines, the cypresses over our heads, and before our eyes all that one has ever read of in Roman History — the course of the Tiber between the low hills that bound it, coming down from Fidenæ, and receiving the Allia and the Anio; beyond, the Apennines, the distant and higher summits still quite white with snow; in front, the Alban hills; on the right, the Campagna to the sea, and just beneath us the whole length of Rome, ancient and modern — St. Peter's and the Colosseum rising as the representatives of each — the Pantheon, the Aventine, the Quirinal, all the well-known objects distinctly laid before us. One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this.

Rome, May, 1827.

Lastly, we ascended to the top of the Colosseum, Bunsen leaving us at the door, to go home; and I seated myself with ——, just above the main entrance, towards the Forum, and there took my farewell look over Rome. It was a delicious evening, and everything was looking to advantage; the huge Colosseum just under me, — the tufts of ilex and alitternus, and other shrubs that fringe the ruins everywhere in the lower parts, — while the outside wall, with its top of gigantic stones, lifts itself high above, and seems like a mountain barrier of bare rock, enclosing a green and varied valley, — I sat and gazed upon the scene with an intense and mingled feeling. The world could show nothing grander; it was one which for years I had longed to see, aad I was now looking at it for the last time. I do not think you will be jealous, dearest, if I confess that I could not take leave of it without something of regret. Even with you and our darlings, I would not live out of our dear country, to which I feel bound alike by every tie of duty and affection; and to be here a

vagrant, without you, is certainly very far from happiness. Not for an instant would I prolong my absence from Laleham, yet still I feel, at leaving Rome, very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties; and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere town full of curiosities, where the eye has been amused, and the intellect gratified. I never thought to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum.

In a Ferry-boat on the Po, May 16, 1827.

Here we are in our carriage in a great boat, with another carriage alongside of us, in which is a priest of some dignity, as I imagine, with two servants. The Po has been uncivil to us, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged us to go round by Pavia, and then has made such a flood that we cannot land at the usual place, but are going to have a voyage of nearly a mile up the river. The scene is very Trentish; the wide and very dirty river; the exceedingly rich and fat plains; the church towers on the banks, and the exceeding clumsiness of the boats, — so unlike those of the Thames. Meanwhile I gain some time for Journal, which I am in great need of. The whole of yesterday morning, from nine to half-past two, I spent in the Library at Parma, collating Thucydides. At a little before four we left Parma, and at a little before nine we reached Placentia. I must not omit to mention the remarkable beauty of the fireflies last night, just as we entered Placentia. The wide meadows before we reached the town were sparkling with the shifting light of hundreds of these little creatures, whose irregular movements and perpetual change resembled a fairy dance, in which each elf carried a lamp in his hand, alternately lighting and extinguishing it by magic power. I never saw them before in such abundance. The change of climate from Rome is very perceptible. We have no olives here, and few figs, and the flowers in the fields and hedges are mostly the same as our own: though I still see our garden gladiolus in the cornfields, and the dog-roses are in full bloom. From Placentia here we have been again on old ground, — still the

great plain of Lombardy, which we have now followed for a hundred and twenty miles without one hill, — and we are going to follow it for fifty more on the other bank of the Po from here to Como. Its richness is apparently unequal, and about Placentia it seems much inferior to what it is about Bologna, Modena, and Reggio. We have just crossed about three miles of the Sardinian dominions in our way to the Po: and for this little bit we have again had trouble with the Custom-House about my books: for it seems the Sardinian government is afraid of light as well as its neighbors. There has evidently been a great deal of rain here lately, and all the streams from the Apennines are full. We should not have been able to cross the Trebbia had there not been a bridge built about two years since, and the same may be said of the Taro. These increasing facilities of communication are certainly very creditable to the governments, and of good omen for the people; as they may tend to give them some activity of mind, and some knowledge of what is going on at some little distance from their own homes; and thus they may in time be fit for liberty. But I cannot think that any good and wise man can regret the failure of the Piedmontese and Neapolitan revolutions of 1821. It would be a hopeless state of things to see the half-informed and thoroughly unprincipled lawyers, merchants, and literati of Italy put into the possession of power. With Prussia the case is totally different; but the king there has done so much good, that we may hope favorably of what he will do to make his people independent of the personal character of their sovereign. Successors like himself he cannot reckon on; and the true magnanimity of a sovereign is to resign the exclusive power of doing good to his people, and to be content that they should do it to themselves. By the way, I suppose it was this sentiment in my Life of Trajan that —— found so shocking; but be it so; at that rate I cannot write what will not be shocking, — and most ashamed I should be so to write as that such men should approve of it. The Po has been now civil enough to redeem his incivility, so I shall part with him on good terms.

ANDERS CHRISTENSEN ARREBO.

Arrebo, Anders Christensen. A classic Danish poet (1587–1637). Bishop of Drontheim, Norway, when only thirty-one, but deposed in 1622 owing to his objectionable life; he was afterwards rehabilitated as preacher in Vordingborg. As the pioneer of the renaissance movement, he is considered the father of modern poetry in Denmark. His rhymed translation of the "Psalms of David" (1623), but especially his "Hexæmeron" (1641), an imitation of a once famous poem of the French poet Du Bartas on the Creation, are highly esteemed.

The Maelstrom.

In Loufoud far to north on Norway's distant shore,
A flood is found that hath no like the wide world o'er,
Entitled Moske-flood, from that high Mosker rock
Round which in seemly rings the obsequious waters flock;
When this with hasty zeal performs the moon's designs,
If any man comes near, the world he straight resigns;
In spring its billows rear like other mountains high,
But through their sides we see the sun, the earth's bright eye;
Then, if the winds should rise against the flood's wild way,
Two heroes rush and meet in crash of war's array.
Then tremble land and house, then doors and windows rattle,
The earth is fain to cleave before that monstrous battle;
The vast and magic whale dares not its breach essay,
But turns in fear to flight, and roaring speeds away.
Now my belief is this: that underneath the sea,
A belt of lofty rock is forged immutably,
Which hath an entrance, but is solid stone elsewhere,
And in the centre sends a peak high up to air.
When now the flood is come, with angry voice it calls,
And rushes inward like a thousand waterfalls,
And can no exit find to rule its rugged shock,
So madly whirls around the lofty central rock,
And rumbles like a quern when man doth grind therein.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN.

Asbjörnsen, Peter Christen, a Norwegian zoölogist and author, was born at Christiania, January 15, 1812, and died January 6, 1885. He was educated at the University of Christiania, where he studied medicine and zoölogy, but applied himself particularly to the latter. In 1842, in collaboration with the poet Moe, he published a volume of folk-lore entitled "Norwegian Popular Tales," a book that made little impression at the time, but which has grown to be one of the bulwarks of Norwegian literature, and which, besides winning for him a world-fame, has had a profound influence on the younger poets of our day. His later works, besides various translations, include: "Tales of the Mountain Spirits" (1845); "Natural History" (6 vols., finished 1849); "Christmas-Tree Story-Books" (4 vols., 1850–66); "Norwegian Stories" (1871).

From 1868 to 1871 he held the office of peat-commissioner; and in this connection he wrote his "Torf og Torfdrift." Asbjörnsen, though not himself a poet, was the herald of the new national poetry of Norway, and the father, in a sense, of the folk-songs of Moe, the historical dramas of Ibsen, and the peasant romances of Björnstjerne Björnson.

The Widow's Son.

There was once a very poor woman who had only one son. She toiled for him till he was old enough to be confirmed by the priest, when she told him that she could support him no longer, but that he must go out in the world and gain his own livelihood. So the youth set out, and after wandering about for a day or two he met a stranger. "Whither art thou going?" asked the man. "I am going out in the world to see if I can get employment," answered the youth. "Wilt thou serve us?" — "Yes, just as well serve you as anybody else," answered the youth. "Thou shalt be well cared for with me," said the man: "thou shalt be my companion, and do little or nothing besides."

So the youth resided with him, had plenty to eat and drink, and very little or nothing to do; but he never saw a living person in the man's house.

One day his master said to him: — "I am going to travel, and shall be absent eight days. During that time thou wilt be here alone: but thou must not go into either of these four rooms; if thou dost, I will kill thee when I return." The youth answered that he would not. When the man had gone away three or four days, the youth could no longer refrain, but went into one of the rooms. He looked around, but saw nothing except a shelf over the door, with a whip made of briar on it. "This was well worth forbidding me so strictly from seeing," thought the youth. When the eight days had passed the man came home again. "Thou hast not, I hope, been into any of my rooms," said he. "No, I have not," answered the youth. "That I shall soon be able to see," said the man, going into the room the youth had entered. "But thou hast been in," said he, "and now thou shalt die." The youth cried and entreated to be forgiven, so that he escaped with his life but had a severe beating; when that was over, they were as good friends as before.

Some time after this, the man took another journey. This time he would be away a fortnight, but first forbade the youth again from going into any of the rooms he had not already been in; but the one he had previously entered he might enter again. This time all took place just as before, the only difference being that the youth abstained for eight days before he entered the forbidden rooms. In one apartment he found only a shelf over the door, on which lay a huge stone and a water-bottle. "This is also something to be in such fear about," thought the youth again. When the man came home, he asked whether he had been in any of the rooms. "No, he had not," was the answer. "I shall soon see," said the man; and when he found that the youth had nevertheless been in, he said, "Now I will no longer spare thee, thou shalt die." But the youth cried and implored that his life might be spared, and thus again escaped with a beating; but this time got as much as could be laid on him. When he had recovered from the effect of this beating he lived as well as ever, and he and the man were as good friends as before.

Some time after this, the man again made a journey, and now he was to be three weeks absent. He warned the youth

anew not to enter the third room; if he did he must at once prepare to die. At the end of a fortnight, the youth had no longer any command over himself, and stole in; but here he saw nothing save a trap-door in the floor. He lifted it up and looked through; there stood a large copper kettle, that boiled and boiled, yet he could see no fire under it. "I should like to know if it is hot," thought the youth, dipping his finger down into it; but when he drew it up again he found that all his finger was gilt. He scraped and washed it, but the gilding was not to be removed; so he tied a rag over it, and when the man returned and asked him what was the matter with his finger, he answered he had cut it badly. But the man, tearing the rag off, at once saw what ailed the finger. At first he was going to kill the youth, but as he cried and begged again, he merely beat him so that he was obliged to lie in bed for three days. The man then took a pot down from the wall and rubbed him with what it contained, so that the youth was as well as before.

After some time the man made another journey, and said he should not return for a month. He then told the youth that if he went into the fourth room, he must not think for a moment that his life would be spared. One, two, even three weeks the youth refrained from entering the forbidden room; but then, having no longer any command over himself, he stole in. There stood a large black horse in a stall, with a trough of burning embers at its head and a basket of hay at its tail. The youth thought this was cruel, and therefore changed their position, putting the basket of hay by the horse's head. The horse thereupon said: —

"As you have so kind a disposition that you enable me to get food, I will save you: should the Troll return and find you here, he will kill you. Now you must go up into the chamber above this, and take one of the suits of armor that hang there: but on no account take one that is bright; on the contrary, select the most rusty you can see, and take that; choose also a sword and saddle in like manner."

The youth did so, but he found the whole very heavy for him to carry. When he came back, the horse said that now he should strip and wash himself well in the kettle, which stood boiling in the next apartment. "I feel afraid," thought the youth, but nevertheless did so. When he had washed himself, he became comely and plump, and as red and white as milk

and blood, and much stronger than before. "Are you sensible of any change?" asked the horse. "Yes," answered the youth. "Try to lift me," said the horse. Aye, that he could, and brandished the sword with ease. "Now lay the saddle on me," said the horse, "put on the armor and take the whip of thorn, the stone and the water-flask, and the pot with ointment, and then we will set out."

When the youth had mounted the horse, it started off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said, "I think I hear a noise. Look round: can you see anything?" — "A great many men are coming after us, — certainly a score at least," answered the youth. "Ah! that is the Troll," said the horse, "he is coming with all his companions."

They travelled for a time, until their pursuers were gaining on them. "Throw now the thorn whip over your shoulder," said the horse, "but throw it far away from me."

The youth did so, and at the same moment there sprang up a large thick wood of briars. The youth now rode on a long way, while the Troll was obliged to go home for something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said, "Look back: can you see anything now?" "Yes, a whole multitude of people," said the youth, "like a church congregation." — "That is the Troll; now he has got more with him; throw out now the large stone, but throw it far from me."

When the youth had done what the horse desired, there arose a large stone mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home after something with which to bore through the mountain; and while he was thus employed, the youth rode on a considerable way. But now the horse again bade him look back; he then saw a multitude like a whole army; they were so bright that they glittered in the sun. "Well, that is the Troll with all his friends," said the horse. "Now throw the water bottle behind you, but take good care to spill nothing on me!" The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution he happened to spill a drop on the horse's loins. Immediately there rose a vast lake, and the spilling of the few drops caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless, he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped till they burst. "Now we are quit of them," said the horse.

When they had travelled on a very long way they came to

a green plain in a wood. "Take off your armor now," said the horse, "and put on your rags only; lift my saddle off and hang everything up in that large hollow linden; make yourself then a wig of pine-moss, go to the royal palace which lies close by, and there ask for employment. When you desire to see me, come to this spot, shake the bridle, and I will instantly be with you."

The youth did as the horse told him; and when he put on the moss wig he became so pale and miserable to look at that no one would have recognized him. On reaching the palace, he only asked if he might serve in the kitchen to carry wood and water to the cook; but the cook-maid asked him why he wore such an ugly wig? "Take it off," said she: "I will not have anybody here so frightful." — "That I cannot," answered the youth, "for I am not very clean in the head." — "Dost thou think then that I will have thee in the kitchen, if such be the case?" said she; "go to the master of the horse: thou art fittest to carry muck from the stables." When the master of the horse told him to take off his wig, he got the same answer, so he refused to have him. "Thou canst go to the gardener," said he, "thou art only fit to go and dig the ground." The gardener allowed him to remain, but none of the servants would sleep with him, so he was obliged to sleep alone under the stairs of the summer-house, which stood upon pillars and had a high staircase, under which he laid a quantity of moss for a bed, and there lay as well as he could.

When he had been some time in the royal palace, it happened one morning, just at sunrise, that the youth had taken off his moss wig and was standing washing himself, and appeared so handsome it was a pleasure to look on him. The princess saw from her window this comely gardener, and thought she had never before seen any one so handsome.

She then asked the gardener why he lay out there under the stairs. "Because none of the other servants will lie with him," answered the gardener. "Let him come this evening and lie by the door in my room," said the princess: "they cannot refuse after that to let him sleep in the house."

The gardener told this to the youth. "Dost thou think I will do so?" said he. "If I do so, all will say there is something between me and the princess." — "Thou hast reason, forsooth, to fear such a suspicion," replied the gardener, "such a fine, comely lad as thou art." — "Well, if she has commanded

it, I suppose I must comply," said the youth. In going upstairs that evening he stamped and made such a noise that they were obliged to beg of him to go more gently, lest it might come to the king's knowledge. When within the chamber, he lay down and began immediately to snore. The princess then said to her waiting-maid, "Go gently and pull off his moss wig." Creeping softly toward him, she was about to snatch it, but he held it fast with both hands, and said she should not have it. He then lay down again and began to snore. The princess made a sign to the maid, and this time she snatched his wig off. There he lay so beautifully red and white, just as the princess had seen him in the morning sun. After this the youth slept every night in the princess's chamber.

But it was not long before the king heard that the gardener lad slept every night in the princess's chamber, at which he became so angry that he almost resolved on putting him to death. This, however, he did not do, but cast him into prison, and his daughter he confined to her room, not allowing her to go out, either by day or night. Her tears and prayers for herself and the youth were unheeded by the king, who only became the more incensed against her.

Some time after this, there arose a war and disturbance in the country, and the king was obliged to take arms and defend himself against another king, who threatened to deprive him of his throne. When the youth heard this he begged the jailer would go to the king for him, and propose to let him have armor and a sword, and allow him to follow to the war. All the courtiers laughed when the jailer made known his errand to the king. They begged he might have some old trumpery for armor, that they might enjoy the sport of seeing the poor creature in the war. He got the armor and also an old jade of a horse, which limped on three legs, dragging the fourth after it.

Thus they all marched forth against the enemy, but they had not gone far from the royal palace before the youth stuck fast with his old jade in a swamp. Here he sat beating and calling to the jade, "Hie! wilt thou go? hie! wilt thou go?" This amused all the others, who laughed and jeered as they passed. But no sooner were they all gone than, running to the linden, he put on his own armor and shook the bridle, and immediately the horse appeared, and said, "Do thou do thy best and I will do mine."

When the youth arrived on the field the battle had already begun, and the king was hard pressed; but just at that moment the youth put the enemy to flight. The king and his attendants wondered who it could be that came to their help; but no one had been near enough to speak to him, and when the battle was over he was away. When they returned, the youth was still sitting fast in the swamp, beating and calling to his three-legged jade. They laughed as they passed, and said, "Only look, yonder sits the fool yet."

The next day when they marched out the youth was still sitting there, and they again laughed and jeered at him; but no sooner had they all passed by than he ran again to the linden, and everything took place as on the previous day. Every one wondered who the stranger warrior was who had fought for them; but no one approached him so near that he could speak to him: of course no one ever imagined that it was the youth.

When they returned in the evening and saw him and his old jade still sticking fast in the swamp, they again made a jest of him; one shot an arrow at him and wounded him in the leg, and he began to cry and moan so that it was sad to hear, whereupon the king threw him his handkerchief that he might bind it about his leg. When they marched forth the third morning there sat the youth calling to his horse, "Hie! wilt thou go? hie! wilt thou go?" — "No, no! he will stay there till he starves," said the king's men as they passed by, and laughed so heartily at him that they nearly fell from their horses. When they had all passed, he again ran to the linden, and came to the battle just at the right moment. That day he killed the enemy's king, and thus the war was at an end.

When the fighting was over, the king observed his handkerchief tied round the leg of the strange warrior, and by this he easily knew him. They received him with great joy, and carried him with them up to the royal palace, and the princess, who saw them from her window, was so delighted no one could tell. "There comes my beloved also," said she. He then took the pot of ointment and rubbed his leg, and afterward all the wounded, so that they were all well again in a moment.

After this the king gave him the princess to wife. On the day of his marriage he went down into the stable to see the horse, and found him dull, hanging his ears and refusing to eat. When the young king — for he was now king, having obtained the half of the realm — spoke to him and asked him

what he wanted, the horse said, "I have now helped thee forward in the world, and I will live no longer: thou must take thy sword, and cut my head off." — "No, that I will not do," said the young king: "thou shalt have whatever thou wilt, and always live without working." — "If thou wilt not do as I say," answered the horse, "I shall find a way of killing thee."

The king was then obliged to slay him; but when he raised the sword to give the stroke he was so distressed that he turned his face away; but no sooner had he struck his head off than there stood before him a handsome prince in the place of the horse.

"Whence in the name of Heaven didst thou come?" asked the king. "It was I who was the horse," answered the prince. "Formerly I was king of the country whose sovereign you slew yesterday; it was he who cast over me a horse's semblance, and sold me to the Troll. As he is killed, I shall recover my kingdom, and you and I shall be neighboring kings; but we will never go to war with each other."

Neither did they; they were friends as long as they lived, and the one came often to visit the other.

Death and the Doctor.

(From "Tales from the Fjeld.")

Once on a time there was a lad who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of Yule ale. Well, he got it and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if any one were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might lessen and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"I'm looking after some one to drink with and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?"

said the man. "I have fared both far and wide, and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well! why should n't I?" said the lad; "but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am 'Our Lord,' and come from Heaven," said the man.

"Thee will I not drink with," said the lad; "for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink," and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so lessen the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly, scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I 'm looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with any one else?" said the man; "I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well, why not?" said the lad; "but who are you, and whence do you come?"

"Who am I? I am the De'il, and I come from Hell; that 's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the lad; "thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness astir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale keg on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 't was a wonder his bones hung together.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some one to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man.

"Yes; why not?" said the lad. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"The very man for my money," said the lad. "Thee I am glad to drink with," and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

At last Death said, "I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But, after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room, Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sat by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess' room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm.

So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be must be; but you 'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?"

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read, but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to Amen; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

The Way of the World.

Once on a time there was a man who went into the wood to cut hop poles, but he could find no trees so long and straight and slender as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"Maybe," said the Dragon, "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and

never tasted meat. Besides, it 's the way of the world — that 's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first thing that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see nor hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it 's the way of the world," said the hound; "that 's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now, I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It 's the way of the world. That 's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I 'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he could n't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon. He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard, "I see how it all is;" but as he said this he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you?" said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hillside, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I dare say," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and what's more I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into his hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he could n't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs

stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lassies with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard; "how true it is. 'T is the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."

The Lady Poverty.

The Lady Poverty was fair,
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state,
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or — almost worse, if worse can be —
She scolds in parlors, dusts, and trims,
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

Anonymous.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Ascham, Roger, a noted English classical scholar, born in Yorkshire in 1515; died in London, December 30, 1568. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroope. At the age of fifteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in Greek and Latin, and was three years after chosen a fellow of his College. In 1544 he became public orator of the University, and was made Latin Secretary to the boy-king, Edward VI., then only seven years old. In 1548 he was invited by the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Queen, to direct her studies in Latin and Greek. In 1550 he went as secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, who had been appointed ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., and remained abroad for three years. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, Ascham was appointed her Latin Secretary, and he was continued in this office upon the accession of Elizabeth, three years later. When he died, Elizabeth said that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor. Ascham has been styled, perhaps somewhat too emphatically, "the father of English prose."

The Bringing up of Youth.

(From "The Schoolmaster.")

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden, about St. James tide: a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour: when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats: sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangleness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito: That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number: which he proveth true in diverse other things: as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow: And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better, learned, wiser, and honester man: and therefore do I the more lament that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skilful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one, they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should: for he suf-

fereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children: and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

. . . . . .

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear: They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth: as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all: and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind: And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both: which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly

to school, and run so fast to the stable: For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred for learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causes them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo witnesseth: —

> "Darius the king lieth buried here,
> Who in riding and shooting had never peer."

But, to our purpose, young men who, by any means, lose the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill-handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, — and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, — that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to

receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young; and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittingly mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park: I found her in her chamber, reading "Phædon Platonis" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato: alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." — "And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it: seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." — "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because

it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

On Study and Exercise.

(From "Toxophilus.")

Philologe. But now to our shooting, Toxophile, again; wherein I suppose you cannot say so much for shooting to be fit for learning, as you have spoken against music for the same. Therefore, as concerning music, I can be content to grant you your mind; but as for shooting, surely I suppose that you cannot persuade me, by no means, that a man can be earnest in it, and earnest at his book too; but rather I think that a man with a bow on his back, and shafts under his girdle, is more fit to wait upon Robin Hood than upon Apollo or the Muses.

Toxophile. Over-earnest shooting surely I will not over-earnestly defend; for I ever thought shooting should be a waiter upon learning, not a mistress over learning. Yet this I marvel not a little at, that ye think a man with a bow on his back is more like Robin Hood's servant than Apollo's, seeing that Apollo himself, in Alcestis of Euripides, which tragedy you read openly not long ago, in a manner glorieth, saying this verse: —

"It is my wont always my bow with me to bear."

Therefore a learned man ought not too much to be ashamed to bear that sometime, which Apollo, god of learning, himself was not ashamed always to bear. And because ye would have a man wait upon the Muses, and not at all meddle with shooting: I marvel that you do not remember how that the nine Muses their self, as soon as they were born, were put to nurse to a lady called Euphemis, which had a son named Erotus, with whom the nine Muses for his excellent shooting kept evermore company withal, and used daily to shoot together in the Mount Parnassus; and at last it chanced this Erotus to die, whose death the Muses lamented greatly, and fell all upon their knees afore Jupiter their father; and at their request, Erotus, for shooting with the Muses on earth, was made a sign and called Sagittarius in heaven. Therefore you see that if Apollo and the Muses either were examples indeed, or only feigned of wise men to be examples of learning, honest shooting may well enough be companion with honest study.

PHILOLOGE. — Well, Toxophile, if you have no stronger defence of shooting than poets, I fear if your companions which love shooting heard you, they would think you made it but a trifling and fabling matter, rather than any other man that loveth not shooting could be persuaded by this reason to love it.

TOXOPHILE. — Even as I am not so fond but I know that these be fables, so I am sure you be not so ignorant but you know what such noble wits as the poets had, meant by such matters; which oftentimes, under the covering of a fable, do hide and wrap in goodly precepts of philosophy, with the true judgment of things. Which to be true, specially in Homer and Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, and Galen plainly do show; when through all their works (in a manner) they determine all controversies by these two poets and such like authorities. Therefore, if in this matter I seem to fable and nothing prove, I am content you judge so on me, seeing the same judgment shall condemn with me Plato, Aristotle, and Galen, whom in that error I am well content to follow. If these old examples prove nothing for shooting, what say you to this, that the best learned and sagest men in this realm which be now alive, both love shooting and use shooting, as the best learned bishops that be? amongst whom, Philologe, you yourself know four or five, which, as in all good learning, virtue, and sageness, they give other men example what thing they should do, even so by their shooting they plainly show what honest pastime other men given to learning may honestly use. That earnest study must be recreated with honest pastime, sufficiently I have proved afore, both by reason and authority of the best learned men that ever wrote. Then seeing pastimes be leful [lawful], the most fittest for learning is to be sought for. A pastime, saith Aristotle, must be like a medicine. Medicines stand by contraries; therefore, the nature of studying considered, the fittest pastime shall soon appear. In study every part of the body is idle, which thing causeth gross and cold humors to gather together and vex scholars very much; the mind is altogether bent and set on work. A pastime then must be had where every part of the body must be labored, to separate and lessen such humors withal; the mind must be unbent, to gather and fetch again his quickness withal. Thus pastimes for the mind only be nothing fit for students, because the body, which is most hurt by study, should take away no profit thereat. This knew Erasmus very well, when he was here in Cambridge; which, when he had been sore at his book (as Garret our book-

binder had very often told me), for lack of better exercise, would take his horse and ride about the market-hill and come again. If a scholar should use bowls or tennis, the labor is too vehement and unequal, which is condemned of Galen; the example very ill for other men, when by so many acts they be made unlawful. Running, leaping, and quoiting be too vile for scholars, and so not fit by Aristotle's judgment; walking alone into the field hath no token of courage in it, a pastime like a simple man which is neither flesh nor fish. Therefore if a man would have a pastime wholesome and equal for every part of the body, pleasant and full of courage for the mind, not vile and unhonest to give ill example to laymen, not kept in gardens and corners, not lurking on the night and in holes, but evermore in the face of men, either to rebuke it when it doeth ill, or else to testify on it when it doth well, let him seek chiefly of all other for shooting.

The Captain in Love.

"Conduct thee wisely, Nicholas, as well becomes a captain,
Nor with thy children be at strife, nor venture to insult them;
For they an evil plot have laid, resolving they will slay thee." —
"Who is it with my children talks? who is it tells them stories?
Well! when the blooming spring shall come, and when shall come the summer,
To Xerolibada I go, and to our ancient quarters, —
Thither I go to wed my love, to take a fair-haired maiden:
With golden coins I'll deck my love, with strings of pearls adorn her."
The Pallicars they heard his words, and scornful was their anger;
Three shots they gave him all at once, and all the three were fatal.
"Down with the weakling fool!" they cried; "shoot down the worthless wanton!
From us he took the golden coins to win the fair-haired maiden.
Our fair-haired maid the pistol is, the sabre is our mistress."

Modern Greek.

ATHENÆUS.

Athenæus, an industrious Greek writer of the third century, reputed to have been born at Naucratis in the Nile Delta, and to have lived at Alexandria and afterwards at Rome. He is famous for one work, his "Feast of the Learned," a series of books giving with little connection or little literary art a vast assemblage of quotations from nearly 800 writers and 2400 distinct writings, covering practically every department of ancient learning. It has been valued by scholars of all succeeding times as a treasure-house of quotation and anecdote.

How to Preserve the Health.

(From the "Deipnosophistæ.")

One ought to avoid thick perfumes, and to drink water that is thin and clear, and that in respect of weight is light, and that has no earthy particles in it. And that water is best which is of moderate heat or coldness, and which, when poured into a brazen or silver vessel, does not produce a blackish sediment. Hippocrates says, "Water which is easily warmed or easily chilled is always lighter." But that water is bad which takes a long time to boil vegetables; and so too is water full of nitre, or brackish. And in his book "On Waters," Hippocrates calls good water drinkable; but stagnant water he calls bad, such as that from ponds or marshes. And most spring-water is rather hard.

Erasistratus says that some people test water by weight, and that is a most stupid proceeding. "For just look," says he, "if men compare the water from the fountain Amphiaraus with that from the Eretrian spring, though one of them is good and the other bad, there is absolutely no difference in their respective weights." And Hippocrates, in his book "On Places," says that those waters are the best which flow from high ground, and from dry hills, "for they are white and sweet, and are able to bear very little wine, and are warm in winter and cold in summer." And he praises those most, the springs of which break toward

the east, and especially toward the northeast, for they must be inevitably clear and fragrant and light. Diocles says that water is good for the digestion and not apt to cause flatulency, that it is moderately cooling, and good for the eyes, and that it has no tendency to make the head feel heavy, and that it adds vigor to the mind and body. And Praxagoras says the same; and he also praises rain-water. But Euenor praises water from cisterns, and says that the best is that from the cistern of Amphiaraus, when compared with that from the fountain in Eretria.

That water is really nutritious is plain from the fact that some animals are nourished by it alone, as for instance grasshoppers. And there are many other liquids that are nutritious, such as milk, barleywater, and wine. At all events, animals at the breast are nourished by milk; and there are many nations who drink nothing but milk. And it is said that Democritus, the philosopher of Abdera, after he had determined to rid himself of life on account of his extreme old age, and after he had begun to diminish his food day by day, when the day of the Thesmophorian festival came round, and the women of his household besought him not to die during the festival, in order that they might not be debarred from their share in the festivities, was persuaded, and ordered a vessel full of honey to be set near him: and in this way he lived many days with no other support than honey; and then some days after, when the honey had been taken away, he died. But Democritus had always been fond of honey; and he once answered a man, who asked him how he could live in the enjoyment of the best health, that he might do so if he constantly moistened his inward parts with honey, and the outer man with oil. And bread and honey was the chief food of the Pythagoreans, according to the statement of Aristoxenus, who says that those who eat this for breakfast were free from disease all their lives. And Lycus says that the Cyrneans (a people who lived near Sardinia) are very long-lived, because they are continually eating honey; and it is produced in great quantities among them.

An Account of Some Great Eaters.

(From the "Deipnosophistæ.")

Heraclitus, in his "Entertainer of Strangers," says that there was a woman named Helena who ate more than any other woman ever did. And Posidippus, in his "Epigrams," says

that Phuromachus was a great eater, on whom he wrote this epigram: —

"This lowly ditch now holds Phuromachus,
Who used to swallow everything he saw,
Like a fierce carrion crow who roams all night.
Now here he lies wrapped in a ragged cloak.
But, O Athenian, whosoe'er you are,
Anoint this tomb and crown it with a wreath,
If ever in old times he feasted with you.
At last he came *sans* teeth, with eyes worn out,
And livid, swollen eyelids; clothed in skins,
With but one single cruse, and that scarce full;
Far from the gay Lenæan Games he came,
Descending humbly to Calliope."

Amarantus of Alexandria, in his treatise on the Stage, says that Herodorus, the Megarian trumpeter, was a man three cubits and a half in height; and that he had great strength in his chest, and that he could eat six pounds of bread, and twenty *litræ* of meat, of whatever sort was provided for him, and that he could drink two *choes* of wine; and that he could play on two trumpets at once; and that it was his habit to sleep on only a lion's skin, and when playing on the trumpet he made a vast noise. Accordingly, when Demetrius the son of Antigonus was besieging Argos, and when his troops could not bring the battering ram against the walls on account of its weight, he, giving the signal with his two trumpets at once, by the great volume of sound which he poured forth, instigated the soldiers to move forward the engine with great zeal and earnestness; and he gained the prize in all the games ten times; and he used to eat sitting down, as Nestor tells us in his "Theatrical Reminiscences." And there was a woman, too, named Aglais, who played on the trumpet, the daughter of Magacles, who, in the first great procession which took place in Alexandria, played a processional piece of music; having a head-dress of false hair on, and a crest upon her head, as Posidippus proves by his epigrams on her. And she too could eat twelve *litræ* of meat and four *chœnixes* of bread, and drink a *chœnus* of wine, at one sitting.

There was besides a man of the name of Lityerses, a bastard son of Midas, the King of Celænæ, in Phrygia, a man of a savage and fierce aspect, and an enormous glutton. He is mentioned by Sositheus, the tragic poet, in his play called "Daphnis" or "Lityersa;" where he says: —

"He 'll eat three asses' panniers, freight and all,
Three times in one brief day; and what he calls
A measure of wine is a ten-amphoræ cask;
And this he drinks all at a single draught."

And the man mentioned by Pherecrates, or Strattis, whichever was the author of the play called "The Good Men," was much such another; the author says: —

"*A.* — I scarcely in one day, unless I 'm forced,
Can eat two bushels and a half of food.
B. — A most unhappy man! how have you lost
Your appetite, so as now to be content
With the scant rations of one ship of war?"

And Xanthus, in his "Account of Lydia," says that Cambles, who was the king of the Lydians, was a great eater and drinker, and also an exceeding epicure; and accordingly, that he one night cut up his own wife into joints and ate her; and then, in the morning, finding the hand of his wife still sticking in his mouth, he slew himself, as his act began to get notorious. And we have already mentioned Thys, the king of the Paphlagonians, saying that he too was a man of vast appetite, quoting Theopompus, who speaks of him in the thirty-fifth book of his "History;" and Archilochus, in his "Tetrameters," has accused Charilas of the same fault, as the comic poets have attacked Cleonymus and Pisander. And Phœnicides mentions Chærippus in his "Phylarchus" in the following terms: —

"And next to them I place Chærippus third;
He, as you know, will without ceasing eat
As long as any one will give him food,
Or till he bursts, — such stowage vast has he,
Like any house."

And Nicolaus the Peripatetic, in the hundred and third book of his "History," says that Mithridates, the king of Pontus, once proposed a contest in great eating and great drinking (the prize was a talent of silver), and that he himself gained the victory in both; but he yielded the prize to the man who was judged to be second to him, namely, Calomodrys, the athlete of Cyzicus. And Timocreon the Rhodian, a poet and an athlete who had gained the victory in the pentathlum, ate and drank a great deal, as the epigram on his tomb shows: —

"Much did I eat, much did I drink, and much
Did I abuse all men; now here I lie: —
My name Timocreon, my country Rhodes."

And Thrasymachus of Chalcedon, in one of his prefaces, says that Timocreon came to the great king of Persia, and being entertained by him, did eat an immense quantity of food; and when the king asked him, What he would do on the strength of it? he said that he would beat a great many Persians; and the next day having vanquished a great many, one after another, taking them one by one, after this he beat the air with his hands; and when they asked him what he wanted, he said that he had all those blows left in him if any one was inclined to come on. And Clearchus, in the fifth book of his "Lives," says that Cantibaris the Persian, whenever his jaws were weary with eating, had his slaves to pour food into his mouth, which he kept open as if they were pouring it into an empty vessel. But Hellanicus, in the first book of his Deucalionea, says that Erysichthon, the son of Myrmidon, being a man perfectly insatiable in respect of food, was called Æthon. Also Polemo, in the first book of his "Treatise addressed to Timæus," says that among the Sicilians there was a temple consecrated to gluttony, and an image of Demeter Sito; near which also there was a statue of Himalis, as there is at Delphi one of Hermuchus, and as at Scolum in Bœotia there are statues of Megalartus and Megalomazus.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

ATHERSTONE, EDWIN, an English poet; born at Nottingham, England, April 17, 1788; died January 29, 1872. He was the author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum" and "The Fall of Nineveh." In addition to these poems he wrote "Israel in Egypt" and "The Handwriting on the Wall."

THE BANQUET OF SARDANAPALUS.

THE moon is clear, the stars are coming forth,
The evening breeze falls pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that on high jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendors flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual King is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .
Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls. . . .
Sylph-like girls and blooming boys
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as Spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes:
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. . . .
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy

And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro;
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze —
Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen;
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned,
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .
Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount —
Round and yet round — for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed — he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming. — At that sight
The plain was in a stir; the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds; from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
"Long live Sardanapalus, King of Kings!
May the King live forever!" Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.

ATTERBOM.

Atterbom, Per Daniel Amadeus. An eminent and scholarly Swedish poet; born in the parish of Asbo, East-Gothland, Jan. 19, 1790; died in Upsala, July 21, 1855. He was early influenced by German literature, and having visited Germany and Italy in 1817–19, he formed ties of friendship with Schelling and Thorwaldsen; he became instructor to Crown Prince Oscar in 1820, and professor at the university in Upsala in 1828. Although unquestionably the foremost among the lyric poets of the romantic school in Sweden, it must be acknowledged that his rare talent was much impaired by his groping in Schelling's and Hegel's philosophy. His most celebrated work is "The Isle of Blessedness" (1823), a romantic drama in the manner of Tieck; but he also wrote: "The Flowers," a cycle of lyrics; "The Blue Bird," a play, and "Swedish Seers and Poets," a volume of criticisms.

The Mermaid.

Leaving the sea, the pale moon lights the strand.
Tracing old runes, a youth inscribes the sand.
And by the rune-ring waits a woman fair,
Down to her feet extends her dripping hair.

Woven of lustrous pearls her robes appear,
Thin as the air and as the water clear.
Lifting the veil with milk-white hand she shows
Eyes in whose deeps a deadly fire glows.

Blue are her eyes: she looks upon him — bound,
As by a spell, he views their gulf profound.
Heaven and death are there: in his desire,
He feels the chill of ice, the heat of fire.

Graciously smiling, now she whispers low:
"The runes are dark, would you their meaning know?
Follow! my dwelling is as dark and deep;
You, you alone, its treasure vast shall keep!"

THE MERMAID

From Painting by W. Kray

"Where is your dwelling, charming maid, now say?"
"Built on a coral island far away,
Crystalline, golden, floats that castle free.
Meet for a lovely daughter of the sea!"

Still he delays and muses, on the strand;
Now the alluring maiden grasps his hand.
"Ah! Do you tremble, you who were so bold?"
"Yes, for the heaving breakers are so cold!"

"Let not the mounting waves your spirit change!
Take, as a charm, my ring with sea-runes strange.
Here is my crown of water-lilies white,
Here is my harp, with human bones bedight."

. . . . . .

Blithely she dances on the pearl-strewn sand,
Smiting the bone-harp with her graceful hand.
Fair is her bosom, through her thin robe seen,
White as a swan beheld through rushes green.

"Follow me, youth! through ocean deeps we 'll rove;
There is my castle in its coral grove;
There the red branches purple shadows throw,
There the green waves, like grass, sway to and fro.

. . . . . .

"Heaven and earth to win you I abjure!
Child of the ocean, is your promise sure?"
"Heaven and earth abjuring, great 's your gain,
Throned with the ancient gods, a king to reign!"

Lo, as she speaks, a thousand starlights gleam,
Lighted for Heaven's Christmas day they seem.
Sighing, he swears the oath, — the die is cast;
Into the mermaid's arms he sinks at last.

. . . . . .

High on the shore the rushing waves roll in.
"Why does the color vary on your skin?
What! From your waist a fish's tail depends!"
"Worn for the dances of my sea-maid friends."

High overhead, the stars, like torches, burn:
"Haste! to my golden castle I return.
Save me, ye runes!" — "Yes, try them now; they fail.
Pupil of *heathen* men, my spells prevail!"

Proudly she turns; her sceptre strikes the wave,
Roaring, it parts; the ocean yawns, a grave.
Mermaid and youth go down; the gulf is deep.
Over their heads the surging waters sweep.

Often, on moonlight nights, when bluebells ring,
When for their sports the elves are gathering,
Out of the waves the youth appears, and plays
Tunes that are merry, mournful, like his days.

Svanhvit's Song.

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee,
Slumber from snow and stormy sky,
Lovely and lone one!
Now is the time for thee to die,
When vale and streamlet frozen lie.
Hush thee, Oh, hush thee.

Hours hasten onward;
For thee the last will soon be o'er.
Rest thee, Oh, rest thee,
Flowers have withered thus before;
And my poor heart, what would'st thou more?
Rest thee, Oh, rest thee!

Shadows should darkly
Enveil thy past delights and woes.
Forget, Oh, forget them!
'T is thus that eve its shadow throws;
But now, in noiseless night's repose
Forget, Oh, forget them!

Slumber, Oh, slumber!
No friend hast thou like kindly snow;
Sleep is well for thee,
For whom no second spring will blow: —
Then why, poor heart, still beating so?
Slumber, Oh, slumber!

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!
Resign thy life-breath in a sigh;
Listen no longer;
Life bids farewell to thee; — then die.
Sad one, good-night! — in sweet sleep lie!
Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Audubon, John James, an American naturalist, born in Louisiana, of French parentage, May 4, 1780; died at his residence near the city of New York, January 27, 1851. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, where he studied art under the direction of the painter David. But the whole bent of his mind was toward natural history, and especially toward birds. Returning to America in 1798, his father established him on a farm in Pennsylvania; but his vocation was not that of an agriculturist. In 1810, accompanied by his wife and child, he boated down the Ohio River on a bird-sketching expedition. A year later he set out for Florida with like intent. For ten or a dozen years more one may find him traversing American forests in order to become acquainted with their winged inhabitants in their own habitats. He had during these years planned his great work, "The Birds of America," and in 1826 he went to Europe in order to try to make arrangements for its publication. He received the warmest encouragement from all British men of letters and science. In two years the beginning of the mighty work was ready for the subscribers. It consisted of eighty-seven parts, in what is technically known as "elephant folio," a size sufficient to render it possible for the largest birds to be represented in life size. The work, as finally completed, consisted of five of these huge volumes of colored engravings, containing 448 plates of birds, and five octavo volumes of letter-press, which together constitute the "American Ornithological Biography." The subscription price of the entire work was £182, 14s. — equivalent to a little less than $1,000. An edition much reduced in size, but with some additional plates, was issued in 1844.

A Dangerous Adventure.

(From "The American Ornithological Biography.")

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming

as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace; and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which formed their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the long wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had

split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch should make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed me and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eyes met mine; but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down,

with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard; and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother — for so she proved to be — bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in the situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat;* and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon ——, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first one who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in the world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the point of rising and shooting her on the spot; — but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that

moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation.

Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upward of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travelers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road, and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with! So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

The Humming-Bird.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without

injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens — nay, the deepest shades of the forest — are all visited in their turn; and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light — upwards, downwards, to the right and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season; and retreats with equal care at the approach of Autumn.

The Descent of the Ohio: 1810.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronze carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us. Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a flash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white-perch; for, on casting our net from the

bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangement, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water; and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable extent and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along these delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great-owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us. So was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar.

When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered by snow. Many sluggish flatboats we overtook and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest that every-

where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper in every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transporting civilization into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years [1810–30] I pause, wonder, and — although I know all to be a fact — can scarcely believe its reality.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

Auerbach, Berthold, a celebrated German novelist, poet, and author, of Jewish parentage, was born in Nordstetten, Würtemberg, Black Forest, February 28, 1812; died at Cannes, France, February 8, 1882. His parents were of the common people, and too poor to educate him, but they were not slow to perceive his unusual intelligence, and wished him educated for the synagogue. He was sent to the Talmud school at Hechingen, to Carlsruhe, and to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, completing his studies at the universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg. But while at these universities he began to neglect Hebrew theology for history, philosophy, and literature, and later wholly abandoned it for literature. His first published work, "Judaism and Recent Literature," appeared in 1836; a biographical romance founded on the life of Spinoza, in 1837; a translation of Spinoza's works, 5 vols., in 1841; and the first series of "Village Stories of the Black Forest" in 1843; then followed "The Professor's Wife" (1847); "Baarfüssele" (1856); "Joseph in the Snow" (1860); "Edelweiss" (1861); "The Villa on the Rhine" (1869); "On the Heights" (1871); "Waldfried" (1874); "Brigitta" (1880). Many of his stories have been translated into English and several European languages.

Irma's Remorse.

(From "On the Heights.")

He who destroys his life does not destroy his own life alone.

The child who afflicts a father assists in preparing his grave.

Upon my brow there stands an inextinguishable print, a Cain mark from the hand of my father.

I can never again look at my own face, nor can I ever let the eye of another look on it.

Can I flee from myself? Everywhere myself must follow me.

I am a castaway, lost, and ruined —

Such was the dreary monotone that rang through Irma's soul again and again.

She lay in the darkened room, where not a sunbeam was allowed to penetrate, nor a ray of light to enter; she was alone with herself and darkness. Her thoughts called to her like voices, on the right, on the left, from above, and from below, everywhere — and it often seemed to her as if her father's hand hovered through the gloom with an outstretched finger of flame.

She heard without the voices of Bruno and the physician; Bruno wanted to ask her many things, Gunther wished to return to the capital. Irma answered that she could see no one; she commissioned Gunther with a thousand greetings to all who cared for her.

Gunther charged the family doctor and the maid to watch carefully over Irma; he sent a messenger to Emmy in the convent.

Irma remained in darkness and in solitude.

The tempter came to her, and said: —

"Why dost thou pine away thy young life? the whole world lies before thee with its splendor and beauty. Where is a trace upon thy brow? the hand that left it is stiff and decayed. Rise up! the world is thine! why languish away? why mortify thyself? everything lives for itself, everything lives its time. Thy father has consummated his life, consummate thou thine own! What is sin? — death has no right to life, life alone has right" —

Hither and thither the struggle tormented her, and suddenly in the gloom she seemed to have before her the New Testament scene, in which Satan and the Archangel dispute about the body of Moses.

"I am no dead body," she burst forth, "and there are no angels and there are no devils! All is a lie! from generation to generation they sing to us all sorts of tales as they do to children in the darkness.

"The day is here. I can pull aside my curtain and the world of light is mine. Have not thousands erred like me, and still live happy?"

She rushed to the window. It seemed to her as if she lay buried alive in the earth, her imagination transported her to that one grave —

"I must have light, light!"

She raised the curtain. A broad ray of light came in. She sprung back; the curtain fell again and she lay in darkness.

Presently she heard a voice which went deep to her heart. Colonel Bronnen had come from the capital to show the last token of respect to Eberhardt; he begged Irma — and his strong voice was half stifled — to do him the favor and let him mourn with her for the dead.

Irma's blood seemed to congeal in her heart. She opened the door and held out her hand to her friend in the dark; he pressed it, and she heard him, strong man as he was, weeping loudly. As if storm-driven, the thoughts passed through her mind: there stands a man who could rescue thee, and thou couldst serve him, and be subject to him — but how wouldst thou dare?

"I thank you," she said at last; "may you ever feel the happiness of having acted kindly to the departed one and me" —

Her voice faltered; she could not say more.

Bronnen went: he left her in the darkness.

Irma was again alone.

The last hold which she had left in life was broken. Could she have imagined what lines, from a torn letter picked up on the public way, Bronnen had in his pocket, she would have screamed aloud.

One thought alone was ever awake within her. What was it to her to see the sun rise so many thousand times more, and every sunbeam and every eye would make writing the glare, and words would be an everlasting terror to her. Father — daughter — who would efface those words from language, that she might never hear them again, never read them again?

She felt a sort of unfathomable void in her mind. The one and only thought was ever returning, it was never to be exhausted, and yet every side of it had been weighed, and brooding reflection had turned it over and over, with crushing power, indefatigably and yet wearyingly, in a thousand different aspects.

Then there came on that stupor of mind which is utter thoughtlessness. Nothing to think, nothing to desire, nothing to do. Chaos had fallen over the individual man, and beyond it hovered intangible objects. Let them come; be still as a beast for sacrifice, upon whose head the axe of the officiating priest is to be uplifted. The destiny must be accomplished;

thou canst do nothing, thou canst only stand still and not shrink away from it.

Irma lay thus for hours.

Outside her room, the pendulum of the great clock ticked, and the sound seemed ever saying, "Father — daughter, daughter — father." For hours she heard nothing but the ticking, and ever the words, Father — daughter, daughter — father! She longed to call out and order them to stop the clock, but she forbore. She tried to force herself not to hear these words in the ticking of the pendulum. But she could not succeed. Father — daughter, daughter — father! the pendulum still kept on repeating.

That which had once been the free play of her humor now played with her. "What hast thou seen of the world?" she said to herself. "A little segment. Thou must now make a journey round the whole earth; that shall be thy pilgrimage, and so thou wilt forget thyself. Thou must become acquainted with the whole planet, on which these creatures creep about, who call themselves men, and who stupefy their misery with digging and planting, with preaching and singing, with chiselling and painting, until they die. Stupefaction is everything" —

And in her mind pictures formed themselves, carrying her into boundless distances, the faithful servant pitching the tent in the desert, and perhaps some wild race approaching —

Half dreaming she heard the tomtom, and saw herself borne away, adorned with peacock's feathers, and dusky young forms dancing round her.

Her lively fancy had once amused itself with the idea, and it now arose of itself before her, half maddening her, as the sense-confusing dance closed around her.

It was the depth of the night. All were sleeping.

Irma opened her door gently and glided out.

She went to the chamber of death. A solitary light was burning at the head of the body; he lay in an open coffin, with a bunch of corn in his hand. The servant, who was watching by the corpse, looked amazed at Irma; he only nodded and did not speak a word.

Irma grasped her father's hand. Had that hand but rested in blessing on her head, instead of —

She knelt down and kissed the icy cold hand with her burning lips. A thought, a sense-distracting thought, flashed

through her mind: "It was the kiss of eternity! Burning flame and icy coldness had met together. It was the kiss of eternity" —

When she awoke in her room, she knew no longer whether she had been dreaming, or whether it was a reality that she had kissed the dead hand of her father; but this she felt — that deep within her innermost soul there lay something like a drop of ice, immovable, indelible.

The kiss of eternity — she could nevermore kiss warm lips — she was united to the dead.

She heard the bells toll as they carried her father to the grave; she did not leave her room, no sound came from her lips, no tear fell from her eye; everything in her was mute, dull, and shattered.

She lay in darkness. When the pigeons cooed on the window sill outside, and flew away, she knew that it was day.

Bruno was annoyed to the utmost at his sister's eccentric conduct. He wished to leave, and he requested her to accompany him, or to say what she proposed doing. But she gave no reply. At length, equipped for starting, he went into Irma's anteroom; her maid was sitting there, reading.

Bruno had stretched out his hand to pat her under the chin, but he quickly recollected himself that he was in sorrow; and he drew his hand back.

He gave his hat to the maid to fasten a mourning band on it, and in doing so, he stroked her hand as if by accident. Then he went again to his sister's door.

"Irma," said he, "Irma, be reasonable: give me an answer at last!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked a voice within.

"Open the door."

"I hear," she replied, but she did not open it.

"Well, then, I must tell you, there has been no will of my father's found. I will arrange everything with you in a brotherly manner. Won't you go with me to my family?"

"No."

"Then I must start alone. Good by!"

He received no answer; he listened to the footsteps retreating from the door, and turned away. The maid had fastened the crape round his hat; Bruno kissed her hand, and gave her a handsome present.

Then he set out on his journey.

It suited him well that he could travel without Irma; he could better give way to his inclinations when undisturbed by any one, and his philosophy enjoined no unnecessary sorrow! It is of no avail, and only mars life by it.

On the road, he felt very well satisfied with himself. The Wildenort estate he kept for himself on account of the name; it was small, and without some position in the state he could not live on it in a manner suitable to his rank. He resolved to give Irma when she married, which he hoped would soon be the case, the entire value of the hereditary property as her dowry.

Bruno travelled to the capital, and his first object after having visited his family was the jockey club, which was now permanently established. By paying a moderate forfeit, he wished to withdraw his horses from the race, which was to take place in the next few days; he was in sorrow, and they would have regard to that. On the way he met the physician, and Bruno turned back. The physician was going to the palace.

Never had this man, who was regarded at court as unmovable, been seen so agitated as when he brought back the tidings of the death of the old Count Wildenort.

He told the queen of the edifying reflections which had roused Eberhardt in his last hour, but he could not help adding that his deceased friend had not attained to the high point towards which he had so honestly striven; for that in his very last hour he had groped for outward support, and was obliged to impress anew upon his mind all that he had labored to obtain. The queen looked with astonishment at the man who could judge so sternly even when most deeply affected.

"How does our Irma bear it?" asked she.

"Heavily and silently, your majesty," replied the physician.

"I think," said the king to the queen, "we ought to write to our friend and send a messenger to her."

The queen concurred with his opinion, and the king said aloud to the comptroller of the household: —

"The queen wishes at once to despatch a courier to the Countess Irma; will you make the necessary arrangement? Send the lackey Baum."

The queen was startled. Why did the king say that she wished to send a messenger, when he had suggested it, and she had only agreed? A fear passed through her, but she mastered it quickly, and reproached herself that the evil thought which

had once been stirred in her had not yet entirely vanished. She went to her room, and wrote to Irma. The king also wrote.

Baum assumed a very modest and submissive expression when the comptroller of the household ordered him at once to make ready and to go as courier to the Countess of Wildenort; he was to remain with the countess, and never to leave her, and if she wished to travel, he was to accompany her until her return to the court.

When Baum set off with the letters, his face wore a very different expression; it was now triumphant; he was now on the point of gaining his great desire; the most delicate commission had been given him, he knew how it was, they understood him and he understood others. He turned behind to look towards the palace, and his expression was now by no means submissive; whispering behind his left hand, while he stroked his breast with the right, he said to himself, "I shall come back a made man, and I must at least be gentleman of the chamber."

Baum arrived at the castle. The maid told him that her mistress neither saw nor spoke to any one.

"If she could only cry," said the maid; "her silent grief is killing her."

There was a knock at Irma's closed door; but it was long before an answer came. At last Irma inquired what was the matter. She was obliged to support herself by the handle of the door, when she recognized Baum's voice. Had the king himself perhaps come?

Baum said that he had been sent as courier by their majesties, to deliver a letter. Irma opened the door only so far as to put out her hand; she took in the large letter and placed it on the table — she had nothing to learn of the world outside, the world outside could give her no comfort, no one could.

At length, towards evening, she drew back the curtains and broke the seal of the large envelope. Two letters were in it; one was directed in the queen's handwriting, the other in that of the king. She unfolded the queen's letter first, and read: —

Dear, good Irma! [It was the first time that the queen had written so affectionately. Irma wiped her face with her handkerchief and went on reading.]

You have suffered the hardest sorrow in life. I should like to be with you to press your heavily beating heart to my own, and to kiss the tears from your eyes. I will not comfort you, I will only tell you that I feel with you, so far as one can feel what one has not one's self experienced. You are strong, noble, and harmonious, and I must appeal to you [Irma's hand trembled as she read this] to remember yourself and to bear your grief purely and beautifully. You are orphaned, but the world must not be desolate and void to you. There still live hearts allied to you by friendship. I rejoice, or rather I thank God, that I can be anything to you in sorrow. I need not tell you that I am your friend, but it does one good in hours like this to tell one's self so. I should like not to spend a single hour in amusement while you are in affliction. Every feeling is shared between us. [Irma covered her face with her hand. She composed herself and went on reading.]

Let me soon know what I can be to you. Come to me, or remain in solitude, just as your nature prompts. If I could only give you that enjoyment of yourself which we feel! You don't know what great delights you have afforded us. You have enriched our wealth of perception; that is the noblest achievement. Be strong in yourself, and know that you may rely on your heartily loving

MATILDA.

Irma laid the letter on the table, but she involuntarily pushed it far away from that of the king, which was still unopened. Years should elapse, seas should lie between, before the words of the king ought to be heard after such as these. And yet — how often had she listened to them both in the same breath, and looked at them with the same glance.

With a violent movement, as if in anger, she broke open the king's letter and read: —

It is deeply painful to me that you, my sweet friend, should have to learn that you are the child of a mortal man. I lament that your beautiful eyes should weep. If the most exalted are still capable of purification — and what mortal being is not so — this sorrow will only heighten your noble sentiments. But I pray you not to mount so high as to find us mean and low. Carry us with you on your heights.

Irma's countenance assumed a bitter, petrified expression. She went on reading: —

If you torment your beautiful eyes with tears and your noble heart with sighs, for more than seven days, and wish to live alone, let me know it by one word. If you wish to protect your mourn-

ing, and to recover yourself and another self by travel, decide whither you intend to go; only not too far away, not too far into the land of sorrow, a land foreign to you. You ought to be joyful, and to subdue grief cheerfully and quickly.

Your affectionate K.

In the letter there lay a small piece of paper with the inscription, "To be burnt at once."

I can't live without thee: I lose myself if I lose thee. The present alone is life. I can only breathe in the light of thine eyes. I want no clouds, I yearn for sun. Remember what a world of thought thou harborest beneath that feathered hat. Give the world its sway. Thou must not be sad, thou must not, for my sake. Thou must be mistress of thy grief, as thou art mistress over me. Be strong, soar above everything, and come to thy K.

The kiss of eternity! I alone can kiss away the clouds, the sadness from thy brow — I can and I will!

Irma screamed aloud; she suppressed a convulsive laugh.

Can any lips kiss this brow? How would they relish the cold touch of death stamped here forever? How would that terrible word taste to their lips? Kiss it away! kiss it away! It burns, it freezes!

The maid outside heard these last words; she wanted to hasten to Irma, but the door was locked.

After a time Irma raised her head, and was astonished to find herself on the ground. She rose, and ordered light and writing materials. She burned both the letters from the king, held her heavy head for a time in her two hands, then took her pen and wrote: —

Queen, — I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget.

Irma.

She wrote on the envelope, "By Gunther's hand. To the queen herself."

Then she took another sheet, and wrote: —

My Friend, — I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself, agree with the law that binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both; and I, I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true

to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly, if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin, but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow, inscribe thine in thy heart, and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance.

In Countess Irma's Diary.

(From "On the Heights.")

Yesterday was a year since I lay at the foot of the rock. I could not write a word. My brain whirled with the thoughts of that day; but now it is over.

. . . . . .

I don't think I shall write much more. I have now experienced all the seasons in my new world. The circle is complete. There is nothing new to come from without. I know all that exists about me, or that can happen. I am at home in my new world.

. . . . . .

Unto Jesus the Scribes and Pharisees brought a woman who was to be stoned to death, and He said unto them, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Thus it is written.

But I ask: How did she continue to live — she who was saved from being stoned to death; she who was pardoned — that is, condemned to live? How did she live on? Did she return to her home? How did she stand with the world? And how with her own heart?

No answer. None.

I must find the answer in my own experience.

. . . . . .

"Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." These are the noblest, the greatest words ever uttered by human lips, or heard by human ear. They divide the history of the human race into two parts. They are the "Let there be light" of the second creation. They divide and heal my little life too, and create me anew.

Has one who is not wholly without sin a right to offer precepts and reflections to others?

Look into your own heart. What are you?

Behold my hands. They are hardened by toil. I have done more than merely lift them in prayer.

. . . . . .

Since I am alone I have not seen a letter of print. I have no book and wish for none; and this is not in order to mortify myself, but because I wish to be perfectly alone.

. . . . . .

She who renounces the world, and in her loneliness still cherishes the thought of eternity, has assumed a heavy burden.

Convent life is not without its advantages. The different voices that join in the *chorale* sustain each other; and when the tone at last ceases, it seems to float away on the air and vanish by degrees. But here I am quite alone. I am priest and church, organ and congregation, confessor and penitent, all in one; and my heart is often *so* heavy, as if I must needs have another to help me bear the load. "Take me up and carry me, I cannot go further!" cries my soul. But then I rouse myself again, seize my scrip and my pilgrim's staff and wander on, solitary and alone; and while I wander, strength returns to me.

. . . . . .

It often seems to me as if it were sinful thus to bury myself alive. My voice is no longer heard in song, and much more that dwells within me has become mute.

Is this right?

If my only object in life were to be at peace with myself, it would be well enough; but I long to labor and to do something for others. Yet where and what shall it be?

. . . . . .

When I first heard that the beautifully carved furniture of the great and wealthy is the work of prisoners, it made me shudder. And now, although I am not deprived of freedom, I am in much the same condition. Those who have disfigured life should, as an act of expiation, help to make life more beautiful for others. The thought that I am doing this comforts and sustains me.

. . . . . .

My work prospers. But last winter's wood is not yet fit for use. My little pitchman has brought me some that is old, excellent, and well seasoned, having been part of the rafters of an old house that has just been torn down. We work together cheerfully, and our earnings are considerable.

. . . . . .

Vice is the same everywhere, except that here it is more open. Among the masses, vice is characterized by coarseness; among the upper classes, by meanness.

The latter shake off the consequences of their evil deeds, while the former are obliged to bear them.

. . . . . .

The rude manners of these people are necessary, and are far preferable to polite deceit. They must needs be rough and rude. If it were not for its coarse, thick bark, the oak could not withstand the storm.

I have found that this rough bark covers more tenderness and sincerity than does the smoothest surface.

. . . . . .

Jochem told me, to-day, that he is still quite a good walker, but that a blind man finds it very troublesome to go anywhere; for at every step he is obliged to grope about, so that he may feel sure of his ground before he firmly plants his foot on the earth.

Is it not the same with me? Am I not obliged to be sure of the ground before I take a step?

Such is the way of the fallen.

Ah! why does everything I see or hear become a symbol of my life?

. . . . . .

I have now been here between two and three years. I have formed a resolve which it will be difficult to carry out. I shall go out into the world once more. I must again behold the scenes of my past life. I have tested myself severely.

May it not be a love of adventure, that genteel yet vulgar desire to undertake what is unusual or fraught with peril? Or is it a morbid desire to wander through the world after having died, as it were?

No; far from it. What can it be? An intense longing to roam again, if it be only for a few days. I must kill the desire, lest it kill me.

Whence arises this sudden longing?

Every tool that I use while at work burns my hand.

I must go.

I shall obey the impulse, without worrying myself with speculations as to its cause. I am subject to the rules of no

order. My will is my only law. I harm no one by obeying it. I feel myself free; the world has no power over me.

I dreaded informing Walpurga of my intention. When I did so, her tone, her words, her whole manner, and the fact that she for the first time called me "child," made it seem as if her mother were still speaking to me.

"Child," said she, "you 're right! Go! It 'll do you good. I believe that you 'll come back and will stay with us; but if you don't, and another life opens up to you — your expiation has been a bitter one, far heavier than your sin."

Uncle Peter was quite happy when he learned that we were to be gone from one Sunday to the Sunday following. When I asked him whether he was curious as to where we were going, he replied, —

"It 's all one to me. I 'd travel over the whole world with you, wherever you 'd care to go; and if you were to drive me away, I 'd follow you like a dog and find you again."

I shall take my journal with me, and will note down every day.

. . . . . .

[By the lake.] — I find it difficult to write a word.

The threshold I am obliged to cross, in order to go out into the world, is my own gravestone.

I am equal to it.

How pleasant it was to descend toward the valley. Uncle Peter sang; and melodies suggested themselves to me, but I did not sing. Suddenly he interrupted himself and said:

"In the inns you 'll be my niece, won't you?"

"Yes."

"But you must call me 'uncle' when we 're there?"

"Of course, dear uncle."

He kept nodding to himself for the rest of the way, and was quite happy.

We reached the inn at the landing. He drank, and I drank too, from the same glass.

"Where are you going?" asked the hostess.

"To the capital," said he, although I had not said a word to him about it. Then he said to me in a whisper, —

"If you intend to go elsewhere, the people need n't know everything."

I let him have his own way.

I looked for the place where I had wandered at that time.

There — there was the rock — and on it a cross, bearing in golden characters the inscription: —

HERE PERISHED

IRMA, COUNTESS VON WILDENORT,

IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

OF HER LIFE.

Traveller, pray for her and honor her memory.

. . . . . .

I never rightly knew why I was always dissatisfied, and yearning for the next hour, the next day, the next year, hoping that it would bring me that which I could not find in the present. It was not love, for love does not satisfy. I desired to live in the passing moment, but could not. It always seemed as if something were waiting for me without the door, and calling me. What could it have been?"

I know now; it was a desire to be at one with myself, to understand myself. Myself in the world, and the world in me.

. . . . . .

The vain man is the loneliest of human beings. He is constantly longing to be seen, understood, acknowledged, admired, and loved.

I could say much on the subject, for I too was once vain. It was only in actual solitude that I conquered the loneliness of vanity. It is enough for me that I exist.

How far removed this is from all that is mere show.

. . . . . .

Now I understand my father's last act. He did not mean to punish me. His only desire was to arouse me; to lead me to self-consciousness; to the knowledge which, teaching us to become different from what we are, saves us.

. . . . . .

I understand the inscription in my father's library: "When I am alone, then am I least alone."

Yes; when alone, one can more perfectly lose himself in the life universal. I have lived and have come to know the truth. I can now die.

. . . . . .

He who is at one with himself, possesses all. . . .

I believe that I know what I have done. I have no compassion for myself. This is my full confession.

I have sinned — not against nature, but against the world's rules. Is that sin? Look at the tall pines in yonder forest. The higher the tree grows, the more do the lower branches die away; and thus the tree in the thick forest is protected and sheltered by its fellows, but can nevertheless not perfect itself in all directions.

I desired to lead a full and complete life and yet to be in the forest, to be in the world and yet in society. But he who means to live thus, must remain in solitude. As soon as we become members of society, we cease to be mere creatures of nature. Nature and morality have equal rights, and must form a compact with each other; and where there are two powers with equal rights, there must be mutual concessions.

Herein lies my sin.

He who desires to live a life of nature alone, must withdraw himself from the protection of morality. I did not fully desire either the one or the other; hence I was crushed and shattered.

My father's last action was right. He avenged the moral law, which is just as human as the law of nature. The animal world knows neither father nor mother, so soon as the young is able to take care of itself. The human world does know them and must hold them sacred.

I see it all quite clearly. My sufferings and my expiation are deserved. I was a thief! I stole the highest treasures of all: confidence, love, honor, respect, splendor.

How noble and exalted the tender souls appear to themselves when a poor rogue is sent to jail for having committed a theft! But what are all possessions which can be carried away, when compared with those that are intangible!

Those who are summoned to the bar of justice are not always the basest of mankind.

I acknowledge my sin, and my repentance is sincere.

My fatal sin, the sin for which I now atone, was that I dissembled, that I denied and extenuated that which I represented to myself as a natural right. Against the Queen I have sinned worst of all. To me she represents that moral order which I violated and yet wished to enjoy.

To you, O Queen, to you — lovely, good, and deeply injured one — do I confess all this!

If I die before you, — and I hope that I may, — these pages are to be given to you.

. . . . . .

I can now accurately tell the season of the year, and often the hour of the day, by the way in which the first sunbeams fall into my room and on my work-bench in the morning. My chisel hangs before me on the wall, and is my index.

. . . . . .

The drizzling spring showers now fall on the trees ; and thus it is with me. It seems as if there were a new delight in store for me. What can it be ? I shall patiently wait!

. . . . . .

A strange feeling comes over me, as if I were lifted up from the chair on which I am sitting, and were flying, I know not whither! What is it? I feel as if dwelling in eternity.

Everything seems flying toward me: the sunlight and the sunshine, the rustling of the forests and the forest breezes, beings of all ages and of all kinds — all seem beautiful and rendered transparent by the sun's glow.

I am!

I am in God!

If I could only die now and be wafted through this joy to dissolution and redemption!

But I will live on until my hour comes.

Come, thou dark hour, whenever thou wilt! To me thou art light!

I feel that there is light within me. O Eternal Spirit of the universe, I am one with thee!

I was dead and I live — I shall die and yet live.

Everything has been forgiven and blotted out. — There was dust on my wings. — I soar aloft into the sun and into infinite space. I shall die singing from the fulness of my soul. Shall I sing!

Enough.

. . . . . .

I know that I shall again be gloomy and depressed and drag along a weary existence ; but I have once soared into infinity and have felt a ray of eternity within me. That I shall never lose again. I should like to go to a convent, to some quiet, cloistered cell, where I might know nothing of the world, and could live on within myself until death shall call me. But it is not to be. I am destined to live on in freedom and to labor ; to live with my fellow-beings and to work for them.

The results of my handiwork and of my powers of imagination belong to you ; but what I am within myself is mine alone.

. . . . . .

I have taken leave of everything here; of my quiet room, of my summer bench; for I know not whether I shall ever return. And if I do, who knows but what everything may have become strange to me!

. . . . . .

[Last page written in pencil.] — It is my wish that when I am dead, I may be wrapped in a simple linen cloth, placed in a rough, unplaned coffin, and buried under the apple-tree, on the road that leads to my paternal mansion. I desire that my brother and other relatives may be apprised of my death at once, and that they shall not disturb my grave by the wayside.

No stone, no name, is to mark my grave.

From "The First Mass."

Amid the ringing of all the bells, the procession at last issued from the church-door. The pennons waved, the band of music brought from Horb struck up, and the audible prayers of the men and women mingled with the sound. Ivo, with the schoolmaster at his side, took the lead, carrying the crucifix. On the hill the altar was finely decorated; the chalices and the lamps and the spangled dresses of the saints flashed in the sun, and the throng of worshippers covered the common and the adjoining fields as far as the eye could reach. Ivo hardly took courage to look at the "gentleman," meaning the young clergyman, who, in his gold-laced robe, and bare head crowned with a golden wreath, ascended the steps of the altar with pale and sober mien, bowing low as the music swelled, and folding his small white hands upon his breast. The squire's Barbara, who carried a burning taper wreathed with rosemary, had gone before him and took her stand at the side of the altar. The mass began; and at the tinkling of the bell all fell upon their faces, and not a sound would have been heard, had not a flight of pigeons passed directly over the altar with that fluttering and chirping noise which always accompanies their motion through the air. For all the world Ivo would not have looked up just then; for he knew that the Holy Ghost was descending, to effect the mysterious transubstantiation of the wine into blood and the bread into flesh, and that no mortal eye can look upon Him without being struck with blindness.

The chaplain of Horb now entered the pulpit, and solemnly addressed the "permitiant."

ÉMILE AUGIER.

Augier, Émile, a clever and distinguished French dramatist; born at Valence, September 17, 1820; died at Croissy, October 25, 1889. With his first play, "The Hemlock" (1844), he won popular favor, as it commenced a needed reaction against the overstrained romanticism of the time. He lashed the dominant vices of modern society in a series of plays: "The Marriage of Olympia" (1855); "The Poor Lionesses" (1858); "The Brazen-Fronted" (1861); and "Giboyer's Boy" (1862). "The Fourchambaults" (1878) is esteemed his best work.

A Contented Idler.

(From "M. Poirier's Son-in-Law.")

[*The party are leaving the dining-room.*]

Gaston. Well, Hector! What do you think of it? The house is just as you see it now, every day in the year. Do you believe there is a happier man in the world than I?

Duke. Faith! I envy you; you reconcile me to marriage.

Antoinette [*in a low voice to Verdelet*]. Monsieur de Montmeyran is a charming young man!

Verdelet [*in a low voice*]. He pleases me.

Gaston [*to Poirier, who comes in last*]. Monsieur Poirier, I must tell you once for all how much I esteem you. Don't think I 'm ungrateful.

Poirier. Oh! Monsieur!

Gaston. Why the devil don't you call me Gaston? And you, too, dear Monsieur Verdelet, I 'm very glad to see you.

Antoinette. He is one of the family, Gaston.

Gaston. Shake hands then, Uncle.

Verdelet [*aside, giving him his hand*]. He 's not a bad fellow.

Gaston. Agree, Hector, that I 've been lucky. Monsieur Poirier, I feel guilty. You make my life one long fête and never give me a chance in return. Try to think of something I can do for you.

ÉMILE AUGIER

POIRIER. Very well, if that's the way you feel, give me a quarter of an hour. I should like to have a serious talk with you.

DUKE. I'll withdraw.

POIRIER. No, stay, Monsieur. We are going to hold a kind of family council. Neither you nor Verdelet will be in the way.

GASTON. The deuce, my dear father-in-law. A family council! You embarrass me!

POIRIER. Not at all, dear Gaston. Let us sit down.

[*They seat themselves around the fireplace.*]

GASTON. Begin, Monsieur Poirier.

POIRIER. You say you are happy, dear Gaston, and that is my greatest recompense.

GASTON. I'm willing to double your gratification.

POIRIER. But now that three months have been given to the joys of the honeymoon, I think that there has been romance enough, and that it 's time to think about history.

GASTON. You talk like a book. Certainly, we 'll think about history if you wish. I'm willing.

POIRIER. What do you intend to do?

GASTON. To-day?

POIRIER. And to-morrow, and in the future. You must have some idea.

GASTON. True, my plans are made. I expect to do to-day what I did yesterday, and to-morrow what I shall do to-day. I'm not versatile, in spite of my light air; and if the future is only like the present I'll be satisfied.

POIRIER. But you are too sensible to think that the honeymoon can last forever.

GASTON. Too sensible, and too good an astronomer. But you've probably read Heine?

POIRIER. You must have read that, Verdelet?

VERDELET. Yes; I've read him.

POIRIER. Perhaps he spent his life at playing truant.

GASTON. Well, Heine, when he was asked what became of the old full moons, said that they were broken up to make the stars.

POIRIER. I don't understand.

GASTON. When our honeymoon is old, we 'll break it up and there 'll be enough to make a whole Milky Way.

POIRIER. That is a clever idea, of course.

GASTON. Its only merit is simplicity.

POIRIER. But seriously, don't you think that the idle life you lead may jeopardize the happiness of a young household?

GASTON. Not at all.

VERDELET. A man of your capacity can't mean to idle all his life.

GASTON. With resignation.

ANTOINETTE. Don't you think you 'll find it dull after a time, Gaston?

GASTON. You culumniate yourself, my dear.

ANTOINETTE. I 'm not vain enough to suppose that I can fill your whole existence, and I admit that I 'd like to see you follow the example of Monsieur de Montmeyran.

GASTON [*rising and leaning against the mantelpiece*]. Perhaps you want me to fight?

ANTOINETTE. No, of course not.

GASTON. What then?

POIRIER. We want you to take a position worthy of your name.

GASTON. There are only three positions which my name permits me: soldier, bishop, or husbandman. Choose.

POIRIER. We owe everything to France. France is our mother.

VERDELET. I understand the vexation of a son whose mother remarries; I understand why he does n't go to the wedding: but if he has the right kind of heart he won't turn sulky. If the second husband makes her happy, he 'll soon offer him a friendly hand.

POIRIER. The nobility cannot always hold itself aloof, as it begins to perceive. More than one illustrious name has set the example: Monsieur de Valcherrière, Monsieur de Chazerolles, Monsieur de Mont Louis —

GASTON. These men have done as they thought best. I don't judge them, but I cannot imitate them.

ANTOINETTE. Why not, Gaston?

GASTON. Ask Montmeyran.

VERDELET. The Duke's uniform answers for him.

DUKE. Excuse me, a soldier has but one opinion — his duty; but one adversary — the enemy.

POIRIER. However, Monsieur —

GASTON. Enough, it is n't a matter of politics, Monsieur Poirier. One may discuss opinions, but not sentiments. I am bound by gratitude. My fidelity is that of a servant and of a friend.

Not another word. [*To the Duke.*] I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. This is the first time we 've talked politics here, and I promise you it shall be the last.

THE DUKE [*in a low voice to Antoinette*]. You 've been forced into making a mistake, Madame.

ANTOINETTE. I know it, now that it 's too late.

VERDELET [*softly, to Poirier*]. Now you 're in a fine fix.

POIRIER [*in same tone*]. He 's repulsed the first assault, but I don't raise the siege.

GASTON. I 'm not resentful, Monsieur Poirier. Perhaps I spoke a little too strongly, but this is a tender point with me, and unintentionally you wounded me. Shake hands.

POIRIER. You are very kind.

A SERVANT. There are some people in the little parlor who say they have an appointment with Monsieur Poirier.

POIRIER. Very well, ask them to wait a moment. [*The servant goes out.*] Your creditors, son-in-law.

GASTON. Yours, my dear father-in-law. I 've turned them over to you.

DUKE. As a wedding present.

THE FEELINGS OF AN ARTIST.

(From "M. Poirier's Son-in-Law.")

POIRIER [*alone*]. How vexatious he is, that son-in-law of mine! and there 's no way to get rid of him. He 'll die a nobleman, for he will do nothing and he is good for nothing. — There 's no end to the money he costs me. — He is master of my house. — I 'll put a stop to it. [*He rings. Enter a servant*]. Send up the porter and the cook. We shall see my son-in-law! I have set up my back. I 've unsheathed my velvet paws. You will make no concessions, eh, my fine gentleman? Take your comfort! I will not yield either: you may remain marquis, and I will again become a *bourgeois*. At least I 'll have the pleasure of living to my fancy.

THE PORTER. Monsieur has sent for me?

POIRIER. Yes, François, Monsieur has sent for you. You can put the sign on the door at once.

THE PORTER. The sign?

POIRIER. "To let immediately, a magnificent apartment on the first floor, with stables and carriage houses.

THE PORTER. The apartment of Monsieur le Marquis?

POIRIER. You have said it, François.

THE PORTER. But Monsieur le Marquis has not given the order.

POIRIER. Who is the master here, donkey? Who owns this mansion?

THE PORTER. You, Monsieur.

POIRIER. Then do what I tell you without arguing.

THE PORTER. Yes, Monsieur. [*Enter Vatel.*]

POIRIER. Go, François. [*Exit Porter.*] Come in, Monsieur Vatel: you are getting up a big dinner for to-morrow?

VATEL. Yes, Monsieur, and I venture to say that the menu would not be disowned by my illustrious ancestor himself. It is really a work of art, and Monsieur Poirier will be astonished.

POIRIER. Have you the menu with you?

VATEL. No, Monsieur, it is being copied; but I know it by heart.

POIRIER. Then recite it to me.

VATEL. Le potage aux ravioles à l'Italienne et le potage à l'orge à la Marie Stuart.

POIRIER. You will replace these unknown concoctions by a good meat soup, with some vegetables on a plate.

VATEL. What, Monsieur?

POIRIER. I mean it. Go on.

VATEL. Relevé. La carpe du Rhin à la Lithuanienne, les poulardes à la Godard — le filet de bœuf braisé aux raisins à la Napolitaine, le jambon de Westphalie, rôtie madère.

POIRIER. Here is a simpler and far more sensible fish course: brill with caper sauce — then Bayonne ham with spinach, and a savory stew of bird, with well-browned rabbit.

VATEL. But Monsieur Poirier — I will never consent.

POIRIER. I am master — do you hear? Go on.

VATEL. Entrées. Les filets de volaille à la concordat — les croustades de truffe garnies de foies à la royale, le faisan étoffé à la Montpensier, les perdreaux rouges farcis à la bohémienne.

POIRIER. In place of these side dishes we will have nothing at all, and we will go at once to the roast, — that is the only essential.

VATEL. That is against the precepts of art.

POIRIER. I'll take the blame of that: let us have your roasts.

VATEL. It is not worth while, Monsieur: my ancestor would have run his sword through his body for a less affront. I offer my resignation.

POIRIER. And I was about to ask for it, my good friend; but as one has eight days to replace a servant —

VATEL. A servant, Monsieur? I am an artist!

POIRIER. I will fill your place by a woman. But in the mean time, as you still have eight days in my service, I wish you to prepare my menu.

VATEL. I will blow my brains out before I dishonor my name.

POIRIER [*aside*]. Another fellow who adores his name! [*Aloud*]. You may burn your brains, Monsieur Vatel, but don't burn your sauces.— Well, *bon jour!* [*Exit Vatel.*] And now to write invitations to my old cronies of the Rue des Bourdonnais. Monsieur le Marquis de Presles, I'll soon take the starch out of you.

[*He goes out whistling the first couplet of "Monsieur and Madame Denis."*]

A CONTEST OF WILLS.

(From "The Fourchambaults.")

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Why do you follow me?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I'm not following you: I'm accompanying you.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. I despise you; let me alone. Oh! my poor mother little thought what a life of privation would be mine when she gave me to you with a dowry of eight hundred thousand francs!

FOURCHAMBAULT. A life of privation — because I refuse you a yacht!

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. I thought my dowry permitted me to indulge a few whims, but it seems I was wrong.

FOURCHAMBAULT. A whim costing eight thousand francs!

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Would you have to pay for it?

FOURCHAMBAULT. That's the kind of reasoning that's ruining me.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Now he says I'm ruining him! His whole fortune comes from me.

FOURCHAMBAULT. Now don't get angry, my dear. I want you to have everything in reason, but you must understand the situation.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. The situation?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I ought to be a rich man; but thanks to

the continual expenses you incur in the name of your dowry, I can barely rub along from day to day. If there should be a sudden fall in stocks, I have no reserve with which to meet it.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. That can't be true! Tell me at once that it isn't true, for if it were so you would be without excuse.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I or you?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. This is too much! Is it my fault that you don't understand business? If you haven't had the wit to make the best use of your way of living and your family connections — any one else —

FOURCHAMBAULT. Quite likely! But I am petty enough to be a scrupulous man, and to wish to remain one.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Pooh! That's the excuse of all the dolts who can't succeed. They set up to be the only honest fellows in business. In my opinion, Monsieur, a timid and mediocre man should not insist upon remaining at the head of a bank, but should turn the position over to his son.

FOURCHAMBAULT. You are still harping on that? But, my dear, you might as well bury me alive! Already I 'm a mere cipher in my family.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You do not choose your time well to pose as a victim, when like a tyrant you are refusing me a mere trifle.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I refuse you nothing. I merely explain my position. Now do as you like. It is useless to expostulate.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. At last! But you have wounded me to the heart, Adrien, and just when I had a surprise for you —

FOURCHAMBAULT. What is your surprise? [*Aside*: It makes me tremble.]

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Thanks to me, the Fourchambaults are going to triumph over the Duhamels.

FOURCHAMBAULT. How?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Madame Duhamel has been determined this long time to marry her daughter to the son of the prefect.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I knew it. What about it?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. While she was making a goose of herself so publicly, I was quietly negotiating, and Baron Rastiboulois is coming to ask our daughter's hand.

FOURCHAMBAULT. That will never do! I 'm planning quite a different match for her.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You? I should like to know —

FOURCHAMBAULT. He's a fine fellow of our own set, who loves Blanche, and whom she loves if I'm not mistaken.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You are entirely mistaken. You mean Victor Chauvet, Monsieur Bernard's clerk?

FOURCHAMBAULT. His right arm, rather. His *alter ego*.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Blanche did think of him at one time. But her fancy was just a morning mist, which I easily dispelled. She has forgotten all about him, and I advise you to follow her example.

FOURCHAMBAULT. What fault can you find with this young man?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Nothing and everything. Even his name is absurd. I never would have consented to be called Madame Chauvet, and Blanche is as proud as I was. But that is only a detail; the truth is, I won't have her marry a clerk.

FOURCHAMBAULT. You won't have! You won't have! But there are two of us.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Are you going to portion Blanche?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I? No.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Then you see there are not two of us. As I am going to portion her, it is my privilege to choose my son-in-law.

FOURCHAMBAULT. And mine to refuse him. I tell you I won't have your little baron at any price.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Now it is your turn. What fault can you find with him, except his title?

FOURCHAMBAULT. He's fast, a gambler, worn out by dissipation.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Blanche likes him just as he is.

FOURCHAMBAULT. Heavens! He's not even handsome.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. What does that matter? Have n't I been the happiest of wives?

FOURCHAMBAULT. What? One word is as good as a hundred. I won't have him. Blanche need not take Chauvet, but she shan't marry Rastiboulois either. That's all I have to say.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. But, Monsieur —

FOURCHAMBAULT. That's all I have to say.

[*He goes out.*]

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Augustine (Aurelius Augustinus), Saint, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, was born at Tagasta, in Numidia, Africa, November 13, A.D. 354, and died at Hippo, near Carthage, where he was bishop, August 28, A.D. 430. His father, Patricius, was a prominent and wealthy citizen of Tagasta, and a Pagan; his mother, Monica, was an earnest and devoted Christian. Augustine was intended by his father as a "Rhetorician," or, as we would say, a "Professor," and received the best education which the country and age afforded. His acquaintance with the Latin writers — at least with Cicero and the poets — was thorough; his knowledge of Greek was apparently about equivalent to that of an ordinary college professor in our time.

Augustine was a voluminous writer. His extant works in the Benedictine edition (Paris, 1679–1700) fill eleven folio volumes. They were reprinted in a more compact form (1836–38) in twenty-two half volumes. An adequate translation into English of the most important of them is contained in the "Library of the Fathers." Many of them relate to the religious polemics of the age. But several are of permanent value. Upon the treatise on "The Trinity," in fifteen books, he was occupied at intervals for nearly thirty years. The greatest of his works, in a theological point of view, is "The City of God" ("De Civitate Dei"), which was the main work of the last thirteen years of his life.

From St. Augustine's "Confessions."

HIS LIVING IDLE AT HOME CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SINS, FROM WHICH HIS HOLY MOTHER ENDEAVORED TO DIVERT HIM.

Now for that year my studies were intermitted, I being called home from Madaura, in which neighboring city I had been for a while applied to learning and oratory, and the expenses of my studying farther from home at Carthage, being in the mean time provided by the resolution of my father

which went beyond his wealth, he being a citizen of Tagaste, of a very small estate. To whom am I relating these things? Not to thee, O my God, but in thy presence, to my fellow-mortals, of the same human kind as I am, how small soever a part of them it may be which shall light upon these my writings: and to what end do I do this? But that both I and they who read this may reflect from how *profound a depth* we must still be crying to thee. And what is nearer to thy ears than a confessing heart and a life of faith? For who did not then highly commend my father, for laying out in behalf of his son, even beyond the strength of his estate, which was necessary for the carrying on his studies at that great distance from home; whereas many citizens, far more wealthy than he, did no such thing for their children; whilst in the mean time this same father took no care of my growing up to thee, or of my being chaste, provided I was but eloquent [*disertus*] or rather [*desertus*] forsaken and uncultivated of thee, who art the one true and good Lord of thy field my heart.

But when in that sixteenth year of my age I began to live idly at home with my parents, whilst domestic necessities caused a vacation from school, the briers of lust grew over my head, and there was no hand to root them up. Nay, when that father of mine saw me in the Bagnio now growing towards man, and perceived in me the unquiet motions of youth, as if from hence he were big with hopes of grandchildren, he related it to my mother with joy; intoxicated with the generality of the world, by the fumes of the invisible wine of their own perverse will, whilst forgetting thee their Creator, and loving thy creature instead of thee, they stoop down to rejoice in these lowest of things. But in my mother's breast thou hadst already begun thy temple, and the foundation of thy holy habitation; for my father was as yet only a *Catechumen*, and that but of late. She therefore, upon hearing it, was seized with fear and trembling; being concerned for me, though I was not baptized, lest I should stray into those crooked ways in which worldings walk, who turn not their face but their back upon thee.

Alas! and dare I say that thou wert silent, O my God, when I was wandering still farther from thee? And wast thou silent indeed? And whose then but thine were those words, which, by my mother, thy faithful servant, thou didst sing in my ears, though no part of it descended into my heart to perform it?

For she desired, and I remember how she secretly admonished me with great solicitude, to keep myself pure from women, and above all to take care of defiling any one's wife; which seemed to me to be but the admonitions of a woman, which I should be ashamed to obey; but they were thy admonitions, and I knew it not; and I supposed thee to be silent whilst she spoke, whereas by her thou didst speak to me and in her wast despised by me, by me her son, *the son of thy handmaid thy servant*, Psalm 115. But I knew it not, and rushed on headlong with so much blindness, that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less filthy than others; and when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions, and boasting so much the more by how much the more beastly they were, I had a mind to do the like, not only for the pleasure of it, but that I might be praised for it.

Is there anything but vice that is worthy of reproach? Yet I became more vicious to avoid reproach; and when nothing came in my way, by committing which I might equal the most wicked, I pretended to have done what I had not done, lest I should be esteemed more vile by how much I was more chaste. Behold with what companions I was walking in the streets of Babylon; and I wallowed in the mire thereof, as if it were spices and precious perfumes, and that in the very midst of it, the invisible enemy trod me down and seduced me, because I was willing to be seduced: neither did that mother of my flesh (who was escaped out of the midst of Babylon, but walked yet with a slow pace in the skirts thereof), as she admonished me to be chaste, so take care to restrain that lust (which her husband had discovered to her in me, and which she knew to be so infectious for the present and dangerous for the future) within the bounds of conjugal affection, if it could not otherwise be cured: she did not care for this method, for fear my hope should be spoiled by the fetters of a wife; not that hope of the world to come which my mother had in thee, but the hope of my proficiency in learning, upon which both my parents were too much intent: he because he scarce thought at all of thee; and of me nothing but mere empty vanities; and she, because she supposed that those usual studies of sciences would be no hindrance, but rather some help towards the coming to thee. For so I conjecture, recollecting as well as I can the manners of my parents. Then also were the reins let loose to spend my time in play, beyond what a due severity would allow, which gave occasion to my being more dissolute in various inclina-

tions; and in them all there was a mist intercepting, O my God, from me the serenity of thy truth, *and my iniquities proceeded, as it were, from the fat*, Psalm 72, *v.* 7.

HE CONFESSES A THEFT OF HIS YOUTH DONE OUT OF MERE WANTONNESS.

THY law, O Lord, punisheth theft, and a law written in the hearts of men, which even iniquity itself cannot blot out. For what thief is willing to have another steal from him? For even he that is rich will not endure another stealing for want. Yet I had a mind to commit theft, and I committed it, not for want or need, but loathing to be honest and longing to sin; for I stole that of which I had plenty, and much better. Neither was I fond of enjoying the things that I stole, but only fond of the theft and the sin. There was a pear-tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit, which were neither tempting for their beauty nor their taste. To shake off and carry away the fruit of this tree, a company of wicked youths of us went late at night, having, according to a vicious custom, been playing till then in the yards; and thence we carried great loads, not for our eating, but even to be cast to the hogs; and if we tasted any of them, the only pleasure therein was, because we were doing what we should not do.

Behold my heart, O my God, behold my heart, of which thou hast had pity when it was in the midst of the bottomless pit. Behold, let my heart now tell thee what it was it then sought. That I might even be wicked without cause, and have nothing to tempt me to evil, but the ugly evil itself. And this I loved; I loved to perish, I loved to be faulty; not the thing in which I was faulty, but the very faultiness I loved. Oh! filthy soul, and falling from thy firmament to its utter ruin; affecting not something disgraceful, but disgrace itself.

N.B. — *After his return home to Africa he made ample restitution for those pears he had stolen.*

THAT MEN SIN NOT WITHOUT SOME APPEARANCE OR PRETENCE OF GOOD.

THERE is a tempting appearance in beautiful bodies, in gold, and silver, and the rest. And in the sense of the touch there

is an agreeableness that is taking; and in like manner the other senses find their pleasures in their respective objects. So temporal honor, and the power of commanding and excelling hath something in it that is attractive; hence also arises the desire of revenge. And yet we must not, for the gaining of all or any of these things, depart from thee, O Lord, nor turn aside from thy law. The life also which we live here hath its allurement, by reason of a certain kind of beauty in it, and the proportion which it hath to all the rest of these lower beauties. Likewise the friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together.

Upon occasion of all these and the like things sin is committed, when by an immoderate inclination to them, which have but the lowest place amongst good things, men forsake the best and highest goods, viz. thee, O Lord our God, and thy truth, and thy law. For these lowest things have indeed their delights, but not like my God who made all things; because in him doth the just delight, and he is the joy of the upright of heart. Therefore when the question is for what cause any crime was done, it is not usually believed but where it appears that there might be some desire of acquiring some of these lowest of goods, or fear of losing them: for they are fair and beautiful; though in comparison of those superior goods and beatific joys they are mean and contemptible.

A man hath murdered another. Why did he do it? He was in love with his wife, or his estate; or he did it that he might rob him to support his own life; or he was afraid of suffering the like from him; or he had been injured, and sought to be revenged. Would he commit a murder without a cause, merely for the sake of the murder; who can imagine this? For as for that furious and exceeding cruel man [Catiline] of whom a certain author has written that *he chose to be wicked and cruel* gratis; the cause is assigned in the same place, *lest*, says he, *his hand or his mind should be weakened for want of exercise.* And to what end did he refer this also? That being thus exercised in wickedness, he might be enabled to surprise the city [Rome] and obtain honors, power, riches, and be delivered from the fear of the laws, and the difficulties he labored under through want of an estate, and a guilty conscience. Therefore even Catiline himself was not in love with his crimes, but with something else, for the sake of which he committed them.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Those studies also, which were accounted commendable, had a view to excelling in the courts of litigation; the more bepraised, the craftier. Such is men's blindness, glorying even in their blindness. And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I joyed proudly and swelled with arrogancy, though (Lord, Thou knowest) far quieter and altogether removed from the subvertings of those "Subverters" (for this ill-omened and devilish name was the very badge of gallantry) among whom I lived, with a shameless shame that I was not even as they. With them I lived, and was sometimes delighted with their friendship, whose doings I ever did abhor, *i. e.*, their "subvertings," wherewith they wantonly persecuted the modesty of strangers, which they disturbed by a gratuitous jeering, feeding thereon their malicious mirth. . . .

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent out of a damnable and vainglorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called "Hortensius." But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredible burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before) — not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

SPIRITUAL YEARNINGS.

How did I burn, then, my God, how did I burn to remount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me. For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is called in Greek "Philosophy," with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and

disguising their own errors; and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth. There also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by Thy good and devout servant: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me. I was delighted with that exhortation so far only that I was thereby strongly roused and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace, not this or that sect, but wisdom itself, whatever it were, and this alone checked me, thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name — according to Thy mercy, O Lord — this name of my Saviour, Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk devoutly drank in, and deeply treasured; and whatsoever was without that name — though never so learned, polished, or true — took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the Holy Scriptures that I might see what they were. But behold I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children; lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully; for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

Therefore I fell among men, proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snare of the Devil, limed with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth: but so far forth as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out "Truth, truth!" and spake much thereof to me, yet it was not

in them; but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only (who truly art Truth), but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures. And I indeed ought to have passed by even those philosophers who spake truth concerning them, for love of Thee my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful. O Truth, Truth, how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and large books, echoed to me of Thee — though it was but an echo. And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after Thee, they, instead of Thee, served up the Sun and Moon — beautiful works of Thine, but yet Thy works, not Thyself: no, nor Thy first works. For Thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they may be, and shining. But I hungered and thirsted not even after these first works of Thine, but after Thee thyself, the Truth, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Yet they still set before me, in those dishes, glittering fantasies, than which better were it to love this very Sun (which is real to our sight at least), than those fantasies which by our eyes deceive our minds. Yet because I thought them to be Thee, I fed thereon; not eagerly, for Thou didst not in them taste to me as Thou art; for Thou wast not in these emptinesses, nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. . . . Such empty husks was I then fed on, and was not fed. But Thou, my soul's Love, "in looking for whom I fail," that I may become strong, art neither those bodies which we see, though in heaven, nor those which we see not there; for Thou hast created them, nor dost thou account them the chiefest of Thy works. How far then art Thou from those fantasies of mine — fantasies of bodies which altogether are not — than which the images of those bodies which are, are far more certain; and more certain still the bodies themselves, which yet Thou art not: no, nor yet the soul, which is the life of the bodies. So, then, better and more certain is the life of the bodies than the bodies. But Thou art the life of souls, the life of lives, having life in Thyself; and changest not, life of my soul.

Where then wert Thou then to me, and how far from me? Far verily was I straying from Thee, barred from the very husks of the swine, whom with husks I fed. For how much better are the fables of poets and grammarians than these snares? For verses and poems, and "Medea flying," are more profitable truly than these men's "five elements," variously dis-

guised, answering to five dens of darkness, which have no being, yet slay the believer. For verses and poems I can turn to true food, and "Medea flying," though I did sing, I maintained not; though I heard it sung, I believed not; but those things I did believe. Woe, woe, by what steps was I brought down to "the depths of hell," toiling and turmoiling through want of Truth, since I sought after Thee, my God (to Thee I confess it, who hadst mercy on me, not yet confessing), not according to the understanding of the mind, wherein Thou willedst that I should excel the beasts, but according to the sense of the flesh. But Thou wert more in word to me than my most inward part, and higher than my highest. I lighted upon that bold woman "simple and knowing nothing," shadowed out by Solomon, "sitting at the door, and saying, Eat ye bread of secrecies willingly, and drink ye stolen waters which are sweet." She seduced me because she found my soul dwelling abroad in the eye of my flesh, and ruminating on such food as through it I had devoured.

THE FINITE AND INFINITE.

For other than this, that which really is I knew not; and was, as it were through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, "Whence is evil?" "Is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?" "Are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?" At which I in my ignorance was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making toward it; because as yet I knew not that evil was nothing but a privation of good, until at last a thing ceases altogether to be; which how should I see the sight of, whose eyes reached only to bodies, and of my mind to a phantasm? And I knew not *God to be a Spirit*, not One who hath parts extended in length and breadth, or whose being was bulk. For every bulk is less in a part than in the whole; and if it be infinite, it must be less in such part as is defined by a certain space, than in its infinitude; and so is not wholly everywhere, as Spirit, as God. And what that should be in us, by which we were like to God, and might in Scripture be rightly said to be "after the Image of God," I was altogether ignorant. Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the

most rightful law of God Almighty, whereby the ways of places and times were disposed, according to those times and places; itself being the same, always and everywhere, not one thing in one place and another in another; according to which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, were righteous, and all these commended by the mouth of God; but were judged unrighteous by silly men "judging out of man's judgment," and measuring by their own petty habits the moral habits of the whole human race.

The Gate of Heaven.

She stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in the blaze uplifted his strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame,
Circled about with them as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy,
Now passed on through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,
"Thank God! there *is* a heaven," she cried, "though mine is endless woe."

The angel of the golden gate said, "Where, then, dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that enterest not?" — "A soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,
Breathed free the blessèd air of heaven, and knew her native air.

Anonymous.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Aurelius, Marcus, the philosophic Roman emperor; born in Rome, April 20, 121 A.D.; died in Pannonia, March 17, 180. On account of his devotion to literature and philosophy he is often styled "The Philosopher," but he is known in history as Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. During his reign, his empire was visited by earthquake, famine, plague, and frequent wars; yet, amid the turmoil, he cherished always his love of peace, truth, and humanity. He founded in Athens chairs of philosophy for the Platonic, Stoic, Peripatetic, and Epicurean sects. His "Meditations," containing the inmost thoughts and purest aspirations of one of the noblest souls that ever lived, has always been highly prized.

Excerpts from the "Meditations."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Begin thy morning with these thoughts: I shall meet the meddler, the ingrate, the scorner, the hypocrite, the envious man, the cynic. These men are such because they know not to discern the difference between good and evil. But I know that Goodness is Beauty and that Evil is Loathsomeness: I know that the real nature of the evil-doer is akin to mine, not only physically but in a unity of intelligence and in participation in the Divine Nature. Therefore I know that I cannot be harmed by such persons, nor can they thrust upon me what is base. I know, too, that I should not be angry with my kinsmen nor hate them, because we are all made to work together fitly like the feet, the hands, the eyelids, the rows of the upper and the lower teeth. To be at strife one with another is therefore contrary to our real nature; and to be angry with one another, to despise one another, *is* to be at strife one with another. (Book ii., § 1.)

Fashion thyself to the circumstances of thy lot. The men whom Fate hath made thy comrades here, love; and love them in sincerity and in truth. (Book vi., § 39.)

STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

This is distinctive of men, — to love those who do wrong. And this thou shalt do if thou forget not that they are thy kinsmen, and that they do wrong through ignorance and not through design; that ere long thou and they will be dead; and more than all, that the evil-doer hath really done thee no evil, since he hath left thy conscience unharmed. (Book viii., § 22.)

THE SUPREME NOBILITY OF DUTY.

As a Roman and as a man, strive steadfastly every moment to do thy duty, with dignity, sincerity, and loving-kindness, freely and justly, and freed from all disquieting thought concerning any other thing. And from such thought thou wilt be free if every act be done as though it were thy last, putting away from thee slothfulness, all loathing to do what Reason bids thee, all dissimulation, selfishness, and discontent with thine appointed lot. Behold, then, how few are the things needful for a life which will flow onward like a quiet stream, blessed even as the life of the gods. For he who so lives, fulfils their will. (Book ii., § 5.)

So long as thou art doing thy duty, heed not warmth nor cold, drowsiness nor wakefulness, life nor impending death; nay, even in the very act of death, which is indeed only one of the acts of life, it suffices to do well what then remains to be done. (Book vi., § 2.)

I strive to do my duty; to all other considerations I am indifferent, whether they be material things or unreasoning and ignorant people. (Book vi., § 22.)

THE FUTURE LIFE. IMMORTALITY.

This very moment thou mayest die. Think, act, as if this were now to befall thee. Yet fear not death. If there are gods they will do thee no evil. If there are not gods, or if they care not for the welfare of men, why should I care to live in a Universe that is devoid of Divine beings or of any providential care? But, verily, there are Divine beings, and they do concern themselves with the welfare of men; and they have given unto him all power not to fall into any real evil. If, indeed, what men call misfortunes were really evils, then from these things, also, man would have been given the power to free him-

self. But — thou sayest — are not death, dishonor, pain, really evils? Reflect that if they were, it is incredible that the Ruler of the Universe has, through ignorance, overlooked these things, or has not had the power or the skill to prevent them; and that thereby what is real evil befalls good and bad alike. For true it is that life and death, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, come impartially to the good and to the bad. But none of these things can affect our lives if they do not affect our true selves. Now our real selves they do not affect either for better or for worse; and therefore such things are not really good or evil. (Book ii., § 11.)

If our spirits live, how does Space suffice for all during all the ages? Well, how does the earth contain the bodies of those who have been buried therein during all the ages? In the latter case, the decomposition and — after a certain period — the dispersion of the bodies already buried, affords room for other bodies; so, in the former case, the souls which pass into Space, after a certain period are purged of their grosser elements and become ethereal, and glow with the glory of flame as they meet and mingle with the Creative Energy of the world. And thereby there is room for other souls which in their turn pass into Space. This, then, is the explanation that may be given, if souls continue to exist at all.

Moreover, in thinking of all the bodies which the earth contains, we must have in mind not only the bodies which are buried therein, but also the vast number of animals which are the daily food of ourselves and also of the entire animal creation itself. Yet these, too, Space contains; for on the one hand they are changed into blood which becomes part of the bodies that are buried in the earth, and on the other hand these are changed into the ultimate elements of fire or air. (Book iv., § 21.)

I am spirit and body: neither will pass into nothingness, since neither came therefrom; and therefore every part of me, though changed in form, will continue to be a part of the Universe, and that part will change into another part, and so on through all the ages. And, therefore, through such changes I myself exist; and, in like manner, those who preceded me and those who will follow me will exist forever, — a conclusion equally true though the Universe itself be dissipated at prescribed cycles of time. (Book v., § 13.)

How can it be that the gods, who have clothed the Universe with such beauty and ordered all things with such loving-kindness for the welfare of man, have neglected this alone, that the best men — the men who walked as it were with the Divine Being, and who, by their acts of righteousness and by their reverent service, dwelt ever in his presence — should never live again when once they have died? If this be really true, then be satisfied that it is best that it should be so, else it would have been otherwise ordained. For whatever is right and just is possible; and therefore, if it were in accord with the will of the Divine Being that we should live after death — so it would have been. But because it is otherwise, — if indeed it be otherwise, — rest thou satisfied that this also is just and right.

Moreover, is it not manifest to thee that in inquiring so curiously concerning these things, thou art questioning God himself as to what is right, and that this thou wouldst not do didst thou not believe in his supreme goodness and wisdom? Therefore, since in these we believe, we may also believe that in the government of the Universe nothing that is right and just has been overlooked or forgotten. (Book xii., § 5.)

THE UNIVERSAL BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

To him who hath a true insight into the real nature of the Universe, every change in everything therein that is a part thereof seems appropriate and delightful. The bread that is over-baked so that it cracks and bursts asunder hath not the form desired by the baker; yet none the less it hath a beauty of its own, and is most tempting to the palate. Figs bursting in their ripeness, olives near even unto decay, have yet in their broken ripeness a distinctive beauty. Shocks of corn bending down in their fulness, the lion's mane, the wild boar's mouth all flecked with foam, and many other things of the same kind, though perhaps not pleasing in and of themselves, yet as necessary parts of the Universe created by the Divine Being they add to the beauty of the Universe, and inspire a feeling of pleasure. So that if a man hath appreciation of and an insight into the purpose of the Universe, there is scarcely a portion thereof that will not to him in a sense seem adapted to give delight. In this sense the open jaws of wild beasts will appear no less pleasing than their prototypes in the realm of art. Even in old men and women he will be able to perceive a distinctive maturity and

seemliness, while the winsome bloom of youth he can contemplate with eyes free from lascivious desire. And in like manner it will be with very many things which to every one may not seem pleasing, but which will certainly rejoice the man who is a true student of Nature and her works. (Book iii., § 2.)

THE GOOD MAN.

In the mind of him who is pure and good will be found neither corruption nor defilement nor any malignant taint. Unlike the actor who leaves the stage before his part is played, the life of such a man is complete whenever death may come. He is neither cowardly nor presuming; not enslaved to life nor indifferent to its duties; and in him is found nothing worthy of condemnation nor that which putteth to shame. (Book iii., § 8.)

Test by a trial how excellent is the life of the good man; — the man who rejoices at the portion given him in the universal lot and abides therein content; just in all his ways and kindly minded toward all men. (Book iv., § 25.)

This is moral perfection: to live each day as though it were the last; to be tranquil, sincere, yet not indifferent to one's fate. (Book vii., § 69.)

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

Cast from thee all other things and hold fast to a few precepts such as these: forget not that every man's real life is but the present moment, — an indivisible point of time, — and that all the rest of his life hath either passed away or is uncertain. Short, then, the time that any man may live; and small the earthly niche wherein he hath his home; and short is longest fame, — a whisper passed from race to race of dying men, ignorant concerning themselves, and much less really knowing thee, who died so long ago. (Book iii., § 10.)

VANITY OF LIFE.

Many are the doctors who have knit their brows over their patients and now are dead themselves; many are the astrologers who in their day esteemed themselves renowned in foretelling the death of others, yet now they too are dead. Many are the philosophers who have held countless discussions upon death

and immortality, and yet themselves have shared the common lot; many the valiant warriors who have slain their thousands and yet have themselves been slain by Death; many are the rulers and the kings of the earth who in their arrogance have exercised over others the power of life or death as though they were themselves beyond the hazard of Fate, and yet themselves have, in their turn, felt Death's remorseless power. Nay, even great cities — Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum — have, so to speak, died utterly. Recall, one by one, the names of thy friends who have died; how many of these, having closed the eyes of their kinsmen, have in a brief time been buried also. To conclude: keep ever before thee the brevity and vanity of human life and all that is therein; for man is conceived to-day, and to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, therefore, this moment of life in accord with the will of Nature, and depart in peace: even as does the olive, which in its season, fully ripe, drops to the ground, blessing its mother, the earth, which bore it, and giving thanks to the tree which put it forth. (Book iv., § 48.)

A simple yet potent help to enable one to despise Death is to recall those who, in their greed for life, tarried the longest here. Wherein had they really more than those who were cut off untimely in their bloom? Together, at last, somewhere, they all repose in death. Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any like them, who bore forth so many to the tomb, were, in their turn, borne thither also. Their longer span was but trivial! Think, too, of the cares thereof, of the people with whom it was passed, of the infirmities of the flesh! All vanity! Think of the infinite deeps of Time in the past, of the infinite depths to be! And in that vast profound of Time, what difference is there between a life of three centuries and the three days' life of a little child! (Book iv., § 50.)

THINK of the Universe of matter! — an atom thou! Think of the eternity of Time — thy predestined time but a moment! Reflect upon the great plan of Fate — how trivial this destiny of thine! (Book v., § 24.)

ALL things are enveloped in such darkness that they have seemed utterly incomprehensible to those who have led the philosophic life — and those, too, not a few in number, nor of ill-repute. Nay, even to the Stoics the course of affairs seems an enigma. Indeed, every conclusion reached seems tentative;

for where is the man to be found who does not change his conclusions? Think, too, of the things men most desire, — riches, reputation, and the like, — and consider how ephemeral they are, how vain! A vile wretch, a common strumpet, or a thief, may possess them. Then think of the habits and manners of those about thee — how difficult it is to endure the least offensive of such people — nay, how difficult, most of all, it is to endure one's self!

Amidst such darkness, then, and such unworthiness, amidst this eternal change, with all temporal things and even Time itself passing away, with all things moving in eternal motion, I cannot imagine what, in all this, is worthy of a man's esteem or serious effort. (Book v., § 10.)

FOR WHAT HE THANKED THE GODS.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind. But, through their favor, there never was such a convenience of circumstances as put me to the trial. . . .

Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and [adoptive] father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being for this reason either mean in thought, or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler. . . .

I thank the gods that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with the hope of my doing it some time after.

I thank the gods that I received clear and frequent impressions about living in accordance with Nature, and what kind of a life that is; so that, so far as dependent on the gods, and their gifts and help and inspiration, nothing hindered me from forthwith living according to Nature; though I still fall short of it through my own fault, and not observing the admonition of the gods, and, I may almost say, their direct instructions.

I thank the gods that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children; and that when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not waste my time on scribblers, or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens: for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune. (Book i.)

THE PRESENT ALONE IS OURS.

Though thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years — and as many times ten thousand years — still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and the shortest are thus brought to the same. For the Present is the same to all, though that which is Past is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future: for what a man has not, how can anyone take this from him?

These two things, then, thou must bear in mind: The first, that all things from eternity are of like forms, and come round in a circle; and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two thousand years, or an indefinite time. And the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the Present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived — if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not. (Book ii.)

THE OVERRULING GODS.

If the gods have determined about me, and about the things which must happen to me, they have determined well: for it is not easy even to imagine a Deity without forethought. And as to doing any harm, why should they have any desire toward that? For what advantage would result to them from this, or to the whole which is the special object of their providence? But if they have not determined about me individually, they have certainly determined about the whole, at least, and the things which happen by way of sequence in the general arrangement; and I ought to accept with pleasure, and to be content with them.

But if they have determined about nothing (which is wicked to believe), or if we do believe it, let us neither sacrifice, nor pray, nor swear to them, nor do anything else which we do, as if the gods were present and lived with us. But if, however, the gods have determined about none of the things which concern us, I am able to determine about myself; and I can inquire about that which is useful to every man, and that which is conformable to his own constitution and nature. But my nature is rational and social; and my city and country — so far as I am Antoninus — is Rome; but so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to those cities are alone useful to me. (Book vi.)

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest — while it is in thy power — be good.

Love the art — poor as it may be — which thou hast learned, and be content with it; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has — making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man. . . .

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. . . .

Reverence that which is best in the Universe — and this is

that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And, in like manner, also reverence that which is best in Thyself, and this is of the same kind as that. For in Thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this. . . .

Let not future things disturb thee; for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same Reason which thou usest for present things.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits: it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things; but the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well, then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listens, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger. . . .

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarrelling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

"Up to Olympus from the widespread earth."

HESIOD, "Works," etc., v. 197.

What then is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practise tolerance and self-restraint; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being: not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However, to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach

maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, — to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will not be from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life, — to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayst say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed toward every one individually. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art

irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing or the feet for walking. For as these members are formed for a particular purpose, and by working according to their several constitutions obtain what is their own; so also as man is formed by nature to acts of benevolence, when he has done anything benevolent or in any other way conducive to the common interest, he has acted conformably to his constitution, and he gets what is his own.

J. Austen

JANE AUSTEN.

Austen, Jane, an English novelist, born December 16, 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, where her father was rector; died at Winchester, July 18, 1817. Her first four published novels, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," were issued anonymously between 1811 and 1816; two others, "Northanger Abbey" (which, however, was written in 1798) and "Persuasion," were published the year after her death. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives plain representations of English life and society in the middle and upper classes, without attempt at fine writing, and with no striking scenes, thrilling adventures, or extraordinary characters. Her novels were greatly admired by cultivated readers. Miss Austen's novels, perhaps, beyond any others in the English language, were favorites of Macaulay, as he records over and over again in his Journals.

Mr. Collins' Courtship.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself, even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: —

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered: —

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy — I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out: —

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began: —

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had not there been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying — and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued: —

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very

noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool — that she said: 'Mr. Collins you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many aimable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place — which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time.

Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar erelong."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first applica-

tion, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be

decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library: —

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr.

Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir?"

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Eliza-

beth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news: and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. *I* shall not be able to keep you — and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great

inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls: —

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte detained first by the civility of Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all — the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismission from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."

Elizabeth and Lady Catherine.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it was familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth:—

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added: —

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth: —

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner: —

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,— if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment

of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place — no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this — that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied:—

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you wilfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But

the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? — the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune! Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation: —

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished! I expected to

find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement; I know it all — that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honor and credit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duty, honor, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added: —

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter; "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

A Well-matched Sister and Brother.

(From "Northanger Abbey.")

"My dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head to-night? I am determined, at all events, to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of *that* sometimes, you know."

"But it does not signify if they do," said Catherine, very innocently.

"Signify! oh, heavens! I make it a rule never to mind what they say. They are very often amazingly impertinent, if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance."

"Are they? Well I never observed *that.* They always behave very well to me."

"Oh! they give themselves such airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance! By the by, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to ask you what is your favorite complexion in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?"

"I hardly know. I never much thought about it. Something between both, I think — brown: not fair, and not very dark."

"Very well, Catherine. That is exactly he. I have not forgot your description of Mr. Tilney: 'a brown skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark hair.' Well, my taste is different. I prefer light eyes; and as to complexion, do you know, I like a sallow better than any other. You must not betray me, if you should ever meet with one of your acquaintance answering that description."

"Betray you! What do you mean?"

"Nay, do not distress me. I believe I have said too much. Let us drop the subject."

Catherine, in some amazement, complied; and after remaining a few moments silent, was on the point of reverting to what interested her at that time rather more than anything else in the world, Laurentina's skeleton, when her friend prevented her by saying, "For Heaven's sake! let us move away from this end of the room. Do you know, there are two odious young men who have been staring at me this half-hour. They

really put me quite out of countenance. Let us go and look at the arrivals. They will hardly follow us there."

Away they walked to the book; and while Isabella examined the names, it was Catherine's employment to watch the proceedings of these alarming young men.

"They are not coming this way, are they? I hope they are not so impertinent as to follow us. Pray let me know if they are coming. I am determined I will not look up."

In a few moments Catherine, with unaffected pleasure, assured her that she need not be longer uneasy, as the gentlemen had just left the Pump-room.

"And which way are they gone?" said Isabella, turning hastily round. "One was a very good-looking young man."

"They went towards the churchyard."

"Well, I am amazingly glad I have got rid of them! And now what say you to going to Edgar's Buildings with me, and looking at my new hat? You said you should like to see it."

Catherine readily agreed. "Only," she added, "perhaps we may overtake the two young men."

"Oh! never mind that. If we make haste, we shall pass by them presently, and I am dying to show you my hat."

"But if we only wait a few minutes, there will be no danger of our seeing them at all."

"I shall not pay them any such compliment, I assure you. I have no notion of treating men with such respect. *That* is the way to spoil them."

Catherine had nothing to oppose against such reasoning; and therefore, to show the independence of Miss Thorpe, and her resolution of humbling the sex, they set off immediately, as fast as they could walk, in pursuit of the two young men.

Half a minute conducted them through the Pump-yard to the archway, opposite Union Passage; but here they were stopped. Everybody acquainted with Bath may remember the difficulties of crossing Cheap Street at this point; it is indeed a street of so impertinent a nature, so unfortunately connected with the great London and Oxford roads, and the principal inn of the city, that a day never passes in which parties of ladies, however important their business, whether in quest of pastry, millinery, or even (as in the present case) of young men, are not detained on one side or other by carriages, horsemen, or carts. This evil had been felt and lamented, at least three

times a day, by Isabella since her residence in Bath: and she was now fated to feel and lament it once more; for at the very moment of coming opposite to Union Passage, and within view of the two gentlemen who were proceeding through the crowds and treading the gutters of that interesting alley, they were prevented crossing by the approach of a gig, driven along on bad pavements by a most knowing-looking coachman, with all the vehemence that could most fitly endanger the lives of himself, his companion, and his horse.

"Oh, these odious gigs!" said Isabella, looking up, "how I detest them!" But this detestation, though so just, was of short duration, for she looked again, and exclaimed, "Delightful! Mr. Morland and my brother!"

"Good Heaven! 't is James!" was uttered at the same moment by Catherine; and on catching the young men's eyes, the horse was immediately checked with a violence which almost threw him on his haunches; and the servant having now scampered up, the gentlemen jumped out, and the equipage was delivered to his care.

Catherine, by whom this meeting was wholly unexpected, received her brother with the liveliest pleasure; and he, being of a very amiable disposition, and sincerely attached to her, gave every proof on his side of equal satisfaction which he could have leisure to do, while the bright eyes of Miss Thorpe were incessantly challenging his notice; and to her his devoirs were speedily paid, with a mixture of joy and embarrassment which might have informed Catherine, had she been more expert in the development of other people's feelings, and less simply engrossed by her own, that her brother thought her friend quite as pretty as she could do herself.

John Thorpe, who in the meantime had been giving orders about the horse, soon joined them, and from him she directly received the amends which were her due; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young man, of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch: — "How long do you think we have been running in from Tetbury, Miss Morland?"

"I do not know the distance." Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles.

"*Three*-and-twenty!" cried Thorpe; "five-and-twenty if it is an inch." Morland remonstrated, pleaded the authority of roadbooks, innkeepers, and milestones: but his friend disregarded them all; he had a surer test of distance. "I know it must be five-and-twenty," said he, "by the time we have been doing it. It is now half after one; we drove out of the inn-yard at Tetbury as the town-clock struck eleven; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than ten miles an hour in harness; that makes it exactly twenty-five."

"You have lost an hour," said Morland: "it was only ten o'clock when we came from Tetbury."

"Ten o'clock! it was eleven, upon my soul! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland. Do but look at my horse: did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life?" (The servant had just mounted the carriage and was driving off.) "Such true blood! Three hours and a half, indeed, coming only three-and-twenty miles! Look at that creature, and suppose it possible, if you can!"

"He *does* look very hot, to be sure."

"Hot! he had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church: but look at his forehand; look at his loins; only see how he moves: that horse *cannot* go less than ten miles an hour; tie his legs, and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? A neat one, is it not? Well hung; town built: I have not had it a month. It was built for a Christ Church man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow; he ran it a few weeks, till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curricle too; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford, last term: 'Ah, Thorpe,' said he, 'do you happen to want such a little thing as this? It is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it.' 'Oh! d——,' said I, 'I am your man; what do you ask?' And how much do you think he did, Miss Morland?"

"I am sure I cannot guess at all."

"Curricle-hung, you see; seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver molding, all, you see, complete; the iron-work as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas: I

closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine."

"And I am sure," said Catherine, "I know so little of such things, that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear."

"Neither one nor t'other; I might have got it for less, I dare say; but I hate haggling, and poor Freeman wanted cash."

"That was very good-natured of you," said Catherine, quite pleased.

"Oh! d—— it, when one has the means of doing a kind thing by a friend, I hate to be pitiful."

An inquiry now took place into the intended movements of the young ladies; and on finding whither they were going, it was decided that the gentlemen should accompany them to Edgar's Buildings, and pay their respects to Mrs. Thorpe. James and Isabella led the way; and so well satisfied was the latter with her lot, so contentedly was she endeavoring to insure a pleasant walk to him who brought the double recommendation of being her brother's friend and her friend's brother, so pure and uncoquettish were her feelings, that though they overtook and passed the two offending young men in Milsom Street, she was so far from seeking to attract their notice that she looked back at them only three times.

John Thorpe kept of course with Catherine, and after a few miuntes' silence renewed the conversation about his gig:— "You will find, however, Miss Morland, it would be reckoned a cheap thing by some people, for I might have sold it for ten guineas more the next day; Jackson of Oriel bid me sixty at once; Morland was with me at the time."

"Yes," said Morland, who overheard this; "but you forgot that your horse was included."

"My horse! oh, d—— it! I would not sell my horse for a hundred. Are you fond of an open carriage, Miss Morland?"

"Yes, very: I have hardly ever an opportunity of being in one; but I am particularly fond of it."

"I am glad of it: I will drive you out in mine every day."

"Thank you," said Catherine, in some distress, from a doubt of the propriety of accepting such an offer.

"I will drive you up Lansdown Hill to-morrow."

"Thank you; but will not your horse want rest?"

"Rest! he has only come three-and-twenty miles to-day; all nonsense: nothing ruins horses so much as rest; nothing

knocks them up so soon. No, no: I shall exercise mine at the average of four hours every day while I am here."

"Shall you, indeed!" said Catherine, very seriously: "that will be forty miles a day."

"Forty! ay, fifty, for what I care. Well, I will drive you up Lansdown to-morrow; mind, I am engaged."

"How delightful that will be!" cried Isabella, turning round; "my dearest Catherine, I quite envy you; but I am afraid, brother, you will not have room for a third."

"A third, indeed! no, no; I did not come to Bath to drive my sisters about: that would be a good joke, faith! Morland must take care of you."

This brought on a dialogue of civilities between the other two; but Catherine heard neither the particulars nor the result. Her companion's discourse now sunk from its hitherto animated pitch to nothing more than a short, decisive sentence of praise or condemnation on the face of every woman they met; and Catherine, after listening and agreeing as long as she could, with all the civility and deference of the youthful female mind, fearful of hazarding an opinion of its own in opposition to that of a self-assured man, especially where the beauty of her own sex is concerned, ventured at length to vary the subject by a question which had been long uppermost in her thoughts. It was, "Have you ever read 'Udolpho,' Mr. Thorpe?"

"'Udolpho'! O Lord! not I: I never read novels; I have something else to do."

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologize for her question; but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff! there has not been a tolerable decent one come out since 'Tom Jones,' except the 'Monk'; I read that t'other day: but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

"I think you must like 'Udolpho,' if you were to read it: it is so very interesting."

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any, it shall be Mrs. Radcliffe's; her novels are amusing enough: they are worth reading; some fun and nature in *them.*"

"'Udolpho' was written by Mrs. Radcliffe," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

"No, sure; was it? Ay, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman

they made such a fuss about; she who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean 'Camilla'?"

"Yes, that's the book: such unnatural stuff! An old man playing at see-saw: I took up the first volume once, and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed, I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it; as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

"You have no loss, I assure you; it is the horridest nonsense you can imagine: there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul, there is not."

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of "Camilla" gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. Thorpe, who had descried them from above, in the passage. "Ah, mother, how do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand; "where did you get that quiz of a hat? it makes you look like an old witch. Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you; so you must look out for a couple of good beds somewhere near." And this address seemed to satisfy all the fondest wishes of the mother's heart, for she received him with the most delighted and exulting affection. On his two younger sisters he then bestowed an equal portion of his fraternal tenderness, for he asked each of them how they did, and observed that they both looked very ugly.

Family Doctors.

(From "Emma.")

While they were thus comfortably occupied, Mr. Woodhouse was enjoying a full flow of happy regrets and tearful affection with his daughter.

"My poor, dear Isabella," said he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting for a few moments her busy labors for some one of her five children, "how long it is, how terribly long since you were here! And how tired you must be after your journey! You must go to bed early, my dear, — and I recom-

mend a little gruel to you before you go. You and I will have a nice basin of gruel together. My dear Emma, suppose we all have a little gruel."

Emma could not suppose any such thing, knowing as she did that both the Mr. Knightleys were as unpersuadable on that article as herself, and two basins only were ordered. After a little more discourse in praise of gruel, with some wondering at its not being taken every evening by everybody, he proceeded to say, with an air of grave reflection: —

"It was an awkward business, my dear, your spending the autumn at South End instead of coming here. I never had much opinion of the sea air."

"Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir, or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella's throat, — both sea air and bathing."

"Ah, my dear, but Perry had many doubts about the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so before, that the sea is very rarely of use to anybody. I am sure it almost killed me once."

"Come, come," cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, "I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable; I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited, if you please. My dear Isabella, I have not heard you make one inquiry after Mr. Perry yet; and he never forgets you."

"Oh, good Mr. Perry, how is he, sir?"

"Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself; he tells me he has not time to take care of himself — which is very sad — but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in such practice anywhere. But then, there is not so clever a man anywhere."

"And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? Do the children grow? I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones."

"I hope he will be here to-morrow, for I have a question or two to ask him about myself of some consequence. And, my dear, whenever he comes, you had better let him look at little Bella's throat."

"Oh, my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness about it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August."

"It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her; and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to — "

"You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates," said Emma: "I have not heard one inquiry after them."

"Oh, the good Bateses — I am quite ashamed of myself; but you mention them in most of your letters. I hope they are quite well. Good old Mrs. Bates. I will call upon her to-morrow, and take my children. They are always so pleased to see my children. And that excellent Miss Bates! — such thorough worthy people! How are they, sir?"

"Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago."

"How sorry I am! but colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he had never known them more general or heavy, except when it has been quite an influenza."

"That has been a good deal the case, my dear, but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season."

"No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it *very* sickly, except — "

"Ah, my poor, dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there; — so far off! — and the air so bad!"

"No, indeed, *we* are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is so very superior to most others. You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighborhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling I own, to live in any other part of the town; there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in: but *we* are so remarkably airy! Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favorable as to air."

"Ah, my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it — but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now, I cannot say that I think you are any of you looking well at present."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous headaches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from anywhere, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale before they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual from their journey and the happiness of coming. I hope you will think better of their looks to-morrow; for I assure you Mr. Wingfield told me that he did not believe he had ever sent us off, altogether, in such good case. I trust at least that you do not think Mr. Knightley looking ill," turning her eyes with affectionate anxiety toward her husband.

"Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well."

"What is the matter, sir? Did you speak to me?" cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

"I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well; but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield before you left home."

"My dear Isabella," exclaimed he hastily, "pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I choose."

"I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother," cried Emma, "about your friend Mr. Graham's intending to have a bailiff from Scotland to look after his new estate. But will it answer? Will not the old prejudice be too strong?"

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella's kind inquiry after Jane Fairfax; and Jane Fairfax, though no great favorite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.

"That sweet, amiable Jane Fairfax!" said Mrs. John Knightley. "It is so long since I have seen her, except now and then for a moment accidentally in town. What happiness

it must be to her good old grandmother and excellent aunt when she comes to visit them! I always regret excessively, on dear Emma's account, that she cannot be more at Highbury; but now their daughter is married I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Campbell will not be able to part with her at all. She would be such a delightful companion for Emma."

Mr. Woodhouse agreed to it all, but added: —

"Our little friend Harriet Smith, however, is just such another pretty kind of young person. You will like Harriet. Emma could not have a better companion than Harriet."

"I am most happy to hear it; but only Jane Fairfax one knows to be so very accomplished and superior, and exactly Emma's age."

This topic was discussed very happily, and others succeeded of similar moment, and passed away with similar harmony; but the evening did not close without a little return of agitation. The gruel came and supplied a great deal to be said — much praise and many comments — undoubting decision of its wholesomeness for every constitution, and pretty severe philippics upon the many houses where it was never met with tolerably; but unfortunately, among the failures which the daughter had to instance, the most recent and therefore most prominent was in her own cook at South End, a young woman hired for the time, who never had been able to understand what she meant by a basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin. Often as she had wished for and ordered it, she had never been able to get anything tolerable. Here was a dangerous opening.

"Ah," said Mr. Woodhouse, shaking his head, and fixing his eyes on her with tender concern. The ejaculation in Emma's ear expressed, "Ah, there is no end of the sad consequences of your going to South End. It does not bear talking of." And for a little while she hoped he would not talk of it, and that a silent rumination might suffice to restore him to the relish of his own smooth gruel. After an interval of some minutes, however, he began with, —

"I shall always be very sorry that you went to the sea this autumn, instead of coming here."

"But why should you be sorry, sir? I assure you it did the children a great deal of good."

"And moreover, if you must go to the sea, it had better not have been to South End. South End is an unhealthy place. Perry was surprised to hear you had fixed upon South End."

"I know there is such an idea with many people, but indeed it is quite a mistake, sir. We all had our health perfectly well there, never found the least inconvenience from the mud, and Mr. Wingfield says it is entirely a mistake to suppose the place unhealthy; and I am sure he may be depended on, for he thoroughly understands the nature of the air, and his own brother and family have been there repeatedly."

"You should have gone to Cromer, my dear, if you went anywhere. Perry was a week at Cromer once, and he holds it to be the best of all the sea-bathing places. A fine open sea, he says, and very pure air. And by what I understand, you might have had lodgings there quite away from the sea — a quarter of a mile off — very comfortable. You should have consulted Perry."

"But, my dear sir, the difference of the journey: only consider how great it would have been. A hundred miles, perhaps, instead of forty."

"Ah, my dear, as Perry says, where health is at stake, nothing else should be considered; and if one is to travel, there is not much to choose between forty miles and a hundred. Better not move at all, better stay in London altogether than travel forty miles to get into a worse air. This is just what Perry said. It seemed to him a very ill-judged measure."

Emma's attempts to stop her father had been vain; and when he had reached such a point as this, she could not wonder at her brother-in-law's breaking out.

"Mr. Perry," said he, in a voice of very strong displeasure, "would do as well to keep his opinion till it is asked for. Why does he make it any business of his to wonder at what I do? — at my taking my family to one part of the coast or another? I may be allowed, I hope, the use of my judgment as well as Mr. Perry. I want his directions no more than his drugs." He paused, and growing cooler in a moment, added, with only sarcastic dryness, "If Mr. Perry can tell me how to convey a wife and five children a distance of a hundred and thirty miles with no greater expense or inconvenience than a distance of forty, I should be as willing to prefer Cromer to South End as he could himself."

"True, true," cried Mr. Knightley, with most ready interposition, "very true. That's a consideration, indeed. But, John, as to what I was telling you of my idea of moving the path to Langham, of turning it more to the right that it may not cut through the home meadows, I cannot conceive any diffi-

culty. I should not attempt it, if it were to be the means of inconvenience to the Highbury people, but if you call to mind exactly the present light of the path — The only way of proving it, however, will be to turn to our maps. I shall see you at the Abbey to-morrow morning, I hope, and then we will look them over, and you shall give me your opinion."

Mr. Woodhouse was rather agitated by such harsh reflections on his friend Perry, to whom he had in fact, though unconsciously, been attributing many of his own feelings and expressions; but the soothing attentions of his daughters gradually removed the present evil, and the immediate alertness of one brother, and better recollections of the other, prevented any renewal of it.

The Music of Man's Heart.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
  Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
  Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
  On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
  He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
  He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
  Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
  He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
  Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
  Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
  He draws from the heart of man.

Anonymous.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Austin, Alfred, an English poet, critic, and journalist, was born in Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835. His parents were Catholics, and he was educated at Stonyhurst College and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. From Oscott he took his degree from the University of London in 1853, and was called to the bar in 1857. His tastes, however, were not for the law, but for literature, and since his father's death, in 1861, he has devoted himself to it. Among his poetical works are: "Randolph," published anonymously (1854); "The Season, a Satire" (1861 and 1869); "The Human Tragedy" (1862, 1876, and 1881); "The Golden Age" (1871); "Interludes" (1872); "Rome or Death" (1873); "Madonna's Child" (1873); "The Tower of Babel" (1874); "Savonarola" (1881); "Soliloquies" (1882); "At the Gate of the Convent" (1885); "Prince Lucifer" (1887); "English Lyrics" (1890); "Fortunatus the Pessimist" (1892); "Conversion of Winckelmann" (1897). He has published novels: "Five Years of It" (1858); "An Artist's Proof" (1864), and "Won by a Head" (1866). Mr. Austin was many years connected with "The Standard" and with "The Quarterly Review," and for a number of years editor of "The National Review." In January, 1896, Mr. Austin was made Poet Laureate, a position which had been vacant since the death of Tennyson in 1892.

Parting of Godfrid and Olympia.

(From "Madonna's Child.")

So once again they fled without delay,
  On wings of wind through leagues of dim-seen land;
Night and the stars accompanying their way,
  And roar and blackness close on either hand:
Until the dark drew off, and with the day
  They saw the sparkling bay and joyous strand,
White sails, brown oars, huge coils of briny ropes,
And fair proud city throned on regal slopes.

And soon the road they came by, which doth run
  'Twixt hill and sea, now smooth as woodland pond,
Saw them once more, with all their dreams unspun,
  Facing farewell. A little way beyond,

A big brown mule stood blinking in the sun,
For a long march rudely caparisoned;
And at its side a gentle mountaineer,
Who to their grief lent neither eye nor ear.

"Hear me once more, Olympia! Must we part?
Is Heaven so stern, and can a gentle breast
Inflict and eye endure so keen a smart,
When pity's voice could lull our pain to rest?
Is there no common Eden of the heart,
Where each fond bosom is a welcome guest?
No comprehensive paradise to hold
All loving souls in one celestial fold?

"For Love is older far than all the gods,
And will survive both gods and men, and be
The sovereign ruler still, when Nature nods,
And the scared stars through misty chaos flee.
Take love away, and we are brutish clods,
Blind, spelling out our fate without the key;
Love, love is our immortal part, and they
Who own it not are only walking clay.

"But they who in this cold contentious sphere
Deep in their heart cherish love's sacred fire,
Can smile at pain, and all that mortals fear,
And tranquil keep when time and death conspire.
Though fickle winds should vex, they do not veer;
No threats can daunt them, weary waitings tire:
Their feet are planted on the clouds; their eyes
Glare cannot blind, scan the eternal skies.

"This is my creed, and that the heaven I seek;
Which even here, Olympia! may be ours,
Unless my lips, or else thine ears, be weak,
Or we have outraged the supernal powers.
Oh, but that cannot be! Would Nature wreak
Her wrath on thee, most precious of her flowers?
The sin, if sin there be, is mine, is mine;—
Wrong never was, can pain be ever, thine?

"Here 'twixt the mountains and the sea I swear
That I thy faith will reverence as thy soul;
And as on that bright morning when thy fair
Entrancing form upon my senses stole,

Still every dewy dawn fresh gifts will bear
Unto Madonna's shrine, — that happy goal
Where our first journey ended, and I fain
Would have this end — not snapped, as now, in pain!"

The foam-fringe at their feet was not more white
Than her pale cheeks, as downcast she replied: —
"No, Godfrid! no. Farewell, farewell! You might
Have been my star; — a star once fell by pride; —
But since you furl your wings, and veil your light,
I cling to Mary and Christ crucified.
Leave me, nay, leave me, ere it be too late!
Better part here than part at heaven's gate!"

Thereat he kissed her forehead, she his hand,
And on the mule he mounted her, and then,
Along the road that skirts the devious strand,
Watched her, until she vanished from his ken.
Tears all in vain as water upon sand,
Or words of grace to hearts of hardened men,
Coursed down her cheeks, whilst, half her grief divined,
The mountain guide walked sad and mute behind.

But never more as in the simple days
When prayer was all her thought, her heart shall be;
For she is burdened with the grief that stays,
And by a shadow vexed that will not flee.
Pure, but not spared, she passes from our gaze, —
Victim, not vanquisher, of love. And he?
Once more a traveler o'er land and main; —
Ah! life is sad and scarcely worth the pain!

The King of Denmark's Ride.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh; ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need:
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone:
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled:
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn:
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride:
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The Last Redoubt.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.
Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second — a third straight filled his place;
The third — and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.
Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.
"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored,
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.
. . . . . .
"Yield!" but aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.
They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft and round.
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade —
"Bismillah!" they cried; "'tis an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!
Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."
So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN.

Austin, Jane (Goodwin), an American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died in Boston, March 30, 1894. She was educated in private schools in Boston, and began her literary work by writing for periodicals, and most of her stories were first published in this form. She is the author of "Fairy Dreams" (1860); "Cipher: A Romance" (1869); "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain" (1870); "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown," of the No Name Series (1880); "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881); "Desmond Hundred," Round Robin Series (1882); and "Nantucket Scraps" (1883). Mrs. Austin has also written a series of historical novels of the old Plymouth Colony, among which are "Standish of Standish" (1887); "Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters" (1890); "Betty Alden" (1891); and "David Alden's Daughter" (1892). At the time of her death Mrs. Austin had nearly finished another historical novel which she regarded as one of her best.

Standish at Merry Mount.[1]

(From "Betty Alden.")

Some two weeks had passed by since the visit of the committee of safety to Plymouth; long enough for Bradford, ever moderate, ever considerate, to write a letter of kindly expostulation to Morton, and to receive an insolent and defiant reply; and now in a pleasant June afternoon the Plymouth boat, commanded by Standish, and manned by eight picked followers, drew into Weymouth fore-river, where upon the water-course now known as Phillips Creek, Weston and his men, some six or seven years before, had founded their unlucky settlement.

The fate of this settlement we have seen, and also learned that the houses protected by Standish's warning to the savages had since become the dwelling-place of some of the followers of Ferdinando Gorges, that showy personage who, coming to the New World with the romantic idea of proclaiming himself its governor, found it so savage and forbidding of aspect that, after

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a few months spent mostly as a guest of Plymouth, he quietly returned to England, civilization, and a sovereignty on paper. The houses repaired or built by him still remained, however, and among the Gorges men who continued to live in them were the Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Bursley who accompanied Blackstone and Maverick to Plymouth.

A little below Phillips Creek, the Monatoquit River empties into the bay, and across the river lies a fair height, now included in the town of Quincy, but then known as Passonagessit, whence one might then, and still may, look east and north upon the lovely archipelago of Boston Harbor, or westward to the blue hills of Milton. On its eastern face this height of Passonagessit sloped gently to the sea, with good harborage for boats at its foot, promising facilities for fishing and for traffic with the northern Indians.

Upon this headland in the early summer of 1625 a wild and motley crowd of adventurers pitched their tents, and soon replaced the canvas with comfortable log-houses and a stockaded inclosure. The leader of this company was one Captain Wollaston, perhaps the same adventurer whom Captain John Smith of Pocahontas memory encountered, some fifteen years before, on the high seas, acting as lieutenant to one Captain Barry, an English pirate. With Wollaston were three or four partners, and a great crew of bound servants, men who had either pledged their own time, or been delivered into temporary slavery as punishment by English magistrates, and the purpose of the leaders was to found a settlement like that of Plymouth. The place was named Mount Wollaston by the white men, while the Indians continued to call it Passonagessit, just as they still speak of Weymouth as Wessagusset. One New England winter, however, cooled the courage of Captain Wollaston, as it had that of Robert Gorges, and in the spring of 1626 he took about half his bound men to Virginia, where he sold their services to the tobacco planters at such a profit, that he wrote back to Mr. Rasdall, his second in command, to bring down another gang as soon as possible, and to leave Mount Wollaston in charge of Lieutenant Fitcher, until he himself should return thither.

Rasdall obeyed, and in making his parting charges to Fitcher remarked,—

"All should go well, so that you keep Thomas Morton in check. Give him his head and he will run away with you and Wollaston."

Fitcher assented with a rueful countenance, for he knew

himself to be but a timid rider, and the Morton a most unruly steed, and the event proved his fears well grounded, for Rasdall had not reached Virginia before Morton in the lieutenant's temporary absence called the eight remaining servants together, produced some bottles of rum, a net of lemons, and a bucket of sugar, to which he bade his guests heartily welcome, greeting each man jovially by name, and telling them that the time had come to throw off their chains, to assert their rights, and to reap for themselves the benefit of their hard work. He assured them that he, although a gentleman, a learned lawyer, and a man of means, felt himself no whit above them, and asked nothing better than to live with them in liberty, fraternity, and equality, finally proposing that they should seize upon "the plant" of Mount Wollaston, turn Lieutenant Fitcher out of doors, and establish a commonwealth of their own. No sooner said than done! The men whom Morton addressed were, in fact, the dregs of the company left behind by Wollaston as not worth trading off. Perhaps he never intended to come back to claim them; perhaps if indeed he had been a pirate he took Morton's action as nothing more than a reasonable proceeding; at any rate this disappearance of Captain Wollaston and Lieutenant Rasdall was final, and except that the neighborhood of Passonagessit is still called Wollaston Heights, the very name of this adventurer would probably have been forgotten.

It was at any rate disused, for so soon as Lieutenant Fitcher had been, as he reported to Bradford, "thrust out a dores," the name of the place was changed to Merry Mount, and the life of debauch and profligacy promised by Morton inaugurated; as a natural consequence, Merry Mount soon acquired so wide a fame for license and disorder that it became the resort of the lawless adventurers who haunted the coast in those days, sometimes calling themselves fishermen, sometimes privateers, and sometimes buccaneers, and the whole affair grew to be a scandal, not only to God-fearing Plymouth, but to those other settlements of sober, law-abiding folk, scattered up and down the coast, especially when in the spring of 1627 Morton set up a Maypole at Merry Mount, and proclaimed a Saturnalia of a week.

. . . . . .

Although Plymouth and its neighbors were shocked at these practices, they would not probably have interfered, beyond a remonstrance, with the amusements of the Merry Mountaineers had the matter stopped there, but, as the delegates to Plymouth

represented, the selling of fire-arms to the Indians, teaching them to shoot, and inflaming their murderous passions with alcohol, was a very different matter, a matter of public import, and one to be arrested by any means before it went farther.

So after this long digression, tiresome no doubt, but essential to understanding what follows, we come back to Myles Standish and his eight men, "first-comers" all of them, pulling up their boat upon the shore at Wessagusset, just as they had done five years before. As they turned toward the path leading to the stockade, a man came hurriedly down to meet them.

"Good-morrow, Master Bursley," cried the captain cheerfully. "We are on our way to Merry Mount, and called to tell you so."

But Bursley held up his hand with a warning gesture, and so soon as he was near enough hoarsely muttered in unconscious plagiarism, —

"The devil 's broke loose."

"Say you so, Bill Bursley!" responded Standish, showing all his broad white teeth. "I did not know he 'd ever been in the bilboes!"

"Morton 's here at the house, full of liquor and swearing all sorts of wicked intent toward — well now, Captain, if you won't take it amiss, I 'll tell you that he calls you Captain Shrimp!"

"Following Master Oldhame," replied Standish carelessly. "I must marvel at the lack of sound wit at Wessagusset when so small a jest has to serve so many men. But you say this roysterer is here in your house?"

"No, in Jeffries' house. He came this morning asking that we should return with him to Merry Mount, and help him against the 'Plymouth insolents,' as he called you."

"And what answer did he get, Master Bursley?"

"What but nay?" demanded Bursley with a glance of honest surprise. "Was not I one of those who came the other day to Plymouth begging Governor Bradford to take order with this rebel? But he has been drinking, and is in such a woundy bad humor that but now he drew a knife upon Jeffries, and may have slain him outright before this."

"Say you so! Then let us hasten and bury him with all due honors!" exclaimed the captain, in whose nostrils the breath of battle was ever a pleasant savor. "Howland, Alden, Browne, all of you, my merry men! Leave the boat snug, and follow to the house, to chat with Master Morton, who awaits us there."

And the captain sped joyously up the path, looking to the priming of his long pistols, and loosening Gideon in his scabbard as he went. A rod from the house, however, a bullet nearly found its billet in his brain, while on the threshold stood Morton, his face flushed, his gait unsteady, and a smoking pistol in his hand.

"Hola! Captain Shrimp, I warn you stand out of range of my pistol practice. You might get a hurt by chance!" cried he, raising another pistol, but before it could be aimed, or the captain take action, somebody within the house struck up the madman's arm, and as he turned savagely upon this new foe, Standish, whose muscles were strong and elastic as a panther's, sprang across the intervening space, and seizing his prisoner by the collar, shouted: —

"Yield, Morton, or you're but a dead man!"

"One man may well yield to a mob," muttered Morton, sullenly, and seeing that he was disarmed, Standish released his hold, saying quietly, —

"Fair and softly, Master Morton! Governor Bradford sends me and these men, praying for your company at Plymouth so soon as may be. If you will go quietly, well; but if you resist, you will go all the same; so choose you."

"The Governor of Plymouth does me too much honor to send so many of his servants with the major-domo at the head," replied Morton bitterly. "And sith as you say, the invitation may not be refused, I'll e'en accept it, but would first return to Merry Mount to fetch some clothes and set my house in order."

"Your return to Merry Mount will be as the Governor orders hereafter. I was bid to bring you to Plymouth without delay, and that I shall do."

"But not to-night, I trust, Captain Standish," interposed Jeffries. "A shrewd tempest is threatening, and by the time it is past, night will be upon us, and no moon."

"With the shoals and sandbars of this coast thick as plums in a Christmas pudding," remarked Philip De la Noye, whereat Peter Browne growled, "Make it a Thanksgiving pudding, an it please you, Master Philip. We hold no Papist feasts here."

Stepping outside the door, Standish took a survey of the skies, the sea, and the forest, already waving its green boughs in welcome to the coming rain.

"Do you hear the 'calling of the sea,' Captain?" asked a Cornish man, placing his curved hand behind his ear, and bending it to catch the deep murmur and wail that float shoreward

from the hollow of ocean when a thunder-storm is gathering in its unknown spaces.

"Yes," replied Standish in an unusually hushed voice, "we will stay awhile; perhaps the night, if our friends can keep us."

"Glad and gayly," said Jeffries, who, truth to tell, was a little afraid that the remaining garrison of Merry Mount might descend upon his house in the night to rescue their leader or avenge his loss.

"And we 'll feast you on the pair of wild turkeys my boy shot to-day," cried Bursley. "Come, we 'll make a night on 't, sith there are not beds enough for all to lie down."

"With your leave, sirs, I will claim one of those beds, and take my rest while I may," broke in Morton sourly. "I have no mind for revelling with tipstaves and jailers."

"Ne'ertheless you might keep a civil tongue in your head, Morton," angrily exclaimed Browne, but Standish interposed, —

"Tut, tut, man! Never jibe at a prisoner. A bruised creature ever solaces itself with its tongue, and so may a bruised man. Let him alone!"

"Thank you for nothing, Captain Shrimp!" snarled Morton; but Standish only nodded good-humoredly, and began looking about to see if the log hut could be made secure for the night. Finally, a small bedroom off the principal or living room was set aside for Morton, the window shutter nailed from the outside, and a man set to watch beside him, and be responsible for his safety.

The turkeys were soon plucked, dressed, and each hung by a string tied to one leg before a rousing fire, so oppressive for the June night, that Standish retreated to a shed at the back of the house, and stood watching the magnificent spectacle of the tempest now in full force. On one side lay the primeval forest, dense and gloomy with its evergreen growth, through whose serried ranks the mad wind ploughed like a charge of cavalry, rending the giants limb from limb, lashing the bowed heads of those who resisted, trampling down in its savage fury old and young, the sturdy veterans and the helpless saplings.

At the other hand lay the ocean, seen through a slant veil of hurtling rain, its waters flat and foaming like the head of a tigress that lays back her ears and gnashes her teeth as she crouches for her spring, and ever and anon, between the crashing peals of thunder and the splitting report of some lightning bolt riving the heart of oak or mast of pine, came the weird "calling of the sea," the voice of deep crying unto deep: —

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye!" "But hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we shall have sealed the servants of our God!"

In face of this vast antiphony, Morton of Merry Mount and his concerns sank to insignificance; and so felt Myles Standish, who had all the love of nature inseparable from a great heart; but his had not been so great had it been capable of slighting the meanest duty, and his last act before midnight when he lay down for a few hours' repose was to see that his prisoner was both safe and comfortable, and that two reliable men were upon the watch. One of these men was Richard Soule and the other John Alden, to whom the Captain said: —

"Now mind you, Jack, it has been a hard day's work, and our friends' hospitality full liberal. Do you feel your head heavy? If so, say the word, and I'll watch myself, and be none the worse for it on the morrow. Speak honest truth now, lad."

But Alden so indignantly protested that nothing could tempt him to sleep in such an emergency, and so affectionately besought his friend to take some rest, that the captain at length complied, much to the delight of Morton, who, feigning sleep, had listened to the conversation.

Twelve o'clock, and one, and two passed quietly, yet not unnoted, for Morton, among other claims to distinction, was the possessor of a "pocket-clock," the only one at Wessagusset that night, since even Standish did not aspire to such luxury, and was well content to divide his day by the sun and the dial, if it were clear, or by his instinct, if it were stormy, while the night was told by its stars, the deeper and lessening darkness, or the chill that always precedes the dawn. Half past two, and the prisoner turned himself silently upon his bed. At its foot sat John Alden, his snaphance between his knees, and his head fallen forward and sidewise till he seemed to be peering down its barrel; but alas, his stertorious breathing proclaimed that nature had succumbed to fatigue, and the watchman was fast asleep.

A smile of elfish glee widened Morton's already wide and loose-lipped mouth and twinkled in his beady eyes, as without a sound, and with the cautious movements of a cat, he stole off the bed, seized his doublet which had been laid aside, and crept out of the bedroom into the kitchen where, with his head and shoulders sprawling over the table, and his piece lying upon it, Richard

Soule lay sweetly dreaming of seizing the rebel by the hair of his head and dragging him to the foot of a gallows high as Haman's. With the same malicious grin and the same cat-like movement Morton stole rapidly past this second Cerberus, pausing only to secure his snaphance. The outer door was made fast by an oaken bar dropped into iron staples, and this the runaway lightly lifted out and stood against the wall; but as he opened the door, the storm tore it from his hand, threw down the bar, extinguished the candles, and roused the sleepers.

Myles Standish, whose vigilant brain had warned him even through a heavy sleep that there was danger in the camp, was already afoot and groping for the ladder whereby to descend from his loft when the shriek of the wind and the bewildered outcries of the watch told him what had happened, and like a whirlwind he was down the steps, calling upon Alden and Soule, and loudly demanding news of their prisoner.

"He's gone! He's gone!" cried Soule, while Alden mutely bestirred himself with flint and steel to strike a light. When it was obtained, and disastrous certainty replaced the captain's worst suspicions, his anger knew no bounds, and the hot temper, generally controlled, for once burst its limits and poured out a short, sharp torrent of words that had better never have been spoken, until at last John Alden, slowly roused to a state of wrath very foreign to his nature, retorted, —

"The next time that Nell Billington is brought before the court as a scold, it might be well to present Myles Standish along with her. What say you, Dick?"

"Haw! Haw!" roared Soule, who, although a worthy citizen, was not a man of fine sensibilities. Standish glanced at him with angry contempt, and then fixed his eyes upon Alden with a look before which that honest fellow shrunk, and colored fiery red as he stammered, —

"I — I said amiss — nay, then, — forgive me, Captain."

"The captain can easily forgive what the friend will not soon forget, John," said Standish gravely, for indeed the brief treason of his ancient henchman had struck deep into the proud, loving heart of the soldier. "But," continued he in the same breath, "this is no time for private grievances — follow me!"

And opening the door he dashed out into the night, and down the path to the rude pier where his own boat and the two belonging to the settlement were made fast. As he approached, a figure slipped away, and was lost in the neighboring thicket;

Myles could not see it, but surmised it, and quick as thought a rattling charge of buckshot followed the slight sound hardly to be distinguished amid the clashing of branches, the scream of the wind, and the sobbing blows of the surf upon the shore.

Morton, lying flat upon his face behind a big poplar, heard the shot fall around him, and knew that more would come; so, pursuing the tactics of his Indian allies, he wriggled backward, still clinging as closely as possible to mother earth, until, arrived at the roots of a giant oak, he drew himself upright behind it, and stood silent and waiting. The captain waited also, and in a moment came the green glare both men counted upon, and while Myles springing forward searched the thicket with another storm of shot and then with foot and sword, Morton, taking a rapid survey of the situation, selected his route, and sheltered by the crash of thunder which drowned all other sounds sprang from the oak to a clump of cedars higher up the hill, and so, guided by the lightning, and screened from the quick ear of his pursuer by the thunder, he gradually gained the trail made by the Indians between Wessagusset and the head waters of the tidal river Monatoquit; crossing this channel with infinite danger, the fugitive made his way down the other bank, and about daylight reached Merry Mount greatly to the astonishment of the only three of his comrades who remained at home, the rest of the garrison having gone under guidance of some of their Indian allies to trade for beaver in the interior.

Standish meanwhile, finding that the prisoner had made good his escape, returned to the house, and setting aside the condolences of his hosts and the shamefaced penitence of Richard Soule, for John Alden said never a word, he passed the remaining hours of darkness in examining his weapons, in pacing up and down his narrow quarters, gnawing his mustache, fondling the hilt of Gideon, and looking out of the door or the unglazed window-place. The hosts meantime bestirred themselves to prepare a savory meal of venison steaks, corn cakes, and mighty ale, to which, just as the first streaks of daylight appeared through the breaking clouds, the whole party sat down, the stern and silent captain among them, for angry and mortified though he was, the old soldier had served in too many rude campaigns not to secure his rations when and where they might be had. But the meal was very different from the jolly supper of the night before, and it was rather a relief when the captain rising briefly ordered, —

"Fall in, men! To the boat with you. Our thanks for your kind entertainment, Master Jeffries, and you, Master Bursley. We will let you know the ending of our enterprise so soon as may be."

And as the sun rose across the sea, whose blue expanse dimpled and laughed at thought of its wild frolic during his absence, the Plymouth boat, crossing the mouth of the Monatoquit and skirting its marshy basin, drew in to the landing place of Merry Mount, not without expectation of a volley from some ambush near at hand. None such came, however, and so soon as the boat was secured, the captain, deploying his men in open order that a shot might harm no more than one, led them up the gentle slope and halted in the shelter of a clump of cedars, whose survivor stands to-day lifeless and broken, but yet a witness to the mad revels of Merry Mount and their sombre ending. His men safe, Standish himself advanced to parley with the garrison. As he emerged from the shelter of the grove Alden silently stepped behind, and would have followed, but the captain, without looking round, coldly said, —

"Remain here, Lieutenant Alden, until you are ordered forward," and the young man slunk back just as a bullet whistled past the captain's ear. Pulling his handkerchief from his pocket Standish thrust his bayonet through the corner, and holding it above his head, advanced until Morton's voice shouted through a porthole beside the door, —

"Halt, there, Captain Shrimp! I'm on my own domain here, garrisoned, armed, victualed, and ready for a siege. What do you want, Shrimp?"

"I demand the body of Thomas Morton, and if the garrison of this place are wise, they will yield it up before it is taken by force of arms and their hold burned over their heads."

A little silence ensued, for the threat of fire was a formidable one, and Morton's three assistants had counted the enemy's force as it landed, and were now clamoring for surrender. But he, who at least was no coward, retorted upon them with a grotesque oath that alone, if need be, he would chase these psalm-singers into the ocean, and returning to the porthole shouted again, —

"Hola! Captain, Captain Shrimp — "

"I hold no parley with one so ignorant of the uses of war as to insult a flag of truce," interposed Standish, and Morton laughing boisterously rejoined, —

"I cry you mercy, noble sir, and will in future, that is to say, the near future, treat you with all the honor due to the Generalissimo of the Plymouth Army. And now deign, most puissant leader, to satisfy me as to the intent of the Governor of Plymouth should he gain possession of the body of Thomas Morton, that is to say of the living body, for should you see fit to carry him naught but a murdered carcass, well I wot he would hang it to the wall of his Fort upon the hill to keep company with the skull of Wituwamat. So again I demand — and I crave your pardon, most worshipful, if I am somewhat prolix; but indeed it is such a merry sight to watch your noble countenance waxing more and more rubicund and wrathful while I speak — "

"When I have counted ten I shall order the assault if I have no reasonable answer sooner," interrupted Standish briefly. "One, two, — "

"Hold, hold, man! Why so violent and rash? Tell me in a word what will Bradford do with me an I yield?"

"Send you to England for trial."

"Trial on what count?" And as he asked the question Morton's voice took a new tone, one of anxiety and even alarm, for conscience was clamoring that a dark story of robbery and murder might have followed him from the western shores of Old England to the eastern coast of New. But Standish's reply reassured him.

"For selling arms and ammunition to the Indians contrary to the king's proclamation."

"And what is a proclamation, Master General?" demanded the rebel truculently. "Mayhap you do not know that I, Thomas Morton, Gentleman, am a clerk learned in the law, a solicitor and barrister of Clifford's Inn, London, and I assure you that a royal proclamation is not law, and its breach entails no penalty. Do you comprehend this subtlety, mine ancient? Suppose I *have* broken a proclamation of King James's, what penalty have I incurred, if not that of the law?"

"The penalty of those who disobey and insult a king, whatever that may be," sturdily replied Standish. "But all that — "

"Nay, nay; know you not, most valiant Generalissimo, that while a law entered upon the statute book of England remains in force until it is repealed, a royal proclamation dies with the monarch who utters it? King James's proclamation sleeps with him at Westminster, and I never have heard that King Charles has uttered any."

"Let it be so! I know naught and care less for these quips and quiddities of the law. The Standishes are not pettifoggers of Clifford's nor any other Inn. My errand is to fetch you to Plymouth, and there has been more than enough delay already. Will you surrender peaceably?"

"Surrender! Why, look you here, man, or rather take my word for it sith you may not look. My table is spread with dishes of powder, and bowls of shot, and flagons of Dutch courage; we are a goodly garrison, and armed to the teeth; we are behind walls, and could, if we willed, pick you off man by man without giving you the chance of a return shot. In fact, it is only my tenderness of human life that holds me back from greeting you as you deserve —"

"Enough, enough! I will wait here no longer to be the butt of your ribaldry. Before you can patter a prayer we will smoke you out of your hole like rats."

And Myles was in fact retreating upon the body of his command when Morton hailed again, —

"Hold, hold, my valiant! I was about to say that I purpose surrender, both to save the effusion of human blood and to prevent damage to the house, which although no lordly castle, serves our turn indifferently well as a shelter."

"You surrender, do you?"

"On conditions, Captain. The garrison shall retain its colors and arms, and march out with all the honors —"

"Pshaw, man! I know as well as you that four of your men are away, and that there can be no more than three with you. As for conditions, it is our part to dictate them, and I hereby offer your men their freedom if they abandon the evil practices learned of their betters. For yourself, I promise naught but safe convoy to Plymouth."

"'Perdition seize thee, ruthless' Shrimp!" shouted Morton in a fury; "we will come out and drive you into the sea to feed the fishes."

"Ay, come out as fast as you may, or you 'll be smoked out like so many wasps," retorted Standish, tearing away his flag of truce, and waving his sword as signal for the advance of his little troop, four of whom carried blazing torches. But Morton, although he had stimulated his courage a little too freely, had not quite lost sight of that discretion which is valor's better part, and absolutely sure that whatever Standish threatened he would fully perform, he resolved at all events to save his house; so

seizing a handful of buckshot he crammed it into his already overloaded piece, called upon his men to follow, and flinging open the door rushed out shouting, —

"Death to Standish! Death! Death!" But the clumsy musket was too heavy for his inebriated grasp, and before he could bring it to an aim Standish sprang in, seized the barrel with one hand and Morton's collar with the other, at the same time so twisting his right foot between the rebel's legs as to bring him flat upon his back, while the blunderbuss harmlessly exploding supplied the din of battle.

"There, my lad, that's a Lancashire fall," cried Standish, with an angry laugh. "They did n't teach you that in Clifford's Inn, did they now?"

"Oh, murder! murder! I'm but a dead man! Oh! Oh!" shrieked the voice of one of the besieged; and Standish, turning sharply, demanded, —

"Who gave the order to strike? Alden, how dare you attack without orders!"

"I attacked nobody, Captain Standish," replied John Alden, more nearly in the same tone than he had ever addressed his beloved commander. "I carried my sword in my hand thus, and was making in to the house when this drunken fool stumbled out and ran his nose against the point. He 'll be none the worse for a little blood-letting."

"Two of my fellows were drunk, and one an arrant coward, or you had not made so easy a venture of your piracy," snarled Morton viciously; and one of the younger of the Plymouth men would have dealt him a blow with the flat of his sword, but Standish struck it up, saying sternly, —

"Hands off, Philip De la Noye, or you 'll feel the edge instead of the flat of my sword. Know you nothing, nothing at all of the usages of war, that you would strike an unarmed prisoner!"

A few moments more and the whole affair was over. Morton's three men, foolish, worthless fellows, hardly dangerous even under his guidance, and perfectly harmless when deprived of it, were set at liberty with a stern warning from Standish that they were simply left at Merry Mount on probation, and that the smallest disobedience to the law prohibiting the sale of fire-arms, or instruction of the Indians in their use, would at once be known at Plymouth and most severely punished.

"As for your Maypole, and your Indian blowzabellas, and your dancing and mummery," concluded the captain, "I for one

have naught to say, except that there must be some warlock-work in the matter to tempt even a squaw to frisk round a May-pole with such as you."

Morton, sullen, silent, and disarmed, was meantime led to the boat between Alden and Howland, the other men after, and last of all Standish, muttering, —

"Better if there had been a garrison strong enough to hold the position. Then we might have burned the house and haply slain the traitor in hot blood."

The Auld Stuarts Back Again.

The auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again;
Let howlet Whig do what they can,
  The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds?
We 'll wauk their hides and file their fuds,
  And bring the Stuarts back again.

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang,
  For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out owre the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
  To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
  And mony mae, whatreck, again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
  We 'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
  And auld Stuarts back again?

Anonymous.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

Aytoun, William Edmonstoune. A Scottish humorist; born in Edinburgh, June 21, 1813; died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865. He joined the editorial staff of "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1844, and to his death continued an unwearying and fertile contributor to its pages. Professor of literature in the University of Edinburgh, 1845–64. After John Wilson's death (1854), he was considered the most important man of letters in Scotland during his life, famous for his humor, satire, and criticism. His most celebrated work is "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (1848, 29th ed. 1883), a series of ballads replete with genuine poetry, glorifying the champions of the Stuart cause. Noteworthy is his critical and annotated collection of the "Ballads of Scotland" (1858, 4th ed. 1870). With Theodore Martin he wrote the famous "Bon Gaultier Ballads" (1844, 13th ed. 1877), and translated "Poems and Ballads of Goethe" (1858).

The Execution of Montrose.

(From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.")

Come hither, Evan Cameron!
Come, stand beside my knee —
I hear the river roaring down
Toward the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
There 's war within the blast —
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.

I 've told thee how the Southrons fell
  Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
  By Inverlochy's shore;
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee,
  And tamed the Lindsays' pride:
But never have I told thee yet
  How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes: —
  A deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
  With one of Assynt's name, —
Be it upon the mountain's side
  Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
  Or backed by armèd men, —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
  Who wronged thy sire's renown:
Remember of what blood thou art,
  And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,
  Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
  And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart, —
  The hangman rode below, —
They drew his hands behind his back
  And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
  They cheered, the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
  And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
  Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
  Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig West-country lords
  In balcony and bow;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
  And their daughters all arow.
And every open window
  Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
  That goodly sport to see!

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION IN THE HIGH STREET OF EDINBURGH IN 1650

From the Fresco by E. M. Ward, R.A., in the Commons Corridor, House of Parliament

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye, —
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards — always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd;
Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold —
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
"Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men —
Not all the rebels in the South
Had borne us backward then!

Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warriston
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there, —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath —
And oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me, —
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown.

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower —
Give every town a limb —
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town.

The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Come forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms —
The bells begin to toll —
"He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!"
One long last peal of thunder —
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

"He is coming! he is coming!"
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison,
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud,
But looked upon the heavens
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within —
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee,
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away;
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky —
The work of death was done!

The Old Scottish Cavalier.

Come listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the luster to your eye; —
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan

Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James.
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Græmes;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land, —
The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the Standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,

The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

O, never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true, —
The olden times have passed away
And weary are the new:
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

From Burial March of Dundee.

Open wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes rest;
Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen, last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace! —
O thou lion-hearted warrior! reck not of the aftertime;
Honor may be deemed dishonor, loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country, hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own Dundee!

MASSIMO TAPARELLI AZEGLIO.

Azeglio, Massimo Taparelli, Marchese d', Italian statesman and author, was born at Turin, October 24, 1798, and died there, January 15, 1866. In 1830, Azeglio removed to Milan, where he married the daughter of the poet and novelist, Alessandro Manzoni, which step decided his course toward a literary career interspersed with politics. A novel entitled "Ettore Fieramosca" was published in 1833, and this was followed by "Niccolo di Lapi" in 1841. His "Degli Ultimi Casi di Romagna," treating of the last occurrences in the Romagna, was written before Pope Gregory XVI.'s death, in 1846. In 1848, his work on the "Austrian Assassination in Lombardy" was published. He held the office of Premier from May 11, 1844, to October 20, 1852, when Count Cavour succeeded him.

Recollections.

My dear parents' foremost wish was to make a man of me. They knew that education must begin with the dawn of life; that it must grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength; that the germ of the future man lies in the first impression of childhood; and that adulation and incitement to pride and vanity, though they may be a mistaken form of parental affection, are in fact the worst of lessons for the child, and the most baneful in their results. They also knew well that the mind of a youth is a tablet from which no line once graven can ever after be effaced. . . .

In a word, the aim of my parents was to prepare me for the warfare of life, such as it really becomes in after years. And this useful training consists mainly in acquiring a habit of self-sacrifice, and in learning how to suffer.

Verily, if the excess of affection which leads parents to spoil their children were not in itself a touching excuse, what bitter reproaches might fall on those parents who enervate their sons by a childhood of luxury and indulgence, — those who, knowing the while that they must one day have to endure both burning heat and biting frost, — knowing also that, in after life, they

must erelong brave alike misfortunes, delusions, and the inexorable calls of honor and duty, yet never dream of forearming them against suffering. It should be likewise borne in mind that even children have natural rights, and that they may claim not to be corrupted, deceived, or misled.

They have a right not to be sacrificed to a misplaced and pernicious tenderness. They have a right to be led by the shortest and surest road to that moral and material wellbeing which constitutes, so to speak, their capital in life, which is a direct gift of Providence — no good being possible to man if he is not accustomed to suffer as well as to obey when duty or necessity requires it.

Now, of all blessings, which is the first and foremost? To be a free and honest man. We must obey the moral law to be the latter; the political and civil law to be the former. Can this be done without sacrifice, without suffering, more or less?

I know but too well that in Italy my definition of liberty as consisting in obedience is now not universally accepted. On the contrary, the opposite idea is afloat, viz., that liberty consists in disobeying every law. This error is excusable up to a certain point. A violent reaction necessarily succeeded the long and odious despotism of the past. But to fall from one despotism into another does not solve the problem, and it is impossible to be free, strong, or independent until law reigns in place of the arbitrary will either of a tyrant or of the mob.

The seeds of this manly obedience must be sown in early life. By the law of Nature, children must obey and not question. I defy any parent to answer every question of his child otherwise than by the words, *Because I say it!* This authority must, however, be maintained in the minds of the young by profound respect and veneration for their parents. It is therefore quite a mistake to adopt the modern system of allowing children to treat their fathers and mothers on terms of equality, to let them express an opinion whenever they please, and ask the reason of everything. There is no equality between a man and a child, between the father and his son. Any apparent equality allowed to exist is one wholly unfounded in truth. In matters of education, as in politics, both the old despotism and modern license are a direct result of cause and effect. Will experience ever point out a rational medium? Let us hope so.

In my opinion my parents had almost discovered this middle path. I will explain why I say *almost*.

In spite of my profound veneration for my father, I think I may be allowed humbly to express my doubts with regard to some of his acts and opinions. Moreover, were I to abstain altogether from criticism, my praise would be worth nothing.

I shall, therefore, state that in carrying out his excellent system of authority, he sometimes gave way to his hasty and impetuous temper; and this, added to the perpetual mistrust of his own heart, which I have already mentioned, occasionally betrayed him into the opposite extreme, and he was then, perhaps, overharsh with us. But I thank him even for his fault; a hundred times better such temporary severity than the permanency of the opposite system. In every way and in all cases there is no worse rule than a weak one.

These were the principles my parents followed in our education. A few anecdotes may serve to illustrate them. Though childish and trivial at the first glance, they are not so when we consider the importance and difficulty of guiding children aright from the beginning; and if these pages could in any degree facilitate the task of those who are to succeed us, my warmest wish would be attained.

The distribution of our daily occupations was strictly laid down for Matilde and me in black and white, and these rules were not to be broken with impunity. We were thus accustomed to habits of order, and never to make anybody wait for our convenience, a fault which is one of the most troublesome that can be committed either by great people or small.

I remember one day that Matilde, having gone out with Teresa, came home when we had been at dinner some time. It was winter, and snow was falling. The two culprits sat down a little confused, and their soup was brought them in two plates, which had been kept hot; but can you guess where? On the balcony; so that the contents were not only below freezing point, but actually had a thick covering of snow!

At dinner, of course my sister and I sat perfectly silent, waiting our turn, without right of petition or remonstrance. As to the other proprieties of behavior, such as neatness, and not being noisy or boisterous, we knew well that the slightest infraction would have entailed banishment for the rest of the day at least. Our great anxiety was to eclipse ourselves as much as possible; and I assure you that under this system we never fancied ourselves the central points of importance round which all the rest of the world was to revolve — an idea which,

thanks to absurd indulgence and flattery, is often forcibly thrust, I may say, into poor little brains, which, if left to themselves, would never have lost their natural simplicity. . . .

On another occasion my excellent mother gave me a lesson of humility, which I shall never forget, any more than the place where I received it.

In the open part of the Cascine, which was once used as a race course, to the right of the space where the carriages stand, there is a walk alongside the wood. I was walking there one day with my mother, followed by an old servant, a countryman of Pylades, less heroic than the latter, but a very good fellow too. I forget why, but I raised a little cane I had in my hand and I am afraid I struck him. My mother, before all the passers-by, obliged me to kneel down and beg his pardon. I can still see poor *Giacolin* taking off his hat with a face of utter bewilderment, quite unable to comprehend how it was that the Chevalier Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio came to be at his feet.

An indifference to bodily pain was another of the precepts most carefully instilled by our father, and as usual the lesson was made more impressive by example whenever an opportunity presented itself. If, for instance, we complained of any slight pain or accident, our father used to say, half in fun, half in earnest: "When a Piedmontese has both his arms and legs broken, and has received two sword thrusts in the body, he may be allowed to say, but not till then, 'Really, I almost think I am not quite well.'"

The moral authority he had acquired over me was so great that in no case would I have disobeyed him, even had he ordered me to jump out of the window.

I recollect that when my first tooth was drawn, I was in an agony of fright as we went to the dentist, but outwardly I was brave enough, and tried to seem as indifferent as possible. On another occasion my childish courage and also my father's firmness were put to a more serious test. He had hired a house called the Villa Billi, which stands about half a mile from San Domenico di Fiesole, on the right winding up towards the hill. Only two years ago I visited the place, and found the same family of peasants still there, and my two old playmates, Nando and Sandro, who had both become even greater fogies than myself, and we had a hearty chat together about bygone times.

Whilst living at this villa, our father was accustomed to take us out for long walks, which were the subject of special

regulations. We were strictly forbidden to ask, "Have we still far to go?" "What o'clock is it?" or to say, "I am thirsty;" "I am hungry;" "I am tired;" but in everything else we had full liberty of speech and action. Returning from one of these excursions, we one day found ourselves below Castel di Poggio, a rugged, stony path leading towards Vincigliata.

In one hand I had a nosegay of wild flowers, gathered by the way, and in the other a stick, when I happened to stumble, and fell awkwardly. My father sprang forward to pick me up, and seeing that one arm pained me, he examined it and found that in fact the bone was broken below the elbow. All this time my eyes were fixed upon him, and I could see his countenance change, and assume such an expression of tenderness and anxiety that he no longer appeared to be the same man. He bound up my arm as well as he could, and we then continued our way homewards. After a few moments, during which my father had resumed his usual calmness, he said to me: —

"Listen, Mammolino; your mother is not well. If she knows you are hurt, it will make her worse. You must be brave, my boy; to-morrow morning we will go to Florence, where all that is needful can be done for you; but this evening you must not show you are in pain. Do you understand?"

All this was said with his usual firmness and authority, but also with the greatest affection. I was only too glad to have so important and difficult a task intrusted to me. The whole evening I sat quietly in a corner, supporting my poor little broken arm as best I could, and my mother only thought me tired by the long walk, and had no suspicion of the truth.

The next day I was taken to Florence and my arm was set; but to complete the cure I had to be sent to the Baths of Vinadio a few years afterwards. Some people may, in this instance, think my father was cruel. I remember the fact as if it were but yesterday, and I am sure such an idea never for one moment entered my mind. The expression of ineffable tenderness which I had read in his eyes had so delighted me, it seemed so reasonable to avoid alarming my mother, that I looked on the hard task allotted to me as a fine opportunity of displaying my courage. I did so because I had not been spoilt, and good principles had been early implanted within me; and now that I am an old man and have known the world, I bless the severity of my father; and I could wish every Italian child might have one like him, and derive more profit than I did; in thirty years' time Italy would then be the first of nations.

Moreover, it is a fact that children are much more observant than is commonly supposed, and never regard as hostile a just but affectionate severity. I have always seen them disposed to prefer persons who keep them in order to those who constantly yield to their caprices; and soldiers are just the same in this respect.

The following is another example to prove that my father did not deserve to be called cruel: —

He thought it a bad practice to awaken children suddenly, or to let their sleep be abruptly disturbed. If we had to rise early for a journey, he would come to my bedside and softly hum a popular song, two lines of which still ring in my ears:

Chi vuol veder l'aurora
Lasci le molli piume.

He who the early dawn would view
Downy pillows must eschew.

And by gradually raising his voice, he woke me without the slightest start. In truth, with all his severity, Heaven knows how I loved him. . . .

I could never understand why M. de La Rochefoucauld makes so light of pity. It is true that in his time the slightest headache felt by a *noble* met with attention; but who felt any sympathy for a *manant* condemned to the rack? The pity then in fashion was relative. Yet the Gospel says, "*Beati misericordes;*" and, after all, the Gospel existed even in those days.

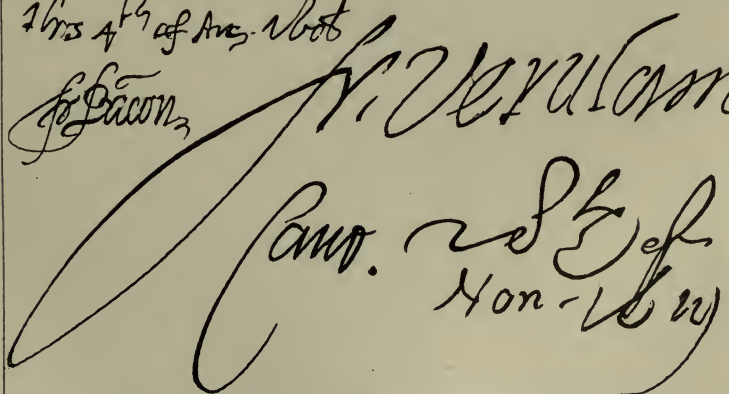
This shows how long men who styled themselves Christians remained in reality worse than pagans. And if, taking this principle for our guide, we examine closely the actual state of society, we might perhaps find that Christian civilization is even now far from deserving its name.

Let us take, for instance, one of the great buildings at Genoa, eight or ten stories high, divided into several apartments, inhabited by as many families. If we saw these apparently peaceful tenants always adding bolts, double locks, and iron clamps to their doors, and never coming out on the common staircase unless armed to the teeth with weapons of war, should we say that this community had attained the ideal of Christian civilization, even though its members when they met overflowed with protestations of their love and esteem for one another?

And is not Europe nowadays in the exact condition of such a house?

Sir Francis Bacon. Lord Verulam.

The Original by Van Somer *is at Gorhambury*



His Autograph from the original Letters in the Poſſeſſion of
John Thane.

FRANCIS BACON.

Bacon, Francis (Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Alban), an English jurist and philosopher, born in London, January 22, 1561; died there on Easter Day (April 9), 1626. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was Lord Keeper of the Seals during the first twenty years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. After a residence of three years at Cambridge, he went to France in the suite of Sir Amyas Paulet, the English Ambassador. Bacon early rose high in the favor of the Earl of Essex, and when the Parliament of 1593 was summoned he sat as a member for the county of Middlesex, and at once took a prominent part in that body. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1613, Attorney-General; in 1616, Privy Councillor; in 1617, Keeper of the Great Seal; in 1618, Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam. He celebrated his sixtieth birthday with great pomp at York House in the Strand, having been recently created Viscount St. Albans. On January 22, 1621, Bacon had reached the summit of his fortunes. He had attained the highest position in the state that was attainable by a subject. A few months later charges of corruption were brought against him. He was sentenced by the Peers to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be forever incapable of holding any office in the commonwealth; never sit in Parliament, or come within the verge of the Court. No part of this severe sentence was ever executed. Bacon lived only five years after his downfall from his high position in the state: but during that interval he produced some of his noblest works. His immortal "Essays" were published in 1597, and in the same book appeared "Of the Colors of Good and Evil." The two books of "The Advancement of Learning" appeared in 1605; and in 1620 the "Novum Organum," written, like very many of Bacon's works, in Latin. The "Novum Organum" is "an essay toward the science of a better use of reason in the investigation of things." His histories of "Henry VII.," of "Henry VIII.," and of "Elizabeth," are of unequal value and authority: the first is eminently faithful and trustworthy; the other two are probably biased by the author's desire to stand well at Court. His "New Atlantis" is one of the world's great Utopian speculations.

Essays of Lord Bacon.

ENVY.

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye; and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home: "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered: and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same lustre; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth

not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur" [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and pre-eminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons

of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Envy keeps no holidays:" for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

ATHEISM.

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of

the vulgar is profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature;" which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may ad-

mire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still, neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

OF TRUTH.

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through

the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: — "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth" (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave toward God and a coward toward men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.

OF REVENGE.

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior: for it is a prince's part to pardon, and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate: as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

OF TRAVEL.

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well: so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yielded. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities: and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let

him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel: that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion toward society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a

man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "Magna civitas, magna solitudo;" because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain: but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves; which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "participes curarum;" for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined

to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; "for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "venefica" — "witch;" as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, "that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great." With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, "Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi" [these things, from our friendship, I have not concealed from you]; and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the Senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and

so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that toward his latter time "that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding." Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: "Cor ne edito," — "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature: for in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he

marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure: whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is dryer and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case: but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or, that

a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight: and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it: the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief, and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient: but a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon the other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels: they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself: and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, "that a friend is another himself;" for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face

or comeliness, say or do himself. A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

From the "Apophthegms."

My Lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My Lord might have done well to have built his alms-house before he made his knights."

21. Many men, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner after other men's speech to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "That it was as men shake a bottle, to see if there was any wit in their head or no."

33. Bias was sailing, and there fell out a great tempest, and the mariners, that were wicked and dissolute fellows, called upon the gods; but Bias said to them, "Peace, let them not know ye are here."

42. There was a Bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, and bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him, "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day?" The Bishop answered, "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice."

55. Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of her instructions to great officers, "That they were like to garments, straight at the first putting on, but did by and by wear loose enough."

64. Sir Henry Wotton used to say, "That critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes."

66. Mr. Savill was asked by my Lord of Essex his opinion touching poets; who answered my lord, "He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose."

85. One was saying, "That his great-grandfather and grandfather and father died at sea." Said another that heard him,

"And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why (saith he), where did your great-grandfather and grandfather and father die?" He answered, "Where but in their beds." Saith the other, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

97. Alonso of Arragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, That age appeared to be best in four things: "Old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read."

119. One of the fathers saith, "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Translation of the 137th Psalm.

Whenas we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforcèd daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

But soon we found we failed of our account,
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present gifts, and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
We hanged them on the willow-trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear:
Taunting us rather in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody.

Alas (said we) who can once force or frame
His grievèd and oppressèd heart to sing
The praises of Jehovah's glorious name,
In banishment, under a foreign king?
In Sion is his seat and dwelling-place,
Thence doth he show the brightness of his face.

Hierusalem, where God his throne hath set,
Shall any hour absent thee from my mind?

Then let my right hand quite her skill forget,
Then let my voice and words no passage find;
Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all
That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry
Of Eden's children, which did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,
"Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground."
In that good day repay it unto them,
When thou shalt visit thy Hierusalem.

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
By just revenge, and happy shall he be,
That thy proud walls and towers shall waste and burn,
And as thou didst by us, so do by thee.
Yea, happy he that takes thy children's bones,
And dasheth them against the pavement stones.

The World's a Bubble.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
so to the tomb:
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
with cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress,
what life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
to dandle fools.
The rural parts are turned into a den
of savage men.
And where 's the city from all vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
or do things worse.

Some would have children; those that have them moan,
or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil
perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease,
we are worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born to die.

OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. The virtue of prosperity is Temperance; the virtue of adversity is Fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is life's precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

Bagehot, Walter, a celebrated English essayist, critic, and journalist, was born in Langport, Somersetshire, February 3, 1826, and died there March 24, 1877. He was educated at Bristol and at University College, London, graduating at the latter in 1848. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1852, but did not enter upon its practice, and soon after his admission associated himself in business with his father, a banker and shipowner in Langport. His first literary work was as a Paris correspondent of a London paper in 1851. In these letters he defended the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. From 1860 until his death he was the editor of "The Economist," founded by his father-in-law, Hon. James Wilson. Among his most important works published while he was living are: "The English Constitution" (1867); "Physics and Politics" (1872); "Lombard Street" (1873). "Literary Studies" (1879), "Economic Studies" (1880), and "Biographical Studies" (1881) were published after his death.

Causes of the Sterility of Literature.

(From "Shakespeare, the Man.)

The reason why so few good books are written is, that so few people that can write know anything. In general, an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum. The mental habits of Robert Southey, which about a year ago were so extensively praised in the public journals, are the type of literary existence, just as the praise bestowed on them shows the admiration excited by them among literary people. He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast; he read during breakfast. He wrote history until dinner; he corrected proof-sheets between dinner and tea; he wrote an essay for the

"Quarterly" afterwards; and after supper, by way of relaxation, composed "The Doctor" — a lengthy and elaborate jest. Now, what can any one think of such a life? — except how clearly it shows that the habits best fitted for communicating information, formed with the best care, and daily regulated by the best motives, are exactly the habits which are likely to afford a man the least information to communicate. Southey had no events, no experiences. His wife kept house and allowed him pocket-money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours. . . .

The critic in the "Vicar of Wakefield" lays down that you should *always* say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; but in the case of the practised literary man, you should often enough say that the writings would have been much better if the writer had taken less pains. He says he has devoted his life to the subject; the reply is, "Then you have taken the best way to prevent your making anything of it. Instead of reading studiously what Burgersdicius and Ænesidemus said men were, you should have gone out yourself and seen (if you can see) what they are." But there is a whole class of minds which prefer the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them. Such a man would naturally think literature more instructive than life. Hazlitt said of Mackintosh, "He might like to read an *account* of India; but India itself, with its burning, shining face, would be a mere blank, an endless waste to him. Persons of this class have no more to say to a matter of fact staring them in the face, without a label in its mouth, than they would to a hippopotamus." . . .

After all, the original way of writing books may turn out to be the best. The first author, it is plain, could not have taken anything from books, since there were no books for him to copy from; he looked at things for himself. Anyhow the modern system fails, for where are the amusing books from voracious students and habitual writers?

Moreover, in general, it will perhaps be found that persons devoted to mere literature commonly become devoted to mere idleness. They wish to produce a great work, but they find they cannot. Having relinquished everything to devote themselves to this, they conclude on trial that this is impossible; they wish to write, but nothing occurs to them: therefore they write nothing and they do nothing. As has been said, they have noth-

ing to do; their life has no events, unless they are very poor; with any decent means of subsistence, they have nothing to rouse them from an indolent and musing dream. A merchant must meet his bills, or he is civilly dead and uncivilly remembered; but a student may know nothing of time, and be too lazy to wind up his watch.

The Search for Happiness.

(From "William Cowper.")

If there be any truly painful fact about the world now tolerably well established by ample experience and ample records, it is that an intellectual and indolent happiness is wholly denied to the children of men. That most valuable author, Lucretius, who has supplied us and others with an almost inexhaustible supply of metaphors on this topic, ever dwells on the life of his gods with a sad and melancholy feeling that no such life was possible on a crude and cumbersome earth. In general, the two opposing agencies are marriage and lack of money; either of these breaks the lot of literary and refined inaction at once and forever. The first of these, as we have seen, Cowper had escaped; his reserved and negligent reveries were still free, at least from the invasion of affection. To this invasion, indeed, there is commonly requisite the acquiescence or connivance of mortality; but all men are born — not free and equal, as the Americans maintain, but, in the Old World at least — basely subjected to the yoke of coin. It is in vain that in this hemisphere we endeavor after impecuniary fancies. In bold and eager youth we go out on our travels; we visit Baalbec and Paphos and Tadmor and Cythera, — ancient shrines and ancient empires, seats of eager love or gentle inspiration; we wander far and long; we have nothing to do with our fellow-men, — what are we, indeed, to diggers and counters? we wander far, we dream to wander forever — but we dream in vain. A surer force than the subtlest fascination of fancy is in operation; the purse-strings tie us to our kind. Our travel coin runs low, and we must return, away from Tadmor and Baalbec, back to our steady, tedious industry and dull work, to "la vieille Europe" (as Napoleon said), "qui m'ennuie." It is the same in thought: in vain we seclude ourselves in elegant chambers, in fascinating fancies, in refined reflections.

On Early Reading.

(From "Edward Gibbon.")

In school work Gibbon had uncommon difficulties and unusual deficiencies; but these were much more than counterbalanced by a habit which often accompanies a sickly childhood, and is the commencement of a studious life — the habit of desultory reading. The instructiveness of this is sometimes not comprehended. S. T. Coleridge used to say that he felt a great superiority over those who had not read — and fondly read — fairy tales in their childhood: he thought they wanted a sense which he possessed, the perception, or apperception — we do not know which he used to say it was — of the unity and wholeness of the universe. As to fairy tales, this is a hard saying; but as to desultory reading, it is certainly true. Some people have known a time in life when there was no book they could not read. The fact of its being a book went immensely in its favor. In early life there is an opinion that the obvious thing to do with a horse is to ride it; with a cake, to eat it; with sixpence, to spend it. A few boys carry this further, and think the natural thing to do with a book is to read it. There is an argument from design in the subject: if the book was not meant for that purpose, for what purpose was it meant? Of course, of any understanding of the works so perused there is no question or idea. There is a legend of Bentham, in his earliest childhood, climbing to the height of a huge stool, and sitting there evening after evening, with two candles, engaged in the perusal of Rapin's history; it might as well have been any other book. The doctrine of utility had not then dawned on its immortal teacher; *cui bono* was an idea unknown to him. He would have been ready to read about Egypt, about Spain, about coals in Borneo, the teak-wood in India, the current in the River Mississippi, on natural history or human history, on theology or morals, on the state of the Dark Ages or the state of the Light Ages, on Augustulus or Lord Chatham, on the first century or the seventeenth, on the moon, the millennium, or the whole duty of man. Just then, reading is an end in itself. At that time of life you no more think of a future consequence — of the remote, the very remote possibility of deriving knowledge from the perusal of a book, than you expect so great a result from spinning a peg-top. You spin the top, and you

read the book; and these scenes of life are exhausted. In such studies, of all prose, perhaps the best is history: one page is so like another, battle No. 1 is so much on a par with battle No. 2. Truth may be, as they say, stranger than fiction, abstractedly; but in actual books, novels are certainly odder and more astounding than correct history.

It will be said, What is the use of this? why not leave the reading of great books till a great age? why plague and perplex childhood with complex facts remote from its experience and inapprehensible by its imagination? The reply is, that though in all great and combined facts there is much which childhood cannot thoroughly imagine, there is also in very many a great deal which can only be truly apprehended for the first time at that age. Youth has a principle of consolidation; we begin with the whole. Small sciences are the labors of our manhood; but the round universe is the plaything of the boy. His fresh mind shoots out vaguely and crudely into the infinite and eternal. Nothing is hid from the depth of it; there are no boundaries to its vague and wandering vision. Early science, it has been said, begins in utter nonsense; it would be truer to say that it starts with boyish fancies. How absurd seem the notions of the first Greeks! Who could believe now that air or water was the principle, the pervading substance, the eternal material of all things? Such affairs will not explain a thick rock. And what a white original for a green and sky-blue world! Yet people disputed in these ages not whether it was either of those substances, but which of them it was. And doubtless there was a great deal, at least in quantity, to be said on both sides. Boys are improved; but some in our own day have asked, "Mamma, I say, what did God make the world of?" and several, who did not venture on speech, have had an idea of some one gray primitive thing, felt a difficulty as to how the red came, and wondered that marble could *ever* have been the same as moonshine. This is in truth the picture of life. We begin with the infinite and eternal, which we shall never apprehend; and these form a framework, a schedule, a set of co-ordinates to which we refer all which we learn later. At first, like the old Greek, "We look up to the whole sky, and are lost in the one and the all;" in the end we classify and enumerate, learn each star, calculate distances, draw cramped diagrams on the unbounded sky, write a paper on α Cygni and a treatise on ϵ Draconis, map special facts upon the indefinite void, and engrave precise details on the infinite and everlasting.

So in history: somehow the whole comes in boyhood, the details later and in manhood. The wonderful series, going far back to the time of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds, the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the wandering Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home, — when did we learn these? Not yesterday nor to-day: but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy. What we learn afterwards are but the accurate littlenesses of the great topic, the dates and tedious facts. Those who begin late learn only these; but the happy first feel the mystic associations and the progress of the whole. . . .

However exalted may seem the praises which we have given to loose and unplanned reading, we are not saying that it is the sole ingredient of a good education. Besides this sort of education, which some boys will voluntarily and naturally give themselves, there needs, of course, another and more rigorous kind, which must be impressed upon them from without. The terrible difficulty of early life — the *use* of pastors and masters really is, that they compel boys to a distinct mastery of that which they do not wish to learn. There is nothing to be said for a preceptor who is not dry. Mr. Carlyle describes, with bitter satire, the fate of one of his heroes who was obliged to acquire whole systems of information in which he, the hero, saw no use, and which he kept, as far as might be, in a vacant corner of his mind. And this is the very point: dry language, tedious mathematics, a thumbed grammar, a detested slate form gradually an interior separate intellect, exact in its information, rigid in its requirements, disciplined in its exercises. The two grow together; the early natural fancy touching the far extremities of the universe, lightly playing with the scheme of all things; the precise, compacted memory slowly accumulating special facts, exact habits, clear and painful conceptions. At last, as it were in a moment, the cloud breaks up, the division sweeps away; we find that in fact these exercises which puzzled us, these languages which we hated, these details which we despised, are the instruments of true thought; are the very keys and openings, the exclusive access to the knowledge which we loved.

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You should do everything, said Lord Chesterfield, in minuet time. It was in that time that Gibbon wrote his history, and such was the manner of the age. You fancy him in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword, wisely smiling, composedly rounding his periods. You seem to see the grave bows, the formal politeness, the finished deference. You perceive the minuetic action accompanying the words. "Give," it would say, "Augustus a chair: Zenobia, the humblest of your slaves: Odoacer, permit me to correct the defect in your attire." As the slap-dash sentences of a rushing critic express the hasty impatience of modern manners, so the deliberate emphasis, the slow acumen, the steady argument, the impressive narration; bring before us what is now a tradition, the picture of the correct eighteenth-century gentleman, who never failed in a measured politeness, partly because it was due in propriety towards others, and partly because from his own dignity it was due most obviously to himself.

And not only is this true of style, but it may be extended to other things also. There is no one of the many literary works produced in the eighteenth century more thoroughly characteristic of it than Gibbon's history. The special characteristic of that age is its clinging to the definite and palpable; it had a taste beyond everything for what is called solid information. In literature the period may be defined as that in which authors had ceased to write for students, and had not begun to write for women. In the present day, no one can take up any book intended for general circulation, without clearly seeing that the writer supposes most of his readers will be ladies or young men; and that in proportion to his judgment he is attending to their taste. Two or three hundred years ago books were written for professed and systematic students, — the class the Fellows of colleges were designed to be, — who used to go on studying them all their lives. Between these there was a time in which the more marked class of literary consumers were strong-headed, practical men. Education had not become so general, or so feminine, as to make the present style — what is called the "brilliant style" — at all necessary; but there was enough culture to make the demand of common diffused persons more effectual than that of special and secluded scholars. A book-buying public had arisen of sensible men, who would not endure the awful folio style in which the schoolmen wrote. From peculiar causes, too, the business of that age was perhaps more

free from the hurry and distraction which disable so many of our practical men now from reading. You accordingly see in the books of the last century what is called a masculine tone; a firm, strong, perspicuous narration of matter of fact, a plain argument, a contempt for everything which distinct definite people cannot entirely and thoroughly comprehend. There is no more solid book in the world than Gibbon's history. Only consider the chronology. It begins before the year "one" and goes down to the year 1453, and is a schedule or series of schedules of important events during that time. Scarcely any fact deeply affecting European civilization is wholly passed over, and the great majority of facts are elaborately recounted. Laws, dynasties, churches, barbarians, appear and disappear. Everything changes; the old world — the classical civilization of form and definition — passes away, a new world of free spirit and inward growth emerges; between the two lies a mixed weltering interval of trouble and confusion, when everybody hates everybody, and the historical student leads a life of skirmishes, is oppressed with broils and feuds. All through this long period Gibbon's history goes with steady, consistent pace; like a Roman legion through a troubled country — *hæret pede pes;* up hill and down hill, through marsh and thicket, through Goth or Parthian — the firm, defined array passes forward — a type of order, and an emblem of civilization. Whatever may be the defects of Gibbon's history, none can deny him a proud precision and a style in marching order.

Another characteristic of the eighteenth century is its taste for dignified pageantry. What an existence was that of Versailles! How gravely admirable to see the *grand monarque* shaved, and dressed, and powdered; to look on and watch a great man carefully amusing himself with dreary trifles. Or do we not even now possess an invention of that age — the great eighteenth-century footman, still in the costume of his era, with dignity and powder, vast calves and noble mien? What a world it must have been when all men looked like that! Go and gaze with rapture at the footboard of a carriage, and say, Who would not obey a premier with such an air? Grave, tranquil, decorous pageantry is a part, as it were, of the essence of the last age. There is nothing more characteristic of Gibbon. A kind of pomp pervades him. He is never out of livery. He ever selects for narration those themes which look most like a levee: grave chamberlains seem to stand throughout; life is a vast ceremony, the historian at once the dignitary and the scribe.

The very language of Gibbon shows these qualities. Its majestic march has been the admiration, its rather pompous cadence the sport, of all perusers. It has the greatest merit of an historical style: it is always going on; you feel no doubt of its continuing in motion. Many narrators of the reflective class, Sir Archibald Alison for example, fail in this: your constant feeling is, "Ah! he has pulled up; he is going to be profound; he never will go on again." Gibbon's reflections connect the events; they are not sermons between them. But, notwithstanding, the manner of the "Decline and Fall" is the last which should be recommended for strict imitation. It is not a style in which you can tell the truth. A monotonous writer is suited only to monotonous matter. Truth is of various kinds — grave, solemn, dignified, petty, low, ordinary; and an historian who has to tell the truth must be able to tell what is vulgar as well as what is great, what is little as well as what is amazing. Gibbon is at fault here. He *cannot* mention Asia *Minor*. The petty order of sublunary matters; the common gross existence of ordinary people; the necessary littlenesses of necessary life, are little suited to his sublime narrative. Men on the "Times" feel this acutely; it is most difficult at first to say many things in the huge imperial manner. And after all you cannot tell everything. "How, sir," asked a reviewer of Sydney Smith's life, "do you say a 'good fellow' in print?" "Mr. ——," replied the editor, "you should not say it at all." Gibbon was aware of this rule; he omits what does not suit him; and the consequence is, that though he has selected the most various of historical topics, he scarcely gives you an idea of variety. The ages change, but the varnish of the narration is the same.

It is not unconnected with this fault that Gibbon gives us but an indifferent description of individual character. People seem a good deal alike. The cautious scepticism of his cold intellect, which disinclined him to every extreme, depreciates great virtues and extenuates vices; and we are left with a tame neutral character, capable of nothing extraordinary, — hateful, as the saying is, "both to God and to the enemies of God."

A great point in favor of Gibbon is the existence of his history. Some great historians seem likely to fail here. A good judge was asked which he preferred, Macaulay's "History of England" or Lord Mahon's. "Why," he replied, "you observe Lord Mahon has written his history; and by what I see Macaulay's will be written not only for, but *among* posterity." Practi-

cal people have little idea of the practical ability required to write a large book, and especially a large history. Long before you get to the pen, there is an immensity of pure business; heaps of material are strewn everywhere; but they lie in disorder, unread, uncatalogued, unknown. It seems a dreary waste of life to be analysing, indexing, extracting words and passages, in which one per cent. of the contents are interesting, and not half of that percentage will after all appear in the flowing narrative. As an accountant takes up a bankrupt's books filled with confused statements of ephemeral events, the disorderly record of unprofitable speculations, and charges this to that head and that to this, — estimates earnings, specifies expenses, demonstrates failures; so the great narrator, going over the scattered annalists of extinct ages, groups and divides, notes and combines, until from a crude mass of darkened fragments there emerges a clear narrative, a concise account of the result and upshot of the whole. In this art Gibbon was a master. The laborious research of German scholarship, the keen eye of theological zeal, a steady criticism of eighty years, have found few faults of detail. The account has been worked right, the proper authorities consulted, an accurate judgment formed, the most telling incidents selected. Perhaps experience shows that there is something English in this talent. The Germans are more elaborate in single monographs; but they seem to want the business ability to work out a complicated narrative, to combine a long whole. The French are neat enough, and their style is very quick; but then it is difficult to believe their facts; the account on its face seems too plain, and no true Parisian ever was an antiquary. The great classical histories published in this country in our own time show that the talent is by no means extinct; and they likewise show, what is also evident, that this kind of composition is easier with respect to ancient than with respect to modern times. The barbarians burned the books; and though all the historians abuse them for it, it is quite evident that in their hearts they are greatly rejoiced. If the books had existed, they would have had to read them. Macaulay has to peruse every book printed with long ſs; and it is no use after all; somebody will find some stupid MS., an old account-book of an "ingenious gentleman," and with five entries therein destroy a whole hypothesis. But Gibbon was exempt from this; he could count the books the efficient Goths bequeathed; and when he had mastered them he might pause.

Still, it was no light matter, as any one who looks at the books — awful folios in the grave Bodleian — will most certainly credit and believe. And he did it all himself; he never showed his book to any friend, or asked any one to help him in the accumulating work, not even in the correction of the press. "Not a sheet," he says, "has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and printer; the faults and the merits are exclusively my own." And he wrote most of it with one pen, which certainly must have grown erudite towards the end.

The nature of his authorities clearly shows what the nature of Gibbon's work is. History may be roughly divided into universal and particular; the first being the narrative of events affecting the whole human race, at least the main historical nations, the narrative of whose fortunes is the story of civilization; and the latter being the relation of events relating to one or a few particular nations only. Universal history, it is evident, comprises great areas of space and long periods of time; you cannot have a series of events visibly operating on all great nations without time for their gradual operation, and without tracking them in succession through the various regions of their power. There is no instantaneous transmission in historical causation; a long interval is required for universal effects. It follows, that universal history necessarily partakes of the character of a summary. You cannot recount the cumbrous annals of long epochs without condensation, selection, and omission; the narrative, when shortened within the needful limits, becomes concise and general. What it gains in time, according to the mechanical phrase, it loses in power. The particular history, confined within narrow limits, can show us the whole contents of these limits, explain its features of human interest, recount in graphic detail all its interesting transactions, touch the human heart with the power of passion, instruct the mind with patient instances of accurate wisdom. The universal is confined to a dry enumeration of superficial transactions; no action can have all its details; the canvas is so crowded that no figure has room to display itself effectively. From the nature of the subject, Gibbon's history is of the latter class; the sweep of the narrative is so wide; the decline and fall of the Roman Empire being in some sense the most universal event which has ever happened, — being, that is, the historical incident which most effected all civilized men, and the very existence and form of civilization itself, — it is evident

that we must look rather for a comprehensive generality than a telling minuteness of delineation. The history of a thousand years does not admit the pictorial detail which a Scott or a Macaulay can accumulate on the history of a hundred. Gibbon has done his best to avoid the dryness natural to such an attempt. He inserts as much detail as his limits will permit; selects for more full description striking people and striking transactions; brings together at a single view all that relates to single topics; above all, by a regular advance of narration, never ceases to imply the regular progress of events and the steady course of time. None can deny the magnitude of such an effort. After all, however, these are merits of what is technically termed composition, and are analogous to those excellences in painting or sculpture that are more respected by artists than appreciated by the public at large. The fame of Gibbon is highest among writers; those especially who have studied for years particular periods included in his theme (and how many those are; for in the East and West he has set his mark on all that is great for ten centuries!) acutely feel and admiringly observe how difficult it would be to say so much, and leave so little untouched; to compress so many telling points; to present in so few words so apt and embracing a narrative of the whole. But the mere unsophisticated reader scarcely appreciates this; he is rather awed than delighted; or rather, perhaps, he appreciates it for a little while, then is tired by the roll and glare; then, on any chance — the creaking of an organ, or the stirring of a mouse — in time of temptation he falls away. It has been said, the way to answer all objections to Milton is to take down the book and read him; the way to reverence Gibbon is not to read him at all, but look at him, from outside, in the bookcase, and think how much there is within; what a course of events, what a muster-roll of names, what a steady, solemn sound! You will not like to take the book down; but you will think how much you could be delighted if you would.

Panics in Lombard Street.

(From "Lombard Street.")

In most great periods of expanding industry, the three great causes — much loanable capital, good credit, and the increased profits derived from better-used labor and better-used capital — have acted simultaneously; and though either may act by itself,

there is a permanent reason why mostly they will act together. They both tend to grow together, if you begin from a period of depression. In such periods credit is bad, and industry unemployed; very generally provisions are high in price, and their dearness was one of the causes which made the times bad. Whether there was or was not too much loanable capital when that period begins, there soon comes to be too much. Quiet people continue to save part of their incomes in bad times as well as in good; indeed, of the two, people of slightly-varying and fixed incomes have better means of saving in bad times because prices are lower. Quiescent trade affords no new securities in which the new saving can be invested, and therefore there comes soon to be an excess of loanable capital. In a year or two after a crisis credit usually improves, as the remembrance of the disasters which at the crisis impaired credit is becoming fainter and fainter. Provisions get back to their usual price, or some great industry makes, from some temporary cause, a quick step forward. At these moments, therefore, the three agencies which, as has been explained, greatly develop trade, combine to develop it simultaneously.

The certain result is a bound of national prosperity; the country leaps forward as if by magic. But only part of that prosperity has a solid reason. As far as prosperity is based on a greater quantity of production, and that of the right articles — as far as it is based on the increased rapidity with which commodities of every kind reach those who want them — its basis is good. Human industry is more efficient, and therefore there is more to be divided among mankind. But in so far as that prosperity is based on a general rise of prices, it is only imaginary. A general rise of prices is a rise only in name; whatever anyone gains on the article which he has to sell he loses on the articles which he has to buy, and so he is just where he was. The only real effects of a general rise of prices are these: first it straitens people of fixed incomes, who suffer as purchasers, but who have no gain to correspond; and secondly, it gives an extra profit to fixed capital created before the rise happened. Here the sellers gain, but without any equivalent loss as buyers. Thirdly, this gain on fixed capital is greatest in what may be called the industrial 'implements,' such as coal and iron. These are wanted in all industries, and in any general increase of prices, they are sure to rise much more than other things. Everybody wants them; the supply of them cannot be

rapidly augmented, and therefore their price rises very quickly. But to the country as a whole, the general rise of prices is no benefit at all; it is simply a change of nomenclature for an identical relative value in the same commodities. Nevertheless, most people are happier for it; they think they are getting richer, though they are not. And as the rise does not happen on all articles at the same moment, but is propagated gradually through society, those to whom it first comes gain really; and as at first everyone believes that he will gain when his own article is rising, a buoyant cheerfulness overflows the mercantile world.

This prosperity is precarious as far as it is real, and transitory in so far as it is fictitious. The augmented production, which is the reason of the real prosperity, depends on the full working of the whole industrial organization — of all capitalists and laborers; that prosperity was caused by that full working, and will cease with it. But that full working is liable to be destroyed by the occurrence of any great misfortune to any considerable industry. This would cause misfortune to the industries dependent on that one, and, as has been explained, all through society and *back again*. But every such industry is liable to grave fluctuations, and the most important — the provision-industries — to the gravest and the suddenest. They are dependent on the casualties of the seasons. A single bad harvest diffused over the world, a succession of two or three bad harvests, even in England only, will raise the price of corn exceedingly, and will keep it high. And a great and protracted rise in the price of corn will at once destroy all the real part of the unusual prosperity of previous good times. It will change the full working of the industrial machine into an imperfect working; it will make the produce of that machine less than usual instead of more than usual; instead of there being more than the average of general dividend to be distributed between the producers, there will immediately be less than the average.

And in so far as the apparent prosperity is caused by an unusual plentifulness of loanable capital and a consequent rise in prices, that prosperity is not only liable to reaction, but *certain* to be exposed to reaction. The same causes which generate this prosperity will, after they have been acting a little longer, generate an equivalent adversity. The process is this: the plentifulness of loanable capital causes a rise of prices; that rise of prices makes it necessary to have more loanable capital to carry

on the same trade. £100,000 will not buy as much when prices are high as it will when prices are low, it will not be so effectual for carrying on business; more money is necessary in dear times than in cheap times to produce the same changes in the same commodities. Even supposing trade to have remained stationary, a greater capital would be required to carry it on after such a rise of prices as has been described than was necessary before that rise. But in this case the trade will *not* have remained stationary; it will have increased — certainly to some extent, probably to a great extent. The "loanable capital," the lending of which caused the rise of prices, was lent to enable it to augment. The loanable capital lay idle in the banks till some trade started into prosperity, and then was lent in order to develop that trade; that trade caused other secondary developments; those secondary developments enabled more loanable capital to be lent; and that lending caused a tertiary development of trade; and so on through society.

In consequence, a long-continued low rate of interest is almost always followed by a rapid rise in that rate. Till the available trade is found it lies idle, and can scarcely be lent at all; some of it is not lent. But the moment the available trade is discovered — the moment that prices have risen — the demand for loanable capital becomes keen. For the most part, men of business must carry on their regular trade; if it cannot be carried on without borrowing 10 per cent. more capital, 10 per cent. more capital they must borrow. Very often they have incurred obligations which must be met; and if that is so the rate of interest which they pay is comparatively indifferent. What is necessary to meet their acceptances they will borrow, pay for it what they may; they had better pay any price than permit those acceptances to be dishonored.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Bailey, Philip James, an English poet, born at Nottingham, April 22, 1816. His father was the editor of "The Nottingham Mercury." The son, after training at schools in Nottingham, entered the University of Glasgow in 1831; two years afterward he began the study of law, and was called to the English bar in 1840. He had in the meanwhile devoted himself to literature rather than law. His first poem, "Festus," was mainly written before he had completed his twentieth year, and was published in 1839. Few poems have ever excited such immediate attention; and there were not wanting then, and for years afterward, critics who saw in the author of "Festus" the man who was to be the great poet of the age. In later editions, "Festus" was increased to about three times its original length. Subsequent to "Festus" Mr. Bailey put forth several other poems, the principal of which are: "The Angel World" (1850); "The Mystic" (1855); "The Age: A Colloquial Satire" (1858); and "The Universal Hymn" (1867).

Life.

(From "Festus.")

Festus. Man hath a knowledge of a time to come;
His most important knowledge; the weight lies
Nearest the short end, this life; and the world
Depends on what 's to be. I would deny
The present, if the future. Oh! there is
A life to come, or all 's a dream.
Lucifer. And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why
May not, then, all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.
Festus. I would it were so. This life 's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives

Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth the living for.
LUCIFER. What but perdition will it be to most?
FESTUS. Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life 's but a means unto an end; that end,
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live, and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles; and the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close,
It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us;
Saved us from woe and want and servitude.
The rapid and the deep; the fall, the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life;
And life so varied hath more loveliness
In one day, than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that 's left be dark and dry;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth, or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?

Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?
LUCIFER. The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still,
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably minute; from orb to orb,
Rising in radiance ever like the sun
Shining upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet;
Some smiling, frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought; some sauntering slowly,
As if destruction never could overtake them;
Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift —
Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind: arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by the wind,
Rush over it like rivers over reeds
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing: glorious
But momentary: madness, might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven, as with a seal.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Night brings out stars, as sorrows show us truths.
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not:
They are too late to serve us; and sad things,
Are aye too true. — We never see the stars,
Still we can see naught but them. So with Truth.
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
Far fairer than the blinding blue: the Truth
Shines in the water like a dark bright eye.
But there are other eyes men better love
Than Truth's; for when we have her she's so cold
And proud we know not what to do with her.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Baillie, Joanna, a Scottish poet; born in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762; died at Hampstead, England, February 23, 1851. At an early age she removed to London and settled at Hampstead, where, with her sister Agnes, she passed the remainder of her life. The first volume of her "Plays on the Passions" was published in 1798; one of them, "The Family Legend," was successfully presented at Edinburgh under the patronage of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Baillie published many short poems and songs of great beauty. She enjoyed the close friendship of Scott, Jeffrey (who at first had severely criticised her work), Lucy Aikin, Mrs. Siddons, and other eminent persons. For her benevolent deeds at Hampstead, the poor gave her the name of "Lady Bountiful."

Woo'd and Married and A'.

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
  Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
  Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
  New pearlins and plenishing too:
The bride that has a' to borrow
  Has e'en right mickle ado.
    Woo'd and married and a'!
    Woo'd and married and a'!
  Isna she very weel aff
    To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak': —
  "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
  On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
  And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
  Will last like the gear that is won.

Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot!" quo' her gray-headed faither,
"She 's less o' a bride than a bairn;
She 's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humor inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady,
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw!
I 'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I ween: —
"I 'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
I 'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
Wi' purfles and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye 're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd and she blush'd and she smil'd,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'!

It was on a Morn.

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
The kirn it crooned, the cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
When ane at the door chappt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and cam crousely ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white,
His mittens and hose were cozie and bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly he straikit,
And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.

"Ha, laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Fye, let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:
An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeig as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his mouth,
And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun 's i' the south
Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'" — "What 's that to me?"
"She 's sober and eydent, has sense in her noodle:
She 's douce and respeckit" — "I care na' a bodle:
Love winna be guided, and fancy 's free."

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE

From Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
"A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang in their pride to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

To Mrs. Siddons.

Gifted of heaven! who hast, in days gone by,
Moved every heart, delighted every eye;
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were joined, beholding thee,
As in the Drama's ever-changing scene
Thou heldst thy splendid state, our tragic queen!
No barriers there thy fair domains confined,
Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind;
And in the triumph of that witching hour,
Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.

The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
Thy stately form, and high imperial grace;
Thine arms impetuous tossed, thy robe's wide flow,
And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow;
What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne;
Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection;
The active turmoil a wrought bosom rending,
When pity, love, and honor, are contending;—
They who beheld all this, right well, I ween,
A lovely, grand, and wondrous sight have seen.

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
Loud rage, and fear's snatched whisper, quick and low;
The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
The change of voice, and emphasis that threw
Light on obscurity, and brought to view

Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,
Or mingled humors, terse and new, elude
Common perception, as earth's smallest things
To size and form the vesting hoar-frost brings,
That seemed as if some secret voice, to clear
The ravelled meaning, whispered in thine ear,
And thou hadst e'en with him communion kept,
Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept;
Whose lines, where nature's brightest traces shine,
Alone were worthy deemed of powers like thine; —
They who have heard all this, have proved full well
Of soul-exciting sound the mightiest spell.
But though time's lengthened shadows o'er thee glide,
And pomp of regal state is cast aside,
Think not the glory of thy course is spent,
There 's moonlight radiance to thy evening lent,
That to the mental world can never fade,
Till all who saw thee, in the grave are laid.
Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
And what thou wast, to the lulled sleeper seems;
While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
Within her curtained couch thy wondrous face.
Yea; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
With all thy potent charm, thou actest still.
And now in crowded room or rich saloon,
Thy stately presence recognized, how soon
On thee the glance of many an eye is cast,
In grateful memory of pleasures past!
Pleased to behold thee, with becoming grace,
Take, as befits thee well, an honored place;
Where blest by many a heart, long mayst thou stand,
Among the virtuous matrons of our land!

A Scotch Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock 's in the sky,
And collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! sad and slow
And lengthened on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting bush
It wears so slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna' hear.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh no! sad and slow,
These are na' sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sa' drearily!

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The mark it winna' pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh, now I see her on the way,
She 's past the witch's knowe,
She 's climbing up the Browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe!
Oh no! 't is no' so,
'T is glam'rie I have seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move na' mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I 'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill,
When collie barks I 'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Balfour, Arthur James, an English conservative politician and writer, was born July 25, 1848, and was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. He was private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, when the latter was Secretary of Foreign Affairs (1878–80). Up to 1878 he was known only as a brilliant young scholar, but in that year he was employed on the special mission of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to Berlin. From 1887 to 1891 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. After the death of W. H. Smith he became the leader of the House of Commons, and again leader of the House in 1895. Besides many magazine articles and several encyclopædia articles on music, he is known as the author of "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" (1879), "Essays and Addresses" (1893), and the volume on "Golf" in the Badminton series. "The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology," was published in 1895.

Naturalism and Ethics.

I.

The two subjects on which the professors of every creed, theological and anti-theological, seem least anxious to differ, are the general substance of the Moral Law, and the character of the sentiments with which it should be regarded. That it is worthy of all reverence; that in its main principles it is immutable and eternal; that it demands our ungrudging submission; and that we owe it not merely obedience, but love — these are commonplaces which the preachers of all schools vie with each other in proclaiming. And they are certainly right. Morality is more than a bare code of laws, than a *catalogue raisonné* of things to be done and left undone. Were it otherwise we must change something more important than the mere customary language of exhortation. The old ideals of the world would have to be uprooted, and no new ones could spring up and flourish in their stead; the very soil on which they grew would be sterilized, and the phrases in which all that has hitherto been regarded as best and noblest in human life has been

expressed, nay the words "best" and "noblest" themselves would become as foolish and unmeaning as the incantation of a forgotten superstition.

This unanimity, familiar though it be, is surely very remarkable. And it is the more remarkable because the unanimity prevails only as to conclusions, and is accompanied by the widest divergence of opinion with regard to the premises on which these conclusions are supposed to be founded. Nothing but habit could blind us to the strangeness of the fact that the man who believes that morality is based on *a priori* principles and the man who believes it to be based on the commands of God, the mystic not less than the evolutionist, should be pretty well at one both as to what morality teaches, and as to the sentiments with which its teaching should be regarded.

It is not my business in this place to examine the Philosophy of Morals, or to find an answer to the charge which this suspicious harmony of opinion among various schools of moralists appears to suggest, namely, that in their speculations they have taken current morality for granted, and have squared their proofs to their conclusions and not their conclusions to their proofs. I desire now rather to direct the reader's attention to certain questions relating to the origin of ethical systems, not to their justification; to the natural history of morals, not to its philosophy; to the place which the Moral Law occupies in the general chain of causes and effects, not to the nature of its claim on the unquestioning obedience of mankind. I am aware, of course, that many persons have been and are of opinion that these two sets of questions are not merely related but identical; that the validity of a command depends only on the source from which it springs; and that in the investigation into the character and authority of this source consists the principal business of the moral philosopher. I am not concerned here to controvert this theory, though as thus stated I do not agree with it. It will be sufficient if I lay down two propositions of a much less dubious character: (1) that, practically, human beings being what they are, no moral code can be effective which does not inspire, in those who are asked to obey it, emotions of reverence, and (2) that practically the capacity of any code to excite this or any other elevated emotion cannot be wholly independent of the origin from which those who accept that code suppose it to emanate.

Now what, according to the naturalistic creed, is the origin of the generally accepted, or indeed of any other possible moral law? What position does it occupy in the great web of interdependent phenomena by which the knowable "Whole" is on this hypothesis constituted? The answer is plain: as life is but a petty episode in the history of the Universe; as feeling is an attribute of only a fraction of things that live; so moral sentiments and the apprehension of moral rules are found in but an insignificant minority of things that feel. They are not, so to speak, among the necessities of nature; no great spaces are marked out for their accommodation; were they to vanish to-morrow, the great machine would move on with no noticeable variation; the sum of realities would not suffer sensible diminution; the organic world itself would scarcely mark the change. A few highly developed mammals, and chiefest among these *man*, would lose instincts and beliefs which have proved of considerable value in the struggle for existence, if not between individuals, at least between tribes and species. But put it at the highest, we can say no more than that there would be a great diminution of human happiness, that civilization would become difficult or impossible, and that the "higher" races might even succumb and disappear.

These are considerations which to the "higher" races themselves may seem not unimportant, however trifling to the universe at large. But let it be noted that every one of these propositions can be asserted with equal or greater assurance of all the bodily appetites, and of many of the vulgarest forms of desire and ambition. On most of the processes, indeed, by which consciousness and life are maintained in the individual and perpetuated in the race, we are never consulted; of their intimate character we are for the most part totally ignorant, and no one is in any case asked to consider them with any other emotion than that of enlightened curiosity. But in the few and simple instances in which our co-operation is required, it is obtained through the stimulus supplied by appetite and disgust, pleasure and pain, instinct, reason, and morality; and it is hard to see, on the naturalistic hypothesis, whence any one of these various natural agents is to derive a dignity or a consideration not shared by all the others, why morality should be put above appetite, or reason above pleasure.

It may perhaps be replied that the sentiments with which we choose to regard any set of actions or motives do not re-

quire special justification, that there is no disputing about this any more than about other questions of "taste," and that, as a matter of fact, the persons who take a strictly naturalistic view of Man and of the Universe are often the loudest and not the least sincere in the homage they pay to the "Majesty of the Moral Law." This is, no doubt, perfectly true; but it does not meet the real difficulty. I am not contending that sentiments of the kind referred to may not be, and are not, frequently entertained by persons of all shades of philosophical or theological opinion. My point is that in the case of those holding the naturalistic creed the sentiments and the creed are antagonistic; and that the more clearly the creed is grasped, the more thoroughly the intellect is saturated with its essential teaching, the more certain are the sentiments thus violently and unnaturally associated with it to languish or to die.

For not only does there seem to be no ground, from the point of view of Biology, for drawing a distinction in favor of any of the processes, physiological or psychological, by which the individual or the race is benefited; not only are we bound to consider the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness, and the most devoted heroism, as all sprung from analogous causes and all evolved for similar objects, but we can hardly doubt that the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better than a device of Nature to trick us into a performance of altruistic actions. The working ant expends its life in laboring, with more than maternal devotion, for a progeny not its own, and, if the race of ants be worth preserving, doubtless it does well. Instinct, the inherited impulse to follow a certain course with no developed consciousness of its final goal, is here the instrument selected by Nature to attain her ends. But man being a reasoning animal, more flexible if less certain methods have in his case to be employed. Does conscience, in bidding us to do or to refrain, speak with an authority from which there seems no appeal? Does our blood tingle at the narrative of some great deed? Do courage and self-surrender extort our passionate sympathy and invite, however vainly, our halting imitation? Does that which is noble attract even the least noble, and that which is base repel even the basest? Nay, have the words "noble" and "base" a meaning for us at all? If so, it is from no essential and immutable quality in the deeds themselves. It is because, in the struggle for existence, the altru-

istic virtues are an advantage to the family, the tribe, or the nation, but *not* always an advantage to the individual; it is because man comes into the world richly endowed with the inheritance of self-regarding instincts and appetites required by his animal progenitors, but poor indeed in any inbred inclination to the unselfishness necessary to the well-being of the society in which he lives; it is because in no other way can the original impulses be displaced by those of late growth to the degree required by public utility, that Nature, indifferent to our happiness, indifferent to our morals, but sedulous of our survival, commends disinterested virtue to our practice by decking it out in all the splendor which the specifically ethical sentiments alone are capable of supplying. Could we imagine the chronological order of the evolutionary process reversed: if courage and abnegation had been the qualities first needed, earliest developed, and therefore most deeply rooted in the ancestral organism, while selfishness, cowardice, greediness, and lust represented impulses required only at a later stage of physical and intellectual development, doubtless we should find the "elevated" emotions which now crystallize round the first set of attributes transferred without alteration or amendment to the second; the preacher would expend his eloquence in warning us against excessive indulgence in deeds of self-immolation, to which, like the "worker" ant, we should be driven by inherited instinct, and in exhorting us to the performance of actions and the cultivation of habits from which we now unfortunately find it only too difficult to abstain.

Kant, as we all know, compared the Moral Law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. It would, on the naturalistic hypothesis, be more to the purpose to compare it to the protective blotches on the beetle's back, and to find them both ingenious. But how on this view is the "beauty of holiness" to retain its lustre in the minds of those who know so much of its pedigree? In despite of theories, mankind — even instructed mankind — may indeed long preserve uninjured sentiments which they have learned in their most impressionable years from those they love best; but if while they are being taught the supremacy of conscience and the austere majesty of duty, they are also to be taught that these sentiments and beliefs are merely samples of the complicated contrivances, many of them mean and many of them disgusting, wrought into the physical or into the social organism by the shaping

forces of selection and elimination, assuredly much of the efficacy of these moral lessons will be destroyed, and the contradiction between ethical sentiment and naturalistic theory will remain intrusive and perplexing, a constant stumbling block to those who endeavor to combine in one harmonious creed the bare explanations of Biology and the lofty claims of Ethics.

II.

Unfortunately for my reader, it is not possible wholly to omit from this section some references to the questionings which cluster round the time-worn debate on Determinism and Free Will; but my remarks will be brief, and as little tedious as may be.

I have nothing here to do with the truth or untruth of either of the contending theories. It is sufficient to remind the reader that on the naturalistic view, at least, free will is an absurdity, and that those who hold that view are bound to believe that every decision at which mankind have arrived, and every consequent action which they have performed, was implicitly determined by the quantity and distribution of the various forms of matter and energy which preceded the birth of the solar system. In fact, no doubt remains that every individual, while balancing between two courses, is under the inevitable impression that he is at liberty to pursue either, and that it depends upon "himself" and himself alone, "himself" as distinguished from his character, his desires, his surroundings, and his antecedents, which of the offered alternatives he will elect to pursue. I do not know that any explanation has been proposed of this singular illusion. I venture with some diffidence to suggest as a theory provisionally adequate perhaps for scientific purposes, that the phenomenon is due to the same cause as so many other beneficent oddities in the organic world, namely, to natural selection. To an animal with no self-consciousness a sense of freedom would evidently be unnecessary, if not, indeed, absolutely unmeaning. But as soon as self-consciousness is developed, as soon as man begins to reflect, however crudely and imperfectly, upon himself and the world in which he lives, deliberation, volition, and the sense of responsibility become wheels in the ordinary machinery by which species-preserving actions are produced; and as these psychological states would be weakened or neutralized if they were accom-

panied by the immediate consciousness that they were as rigidly determined by their antecedents as any other effects by any other causes, benevolent Nature steps in and by a process of selective slaughter makes the consciousness in such circumstances practically impossible. The spectacle of all mankind suffering under the delusion that in their decision they are free, when, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, must certainly appear extremely ludicrous to any superior observer, were it possible to conceive, on the naturalistic hypothesis, that such observers should exist; and the comedy could not be otherwise than greatly relieved and heightened by the performances of the small sect of philosophers, who, knowing perfectly as an abstract truth that freedom is an absurdity, yet in moments of balance and deliberation fall into the vulgar error, as if they were savages or idealists.

The roots of a superstition so ineradicable must lie deep in the groundwork of our inherited organism, and must, if not now, at least in the first beginning of self-consciousness, have been essential to the welfare of the race which entertained it. Yet it may perhaps be thought that this requires us to attribute to the dawn of intelligence ideas which are notoriously of late development; and that as the primitive man knew nothing of "invariable sequences" or "universal causation," he could in no wise be embarrassed in the struggle for existence by recognizing that he and his proceedings were as absolutely determined by their antecedents as sticks and stones. It is of course true that in any formal or philosophical shape such ideas would be as remote from the intelligence of the savage as the differential calculus. But it can nevertheless hardly be denied that in some shape or other there must be implicitly present to his consciousness the sense of freedom, since his fetichism largely consists in attributing to inanimate objects the spontaneity which he finds in himself; and it seems equally certain that the sense, I will not say of *constraint*, but of *inevitableness*, would be as embarrassing to a savage in the act of choice, as it would to his more cultivated descendant, and would be not less productive of that moral impoverishment which, as I proceed briefly to point out, determinism is calculated to produce.

And here I am anxious to avoid any appearance of the exaggeration which as I think has sometimes characterized discussions upon this subject. I admit that there is nothing in the theory which need modify the substance of the Moral Law.

That which Duty prescribes, or the "Practical Reason" recommends, is equally prescribed and recommended whether our actual decisions are or are not irrevocably bound by a causal chain which reaches back in unbroken retrogression through a limitless past. It may also be admitted that no argument against good resolutions or virtuous endeavors can fairly be founded upon necessitarian doctrines. No doubt he who makes either good resolutions or virtuous endeavors does so because (on the determinist theory) he could not do otherwise; but none the less may these play an important part among the antecedents by which moral actions are ultimately produced. An even stronger admission may, I think, be properly made. There is a fatalistic temper of mind found in some of the greatest men of action, religious and irreligious, in which the sense that all that happens is foreordained does in no way weaken the energy of volition, but only adds a finer temper to the courage. It nevertheless remains the fact that the persistent realization of the doctrine that voluntary decisions are as completely determined by external and (if you go far enough back) by material conditions as involuntary ones, is wholly inconsistent with the sense of personal responsibility, and that with the sense of personal responsibility is bound up the moral will. Nor is this all. It may be a small matter that determinism should render it wholly absurd to feel righteous indignation at the misconduct of other people. It cannot be wholly without importance that it should render it equally absurd to feel righteous indignation at our own. Self-condemnation, repentance, remorse, and the whole train of cognate emotions are really so useful for the promotion of virtue that it is a pity to find them at a stroke thus deprived of all reasonable foundation, and reduced, if they are to survive at all, to the position of amiable but unintelligent weaknesses. It is clear, moreover, that these emotions if they are to fall will not fall alone. What is to become of moral admiration? The virtuous man will indeed continue to deserve and to receive admiration of a certain kind — the admiration, namely, which we justly accord to a well-made machine; but this is a very different sentiment from that at present evoked by the heroic or the saintly; and it is therefore much to be feared that, at least in the region of the higher feelings, the world will be much impoverished by the effective spread of sound, naturalistic doctrine.

No doubt this conflict between a creed which claims intel-

lectual assent and emotions which have their root and justification in beliefs which are deliberately rejected, is greatly mitigated by the precious faculty which the human race enjoys of quietly ignoring the logical consequences of its own accepted theories. If the abstract reason by which such theories are contrived always ended in producing a practice corresponding to them, natural selection would long ago have killed off all those who possessed abstract reason. If a complete accord between practice and speculation were required of us, philosophers would long ago have been eliminated. Nevertheless the persistent contradiction between that which is thought to be true, and that which is felt to be noble and of good report, not only produces a sense of moral unrest in the individual, but makes it impossible for us to avoid the conclusion that the creed which leads to such results is somehow unsuited for "such beings as we are in such a world as ours."

III.

There is thus a conflict between the sentiments associated with and subservient to morality, and the naturalistic account of their origin. It remains to ask what relation to Ethics, or, more strictly, to ethical imagination, has the teaching of Naturalism on the final results of human endeavor.

This is plainly not a question of small or subsidiary importance. That the ends prescribed by morality should be mutually consistent, and that they should be adequate, are demands which to me seem at least legitimate, and which, whether legitimate or not, will certainly be made. On the naturalistic theory can we say that they are either one or the other?

The question about consistency will be answered variously according to the particular ethical theory held by the answerer. Personally I answer it in the negative, because I agree with those who think that "reasonable self-love" has a legitimate, though doubtless subordinate, position among ethical ends, that as a matter of fact it is a virtue wholly incompatible with what is commonly called selfishness, and that society suffers not from having too much of it but from having too little. If this be so, it is manifest, as has often been pointed out, that, until the world undergoes a very remarkable transformation, a complete harmony between "egoism" and "altruism," between the pursuit of the highest happiness for one's self and the highest hap-

piness for other people, can never be provided by a creed which refuses to admit that the deeds done and the character formed in this life can flow over into another, and there permit a reconciliation and an adjustment between the conflicting principles which are not always possible here. To those again who hold (as I think, erroneously) both that the "greatest happiness for the greatest number" is the right end of action, and also that as a matter of fact every agent invariably pursues his own, a Heaven and a Hell, which should make it certain that principle and interest were always in agreement, would seem almost a necessity. Not otherwise, neither by education, public opinion, nor positive law, can there be any assured harmony produced between that which man must do by the constitution of his will, and that which he ought to do according to the promptings of his conscience. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that those moralists who are of opinion that "altruistic" ends alone are worthy of being described as moral, and that man is not incapable of pursuing them without any self-regarding motives, require no future life to eke out their practical system. But even they would probably not be unwilling to admit with the rest of the world that there is something jarring to the moral sense in a comparison between the distribution of happiness and the distribution of virtue, and that no better mitigation of the difficulty has yet been suggested than that which is provided by a system of future "rewards and punishments."

With this bare indication of some of the points which naturally suggest themselves in connection with this part of the subject, I pass on to the more interesting problem raised by the second question, that which is concerned with the *emotional* adequacy of the ends prescribed by naturalistic ethics. And to consider this to the best advantage I will assume that we are dealing with an ethical system which puts these ends at their highest — charged as it were to the full with all that on the naturalistic theory they are capable of containing. I take as my text, therefore, no narrow or egoistic scheme, but will assume that in the perfection and felicity of the sentient creation, embracing within its ample margin every minor issue, we may find in all its completeness the all-inclusive object prescribed by morality for human endeavor. Does this, then, or does it not, supply us with all that is needed to satisfy our ethical imagination? Does it, or

does it not, provide us with an ideal end not merely vast enough to exhaust our energies but enough to satisfy our aspirations?

At first sight the question may seem absurd. The object is admittedly worthy; it is admittedly beyond our reach. The unwearied efforts of countless generations, the slow accumulation of inherited experience, may, to those who find themselves able to read optimism into evolution, promise some faint approximation to the millennium at some far distant epoch. How, then, can we, whose own contribution to the great result must be at the best insignificant, at the worst nothing or worse than nothing, presume to think that the prescribed object is less than adequate to our highest emotional requirements? The reason is plain: our ideals are framed not according to the measure of our performances, but according to the measure of our thoughts; and our thoughts about the world in which we live tend, under the influence of increasing knowledge, constantly to dwarf our estimate of the importance of man, if man be indeed no more than a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects.

For what is man looked at from this point of view? Time was when his tribe and its fortunes were enough to exhaust the energies and to bound the imagination of the primitive sage. The gods' peculiar care, the central object of an attendant universe, that for which the sun shone and the dew fell, to which the stars in their courses ministered, it drew its origin in the past from divine ancestors, and might by divine favor be destined to an indefinite existence of success and triumph in the future.

These ideas represent no early or rudimentary stage in the human thought, yet have we left them far behind. The family, the tribe, the nation, are no longer enough to absorb our interests. Man — past, present, and future — lays claim to our devotion. What, then, can we say of him? Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually

evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the Universe will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that *is* be better or be worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect.

It is no reply to say that the substance of the moral law need suffer no change through any modification of our views of man's place in the Universe. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. We desire, and desire most passionately when we are most ourselves, to give our service to that which is universal, and to that which is abiding. Of what moment is it, then (from this point of view), to be assured of the fixity of the Moral Law, when it and the sentient world, where alone it has any significance, are alike destined to vanish utterly away within periods trifling beside those with which the Geologist and the Astronomer lightly deal in the course of their habitual speculations? No doubt to us ordinary men in our ordinary moments considerations like these may seem far off and of little meaning. In the hurry and bustle of everyday life death itself — the death of the individual — seems shadowy and unreal: how much more shadowy, how much less real, that remoter but not less certain death which must some day overtake the race! Yet, after all, it is in moments of reflection that the worth of creeds may best be tested; it is through moments of reflection that they come into living and effectual contact with our active life. It cannot, therefore, be a matter to us of small moment that, as we learn to survey the material world

with a wider vision, as we more clearly measure the true proportions which man and his performances bear to the ordered Whole, our practical ideal gets relatively dwarfed and beggared, till we may well feel inclined to ask whether so transitory and so unimportant an accident in the general scheme of things as the fortunes of the human race can any longer satisfy aspirations and emotions nourished upon beliefs in the Everlasting and the Divine.

Formulas of Belief.

(From "Foundations of Belief.")

Assuming that Knowledge exists, we can hardly do otherwise than make the further assumption that it has grown and must yet further grow. In what manner, then, has that growth been accomplished? What are the external signs of its successive stages, the marks of its gradual evolution? One, at least, must strike all who have surveyed, even with a careless eye, the course of human speculation — I mean the recurring process by which the explanations or explanatory formulas in terms of which mankind endeavor to comprehend the universe are formed, are shattered, and then in some new shape are formed again. It is not, as we sometimes represent it, by the steady addition of tier to tier that the fabric of knowledge uprises from its foundation. It is not by the mere accumulation of material, nor even by a plant-like development, that our beliefs grow less inadequate to the truths which they strive to represent. Rather are we like one who is perpetually engaged in altering some ancient dwelling in order to satisfy new-born needs. The ground-plan of it is being perpetually modified. We build here; we pull down there. One part is kept in repair, another part is suffered to decay. And even those portions of the structure which may in themselves appear quite unchanged stand in such new relations to the rest, and are put to such different uses, that they would scarce be recognized by their original designer.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Balzac, Honoré de, the greatest of French novelists, born at Tours May 16, 1799; died at Paris August 18, 1850. His father, who held a civil office, lost his position, and was obliged to withdraw his son from school, and placed him as clerk in the office of a notary. He began writing stories, of which he put forth some thirty, under various pseudonyms, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year. None of these met with popular favor, and he lived in great poverty. In 1826 he entered into partnership with a printer, named Barbier, and they published several books. This business enterprise proved unsuccessful, and Balzac resumed literary labor. His first successful novel was "Les Derniers Chouans" (1829). The collected edition of his works issued after his death comprises forty-five volumes. Among the most noted of his works are: "Scènes de la Vie Privée," "Scènes de la Vie de Provence," "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne," "Physiologie du Mariage," "Le Médecin de Campagne," "Le Père Goriot," "La Peau de Chagrin," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," "Histoire Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert," and "Eugène Grandet." In his "Contes Drolatiques" he successfully imitates Rabelais. According to Larousse's Dictionary, Balzac's novels amount in all to ninety-seven titles; but this does not include all the miscellaneous studies and short stories contributed to periodicals.

A Passion in the Desert.[1]

"The sight was fearful!" she exclaimed, as we left the menagerie of Monsieur Martin.

She had been watching that daring speculator as he went through his wonderful performance in the den of the hyena.

"How is it possible," she continued, "to tame those animals so as to be certain that he can trust them?"

"You think it a problem," I answered, interrupting her, "and yet it is a natural fact."

"Oh!" she cried, an incredulous smile flickering on her lip.

[1] Copyright by Roberts Bros. By permission, Hardy & Pratt.

"Do you think that beasts are devoid of passions?" I asked. "Let me assure you that we teach them all the vices and virtues of our own state of civilization."

She looked at me in amazement.

"The first time I saw Monsieur Martin," I added, "I exclaimed, as you do, with surprise. I happened to be sitting beside an old soldier whose right leg was amputated, and whose appearance had attracted my notice as I entered the building. His face, stamped with the scars of battle, wore the undaunted look of a veteran of the wars of Napoleon. Moreover, the old hero had a frank and joyous manner which attracts me wherever I meet it. He was, doubtless, one of those old campaigners whom nothing can surprise, who find something to laugh at in the last contortions of a comrade, and will bury a friend or rifle his body gayly; challenging bullets with indifference; making short shrift for themselves or others; and fraternizing, as a usual thing, with the devil. After looking very attentively at the proprietor of the menagerie as he entered the den, my companion curled his lip with that expression of satirical contempt which well-informed men sometimes put on to mark the difference between themselves and dupes. As I uttered my exclamation of surprise at the coolness and courage of Monsieur Martin, the old soldier smiled, shook his head, and said with a knowing glance, 'An old story!'

"'How do you mean, an old story?' I asked. 'If you could explain the secret of this mysterious power, I should be greatly obliged to you.'

"After a while, during which we became better acquainted, we went to dine at the first restaurant we could find after leaving the menagerie. A bottle of champagne with our dessert brightened the recollections of the old man and made them singularly vivid. He related to me a circumstance in his early history which proved that he had ample cause to pronounce Monsieur Martin's performance 'an old story.'"

When we reached her house, she was so persuasive and captivating, and made me so many pretty promises, that I consented to write down for her benefit the story told me by the old hero. On the following day I sent her this episode of an historical epic, which might be entitled, "The French in Egypt."

At the time of General Desaix's expedition to Upper Eygpt a Provençal soldier, who had fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was marched by those tireless Arabs across the desert which lies beyond the cataracts of the Nile. To put sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, and thus insure their safety, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not halt until after nightfall. They then camped about a well shaded with palm-trees, near which they had previously buried a stock of provisions. Not dreaming that the thought of escape could enter their captive's mind, they merely bound his wrists, and lay down to sleep themselves, after eating a few dates and giving their horses a feed of barley. When the bold Provençal saw his enemies too soundly asleep to watch him, he used his teeth to pick up a scimitar, with which, steadying the blade by means of his knees, he contrived to cut through the cord which bound his hands, and thus recovered his liberty. He at once seized a carbine and a poniard, took the precaution to lay in a supply of dates, a small bag of barley, some powder and ball, buckled on the scimitar, mounted one of the horses, and spurred him in the direction where he supposed the French army to be. Impatient to meet the outposts, he pressed the horse, which was already wearied, so severely that the poor animal fell dead with his flanks torn, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After marching for a long time through the sand with the dogged courage of an escaping galley-slave, the soldier was forced to halt as the darkness drew on; for his utter weariness compelled him to rest, though the exquisite sky of an Eastern night might well have tempted him to continue the journey. Happily he had reached a slight elevation, at the top of which a few palm-trees shot upward, whose leafage, seen from a long distance against the sky, had helped to sustain his hopes. His fatigue was so great that he threw himself down on a block of granite, cut by Nature into the shape of a camp-bed, and slept heavily, without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep. He accepted the loss of his life as inevitable, and his last waking thought was one of regret for having left the Maugrabins, whose nomad life began to charm him now that he was far away from them and from every other hope of succor.

He was wakened by the sun, whose pitiless beams falling vertically upon the granite rock produced an intolerable heat.

The Provençal had ignorantly flung himself down in a contrary direction to the shadows thrown by the verdant and majestic fronds of the palm-trees. He gazed at these solitary monarchs and shuddered. They recalled to his mind the graceful shafts crowned with long weaving leaves which distinguish the Saracenic columns of the cathedral of Arles. The thought overcame him, and when, after counting the trees, he threw his eyes upon the scene around him, an agony of despair convulsed his soul. He saw a limitless ocean. The sombre sands of the desert stretched out till lost to sight in all directions; they glittered with dark lustre like a steel blade shining in the sun. He could not tell if it were an ocean or a chain of lakes that lay mirrored before him. A hot vapor swept in waves above the surface of this heaving continent. The sky had the Oriental glow of translucent purity which disappoints because it leaves nothing for the imagination to desire. The heavens and the earth were both on fire. Silence added its awful and desolate majesty. Infinitude, immensity pressed down upon the soul on every side; not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the breast of the sand, which was ruffled only with little ridges scarcely rising above its surface. Far as the eye could reach the horizon fell away into space, marked by a slender line, slim as the edge of a sabre, — like as in summer seas a thread of light parts this earth from the heaven it meets.

The Provençal clasped the trunk of a palm-tree as if it were the body of a friend. Sheltered from the sun by its straight and slender shadow, he wept; and presently sitting down he remained motionless, contemplating with awful dread the implacable nature stretched out before him. He cried aloud, as if to tempt the solitude to answer him. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hillock, sounded afar with a thin resonance that returned no echo; the echo came from the soldiers' heart. He was twenty-two years old, and he loaded his carbine.

"Time enough!" he muttered, as he put the liberating weapon on the sand beneath him.

Gazing by turns at the burnished blackness of the sand and the blue expanse of the sky, the soldier dreamed of France. He smelt in fancy the gutters of Paris; he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the most trifling incidents of his life. His southern imag-

ination saw the pebbles of his own Provence in the undulating play of the heated air, as it seemed to roughen the far-reaching surface of the desert. Dreading the dangers of this cruel mirage, he went down the little hill on the side opposite to that by which he had gone up the night before. His joy was great when he discovered a natural grotto, formed by the immense blocks of granite which made a foundation for the rising ground. The remnants of a mat showed that the place had once been inhabited, and close to the entrance were a few palm-trees loaded with fruit. The instinct which binds men to life woke in his heart. He now hoped to live until some Maugrabin should pass that way; possibly he might even hear the roar of cannon, for Bonaparte was at that time overrunning Egypt. Encouraged by these thoughts, the Frenchman shook down a cluster of the ripe fruit under the weight of which the palms were bending; and as he tasted this unhoped-for manna, he thanked the former inhabitant of the grotto for the cultivation of the trees, which the rich and luscious flesh of the fruit amply attested. Like a true Provençal, he passed from the gloom of despair to a joy that was half insane. He ran back to the top of the hill, and busied himself for the rest of the day in cutting down one of the sterile trees which had been his shelter the night before.

Some vague recollection made him think of the wild beasts of the desert, and foreseeing that they would come to drink at a spring which bubbled through the sand at the foot of the rock, he resolved to protect his hermitage by felling a tree across the entrance. Notwithstanding his eagerness, and the strength which the fear of being attacked while asleep gave to his muscles, he was unable to cut the palm-tree in pieces during the day; but he succeeded in bringing it down. Towards evening the king of the desert fell; and the noise of his fall, echoing far, was like a moan from the breast of Solitude. The soldier shuddered, as though he had heard a voice predicting evil. But, like an heir who does not long mourn a parent, he stripped from the beautiful tree the arching green fronds — its poetical adornment — and made a bed of them in his refuge. Then, tired with his work and by the heat of the day, he fell asleep beneath the red vault of the grotto.

In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up; the deep silence that reigned everywhere enabled him to hear the alternating rhythm of a respiration

whose savage vigor could not belong to a human being. A terrible fear, increased by the darkness, by the silence, by the rush of his waking fancies, numbed his heart. He felt the contraction of his hair, which rose on end as his eyes, dilating to their full strength, beheld through the darkness two faint amber lights. At first he thought them an optical delusion; but by degrees the clearness of the night enabled him to distinguish objects in the grotto, and he saw, within two feet of him, an enormous animal lying at rest.

Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile? The Provençal had not enough education to know in what sub-species he ought to class the intruder; but his terror was all the greater because his ignorance made it vague. He endured the cruel trial of listening, of striving to catch the peculiarities of this breathing without losing one of its inflections, and without daring to make the slightest movement. A strong odor, like that exhaled by foxes, only far more pungent and penetrating, filled the grotto. When the soldier had tasted it, so to speak, by the nose, his fear became terror; he could no longer doubt the nature of the terrible companion whose royal lair he had taken for a bivouac. Before long, the reflection of the moon, as it sank to the horizon, lighted up the den and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a panther.

The lion of Egypt lay asleep, curled up like a dog, the peaceable possessor of a kennel at the gate of a mansion; its eyes, which had opened for a moment, were now closed; its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. Should he kill it with a shot from his musket? But ere the thought was formed, he saw there was no room to take aim; the muzzle would have gone beyond the animal. Suppose he were to wake it? The fear kept him motionless. As he heard the beating of his heart through the dead silence, he cursed the strong pulsations of his vigorous blood, lest they should disturb the sleep which gave him time to think and plan for safety. Twice he put his hand on his scimitar, with the idea of striking off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him renounce the bold attempt. Suppose he missed his aim? It would, he knew, be certain death. He preferred the chances of a struggle, and resolved to await the dawn. It was not long in coming. As daylight broke, the Frenchman was able to examine the animal. Its muzzle was

stained with blood. "It has eaten a good meal," thought he, not caring whether the feast were human flesh or not; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur on the belly and on the thighs was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but it terminated with black rings. The fur of the back, yellow as dead gold and very soft and glossy, bore the characteristic spots, shaded like a full-blown rose, which distinguish the panther from all other species of *felis*. This terrible hostess lay tranquilly snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushions of an ottoman. Her bloody paws, sinewy and well-armed, were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them; and from her muzzle projected a few straight hairs called whiskers, which shimmered in the early light like silver wires. If he had seen her lying thus imprisoned in a cage, the Provençal would have admired the creature's grace, and the strong contrasts of vivid color which gave to her robe an imperial splendor; but as it was, his sight was jaundiced by sinister forebodings. The presence of the panther, though she was still asleep, had the same effect upon his mind as the magnetic eyes of a snake produce, we are told, upon the nightingale. . . .

Regarding himself as dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, for the waking of his enemy. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she stretched her paws violently, as if to unlimber them from the cramp of their position. Presently she yawned and showed the frightful armament of her teeth, and her cloven tongue, rough as a grater.

"She is like a dainty woman," thought the Frenchman, watching her as she rolled and turned on her side with an easy and coquettish movement. She licked the blood from her paws, and rubbed her head with a reiterated movement full of grace.

"Well done! dress yourself prettily, my little woman," said the Frenchman, who recovered his gayety as soon as he had recovered his courage. "We are going to bid each other good-morning;" and he felt for the short poniard which he had taken from the Maugrabins.

At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. The

rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable clearness made the Provençal shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, with a soothing glance by which he hoped to magnetize her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then, with a touch as gentle and loving as he might have used to a pretty woman, he slid his hand along her spine from the head to the flanks, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ which divide the yellow back of a panther. The creature drew up her tail voluptuously, her eyes softened, and when for the third time the Frenchman bestowed this self-interested caress, she gave vent to a purr like that with which a cat expresses pleasure; but it issued from a throat so deep and powerful that the sound echoed through the grotto like the last chords of an organ rolling along the roof of a church. The Provençal, perceiving the value of his caresses, redoubled them, until they had completely soothed and lulled the imperious courtesan.

When he felt that he had subdued the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been appeased the night before, he rose to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but as soon as he reached the top of the little hill she bounded after him with the lightness of a bird hopping from branch to branch, and rubbed against his legs, arching her back with the gesture of a domestic cat. Then looking at her guest with an eye that was growing less flexible, she uttered the savage cry which naturalists liken to the noise of a saw.

"My lady is exacting," cried the Frenchman, smiling. He began to play with her ears and stroke her belly, and at last he scratched her head firmly with his nails. Encouraged by success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, looking for the right spot where to stab her; but the hardness of the bone made him pause, dreading failure.

The sultana of the desert acknowledged the talents of her slave by lifting her head and swaying her neck to his caresses, betraying satisfaction by the tranquillity of her relaxed attitude. The Frenchman suddenly perceived that he could assassinate the fierce princess at a blow, if he struck her in the throat; and he had raised the weapon, when the panther, surfeited perhaps with his caresses, threw herself gracefully at his feet, glancing up at him with a look in which, despite her natural ferocity, a flicker of kindness could be seen. The poor Provençal, frus-

trated for the moment, ate his dates as he leaned against a palm-tree, casting from time to time an interrogating eye across the desert in the hope of discerning rescue from afar, and then lowering it upon his terrible companion, to watch the chances of her uncertain clemency. . . .

"How will it be when she is hungry?" thought the Provençal. In spite of the shudder which this reflection cost him, his attention was attracted by the symmetrical proportions of the animal, and he began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height to the shoulder, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, which was round as a club, measured three feet. The head, as large that of a lioness, was remarkable for an expression of crafty intelligence; the cold cruelty of a tiger was its ruling trait, and yet it bore a vague resemblance to the face of an artful woman. As the soldier watched her, the countenance of this solitary queen shone with savage gayety like that of Nero in his cups: she had slaked her thirst for blood, and now wished for play. The Frenchman tried to come and go, and accustom her to his movements. The panther left him free, as if contented to follow him with her eyes, seeming, however, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affection, than a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of them. A few steps brought him to the spring, where he saw the carcass of his horse, which the panther had evidently carried there. Only two-thirds was eaten. The sight reassured the Frenchman; for it explained the absence of his terrible companion and the forbearance which she had shown to him while asleep.

This first good luck encouraged the reckless soldier as he thought of the future. The wild idea of making a home with the panther until some chance of escape occurred entered his mind, and he resolved to try every means of taming her and of turning her good-will to account. With these thoughts he returned to her side, and noticed joyfully that she moved her tail with an almost imperceptible motion. He sat down beside her fearlessly, and they began to play with each other. He held her paws and her muzzle, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and stroked her soft, warm flanks. She allowed him to do so; and when he began to smooth the fur of her paws, she carefully drew in her murderous claws, which were sharp and curved like a Damascus blade. The Frenchman kept one hand on his dagger, again watching his opportunity to plunge it

into the belly of the too-confiding beast; but the fear that she might strangle him in her last convulsions once more stayed his hand. Moreover, he felt in his heart a foreboding of remorse which warned him not to destroy a hitherto inoffensive creature. He even fancied that he had found a friend in the limitless desert. His mind turned back, involuntarily, to his first mistress, whom he had named in derision "Mignonne," because her jealousy was so furious that throughout the whole period of their intercourse he lived in dread of the knife with which she threatened him. This recollection of his youth suggested the idea of teaching the young panther, whose soft agility and grace he now admired with less terror, to answer to the caressing name. Towards evening he had grown so familiar with his perilous position that he was half in love with its dangers, and his companion was so far tamed that she had caught the habit of turning to him when he called, in falsetto tones, "Mignonne!"

As the sun went down Mignonne uttered at intervals a prolonged, deep, melancholy cry.

"She is well brought up," thought the gay soldier. "She says her prayers." But the jest only came into his mind as he watched the peaceful attitude of his comrade.

"Come, my pretty blonde, I will let you go to bed first," he said, relying on the activity of his legs to get away as soon as she fell asleep, and trusting to find some other resting-place for the night. He waited anxiously for the right moment, and when it came he started vigorously in the direction of the Nile. But he had scarcely marched for half an hour through the sand before he heard the panther bounding after him, giving at intervals the saw-like cry which was more terrible to hear than the thud of her bounds.

"Well, well!" he cried, "she must have fallen in love with me! Perhaps she has never met any one else. It is flattering to be her first love."

So thinking, he fell into one of the treacherous quicksands which deceive the inexperienced traveller in the desert, and from which there is seldom any escape. He felt he was sinking, and he uttered a cry of despair. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and sprang vigorously backward, drawing him, like magic, from the sucking sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, kissing her with enthusiasm, "we belong to each other now, — for life, for death!

But play me no tricks," he added, as he turned back the way he came.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled for him. It held a being to whom he could talk, and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could scarcely explain to himself the reasons for this extraordinary friendship. His anxiety to keep awake and on his guard succumbed to excessive weariness both of body and mind, and throwing himself down on the floor of the grotto he slept soundly. At his waking Mignonne was gone. He mounted the little hill to scan the horizon, and perceived her in the far distance returning with the long bounds peculiar to these animals, who are prevented from running by the extreme flexibility of their spinal column.

Mignonne came home with bloody jaws, and received the tribute of caresses which her slave hastened to pay, all the while manifesting her pleasure by reiterated purring.

Her eyes, now soft and gentle, rested kindly on the Provençal, who spoke to her lovingly as he would to a domestic animal.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, — for you are an honest girl, are you not? You like to be petted, don't you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? You have been eating a Maugrabin. Well, well! they are animals like the rest of you. But you are not to craunch up a Frenchman; remember that! If you do, I will not love you."

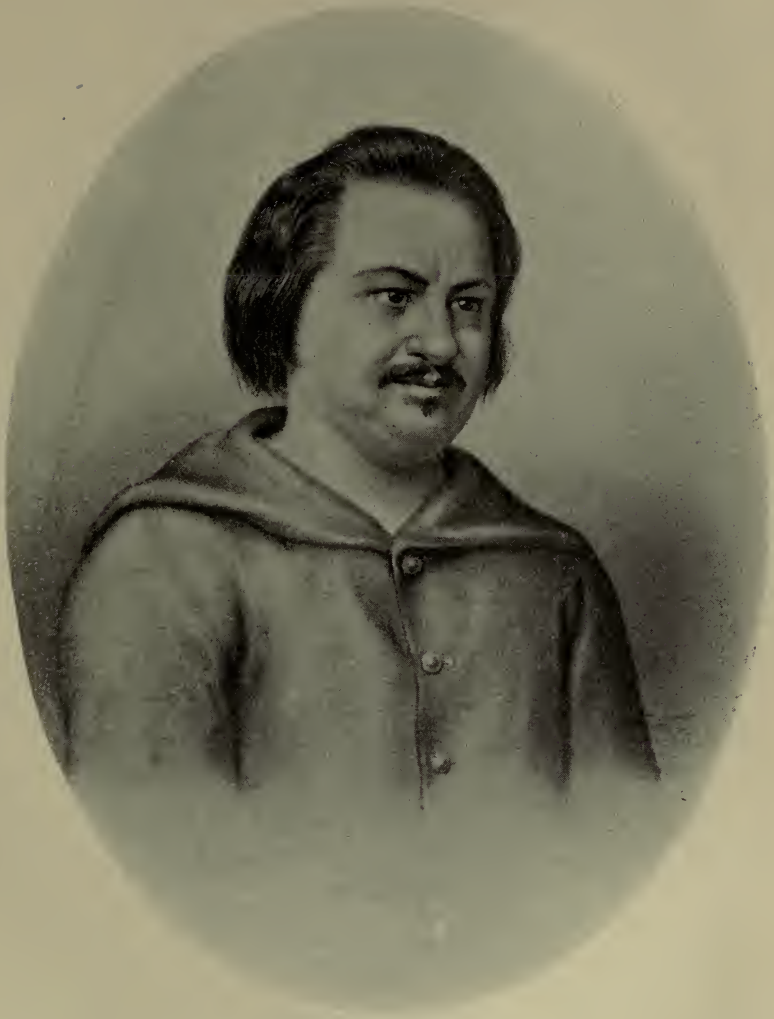
She played like a young dog with her master, and let him roll her over and pat and stroke her, and sometimes she would coax him to play by laying a paw upon his knee with a pretty soliciting gesture.

Several days passed rapidly. This strange companionship revealed to the Provençal the sublime beauties of the desert. The alternations of hope and fear, the sufficiency of food, the presence of a creature who occupied his thoughts, — all this kept his mind alert, yet free: it was a life full of strange contrasts. Solitude revealed to him her secrets, and wrapped him with her charm. In the rising and the setting of the sun he saw splendors unknown to the world of men. He quivered as he listened to the soft whirring of the wings of a bird, — rare visitant! — or watched the blending of the fleeting clouds, — those changeful and many-tinted voyagers. In the waking hours of the night he studied the play of the moon upon the sandy ocean, where the strong simoom had rippled the surface

into waves and ever-varying undulations. He lived in the Eastern day; he worshipped its marvellous glory. He rejoiced in the grandeur of the storms when they rolled across the vast plain, and tossed the sand upward till it looked like a dry red fog or a solid death-dealing vapor; and as the night came on he welcomed it with ecstasy, grateful for the blessed coolness of the light of the stars. His ears listened to the music of the skies. Solitude taught him the treasures of meditation. He spent hours in recalling trifles, and in comparing his past life with the weird present.

He grew fondly attached to his panther; for he was a man who needed an affection. Whether it were that his own will, magnetically strong, had modified the nature of his savage princess, or that the wars then raging in the desert had provided her with an ample supply of food, it is certain that she showed no sign of attacking him, and became so tame that he soon felt no fear of her. He spent much of his time in sleeping; though with his mind awake, like a spider in its web, lest he should miss some deliverance that might chance to cross the sandy sphere marked out by the horizon. He had made his shirt into a banner and tied it to the top of a palm-tree which he had stripped of its leafage. Taking counsel of necessity, he kept the flag extended by fastening the corners with twigs and wedges; for the fitful wind might have failed to wave it at the moment when the longed-for succor came in sight.

Nevertheless, there were long hours of gloom when hope forsook him; and then he played with his panther. He learned to know the different inflections of her voice and the meanings of her expressive glance; he studied the variegation of the spots which shaded the dead gold of her robe. Mignonne no longer growled when he caught the tuft of her dangerous tail and counted the black and white rings which glittered in the sunlight like a cluster of precious stones. He delighted in the soft lines of her lithe body, the whiteness of her belly, the grace of her charming head; but above all he loved to watch her as she gambolled at play. The agility and youthfulness of her movements were a constantly fresh surprise to him. He admired the suppleness of the flexible body as she bounded, crept, and glided, or clung to the trunks of palm-trees, or rolled over and over, crouching sometimes to the ground, and gathering herself together as she made ready for her vigorous spring. Yet, however vigorous the bound, however slippery the granite block



HONORÉ DE BALZAC

on which she landed, she would stop short, motionless, at the one word, "Mignonne."

One day, under a dazzling sun, a large bird hovered in the sky. The Provençal left his panther to watch the new guest. After a moment's pause the neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

"The devil take me! I believe she is jealous!" exclaimed the soldier, observing the rigid look which once more appeared in her metallic eyes. "The soul of Sophronie has got into her body."

The eagle disappeared in ether, and the Frenchman, recalled by the panther's displeasure, admired afresh her rounded flanks and the perfect grace of her attitude. She was as pretty as a woman. The blonde brightness of her robe shaded, with delicate gradations, to the dead-white tones of her furry thighs; the vivid sunshine brought out the brilliancy of this living gold and its variegated brown spots with indescribable lustre. The panther and the Provençal gazed at each other with human comprehension. She trembled with delight — the coquettish creature! — as she felt the nails of her friend scratching the strong bones of her skull. Her eyes glittered like flashes of lightning, and then she closed them tightly.

"She has a soul!" cried the soldier, watching the tranquil repose of this sovereign of the desert, golden as the sands, white as their pulsing light, solitary and burning as they.

"Well," she said, "I have read your defence of the beasts. But tell me what was the end of this friendship between two beings so formed to understand each other."

"Ah, exactly," I replied. "It ended as all great passions end, — by a misunderstanding. Both sides imagine treachery, pride prevents an explanation, and the rupture comes about through obstinacy."

"Yes," she said, "and sometimes a word, a look, an exclamation suffices. But tell me the end of the story."

"That is difficult," I answered. "But I will give it to you in the words of the old veteran, as he finished the bottle of champagne and exclaimed: 'I don't know how I could have hurt her, but she suddenly turned upon me as if in fury, and seized my thigh with her sharp teeth; and yet (as I afterwards remembered) not cruelly. I thought she meant to devour me, and I plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over with a cry that froze my soul; she looked at me in her death-

struggle, but without anger,—I would have given all the world — my cross, which I had not then gained, all, everything, — to have brought her back to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend, a human being. When the soldiers who saw my flag came to my rescue they found me weeping. Monsieur,' he resumed, after a moment's silence, 'I went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, France; I have marched my carcass wellnigh over all the world; but I have seen nothing comparable to the desert. Ah, it is grand! glorious!'

"'What were your feelings there?' I asked.

"'They cannot be told, young man. Besides, I do not always regret my panther and my palm tree oasis: I must be very sad for that. But I will tell you this: in the desert there is all — and yet nothing.'

"'Stay! — explain that.'

"'Well, then,' he said, with a gesture of impatience, 'God is there, and man is not.'"

Old Goriot.

(From "Le Père Goriot.")

Next day, Goriot and Rastignac were ready to leave the lodging-house, and only awaited the good pleasure of a porter to move out of it; but towards noon there was a sound of wheels in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, and a carriage stopped before the door of the Maison Vauquer. Mme. de Nucingen alighted, and asked if her father was still in the house, and, receiving an affirmative reply from Sylvie, ran lightly upstairs.

It so happened that Eugène was at home all unknown to his neighbor. At breakfast time he had asked Goriot to superintend the removal of his goods, saying that he would meet him in the Rue d'Artois at four o'clock; but Rastignac's name had been called early on the list at the École de Droit, and he had gone back at once to the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève. No one had seen him come in, for Goriot had gone to find a porter, and the mistress of the house was likewise out. Eugène had thought to pay her himself, for it struck him that if he left this, Goriot in his zeal would probably pay for him. As it was, Eugène went up to his room to see that nothing had been forgotten, and blessed his foresight when he saw the blank bill bearing Vautrin's signature lying in the drawer where he had carelessly

thrown it on the day when he had repaid the amount. There was no fire in the grate, so he was about to tear it into little pieces, when he heard a voice speaking in Goriot's room, and the speaker was Delphine! He made no more noise, and stood still to listen, thinking that she should have no secrets from him; but after the first few words, the conversation between the father and daughter was so strange and interesting that it absorbed all his attention.

"Ah! thank heaven that you thought of asking him to give an account of the money settled on me before I was utterly ruined, father. Is it safe to talk?" she added.

"Yes, there is no one in the house," said her father faintly.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mme. de Nucingen.

"God forgive you! you have just dealt me a staggering blow, child!" said the old man. "You cannot know how much I love you, or you would not have burst in upon me like this, with such news, especially if all is not lost. Has something so important happened that you must come here about it? In a few minutes we should have been in the Rue d'Artois."

"Eh! does one think what one is doing after a catastrophe? It has turned my head. Your attorney has found out the state of things now, but it was bound to come out sooner or later. We shall want your long business experience; and I came to you like a drowning man who catches at a branch. When M. Derville found that Nucingen was throwing all sorts of difficulties in his way, he threatened him with proceedings, and told him plainly that he would soon obtain an order from the President of the Tribunal. So Nucingen came to my room this morning, and asked if I meant to ruin us both. I told him that I knew nothing whatever about it, that I had a fortune, and ought to be put into possession of my fortune, and that my attorney was acting for me in the matter; I said again that I knew absolutely nothing about it, and could not possibly go into the subject with him. Was n't that what you told me to tell him?"

"Yes, quite right," answered Goriot.

"Well, then," Delphine continued, "he told me all about his affairs. He had just invested all his capital and mine in business speculations; they have only just been started, and very large sums of money are locked up. If I were to compel him to refund my dowry now, he would be forced to file his petition; but if I will wait a year, he undertakes, on his honor, to double or treble my fortune, by investing it in building land, and I shall

be mistress at last of the whole of my property. He was speaking the truth, father dear; he frightened me! He asked my pardon for his conduct; he has given me my liberty; I am free to act as I please on condition that I leave him to carry on my business in my name. To prove his sincerity, he promised that M. Derville might inspect the accounts as often as I pleased, so that I might be assured that everything was being conducted properly. In short, he put himself into my power, bound hand and foot. He wishes the present arrangements as to the expenses of housekeeping to continue for two more years, and entreated me not to exceed my allowance. He showed me plainly that it was all that he could do to keep up appearances; he has broken with his opera dancer; he will be compelled to practise the most strict economy (in secret) if he is to bide his time with unshaken credit. I scolded, I did all I could to drive him to desperation, so as to find out more. He showed me his ledgers — he broke down and cried at last. I never saw a man in such a state. He lost his head completely, talked of killing himself, and raved till I felt sorry for him."

"Do you really believe that silly rubbish?" cried her father. "It was all got up for your benefit! I have had to do with Germans in the way of business; honest and straightforward they are pretty sure to be, but when with their simplicity and frankness they are sharpers and humbugs as well, they are the worst rogues of all. Your husband is taking advantage of you. As soon as pressure is brought to bear on him he shams dead; he means to be more the master under your name than in his own. He will take advantage of the position to secure himself against the risks of business. He is as sharp as he is treacherous; he is a bad lot! No, no; I am not going to leave my girls behind me without a penny when I go to Père-Lachaise. I know something about business still. He has sunk his money in speculation, he says; very well then, there is something to show for it — bills, receipts, papers of some sort. Let him produce them, and come to an arrangement with you. We will choose the most promising of his speculations, take them over at our own risk, and have the securities transferred into your name; they shall represent the separate estate of Delphine Goriot, wife of the Baron de Nucingen. Does that fellow really take us for idiots? Does he imagine that I could stand the idea of your being without fortune, without bread, for forty-eight hours? I would not stand it a day — no, not a night, not

a couple of hours! If there had been any foundation for the idea, I should never get over it. What! I have worked hard for forty years, carried sacks on my back, and sweated and pinched and saved all my life for you, my darlings, for you who made the toil and every burden borne for you seem light; and now, my fortune, my whole life, is to vanish in smoke! I should die raving mad if I believed a word of it. By all that's holiest in heaven and earth, we will have this cleared up at once; go through the books, have the whole business looked thoroughly into! I will not sleep, nor rest, nor eat until I have satisfied myself that all your fortune is in existence. Your money is settled upon you, God be thanked! and, luckily, your attorney, Maître Derville, is an honest man. Good Lord! you shall have your snug little million, your fifty thousand francs a year, as long as you live, or I will raise a racket in Paris, I will so! If the Tribunals put upon us, I will appeal to the Chambers. If I knew that you were well and comfortably off as far as money is concerned, that thought would keep me easy in spite of bad health and troubles. Money? why, it is life! Money does everything. That great dolt of an Alsatian shall sing to another tune! Look here, Delphine, don't give way, don't make a concession of half a quarter of a farthing to that fathead, who has ground you down and made you miserable. If he can't do without you, we will give him a good cudgelling, and keep him in order. Great heavens! my brain is on fire; it is as if there were something red-hot inside my head. My Delphine lying on straw! You! my Fifine! Good gracious! Where are my gloves? Come, let us go at once; I mean to see everything with my own eyes — books, cash, and correspondence, the whole business. I shall have no peace until I know for certain that your fortune is secure."

"Oh! father dear, be careful how you set about it! If there is the least hint of vengeance in the business, if you show yourself openly hostile, it will be all over with me. He knows whom he has to deal with; he thinks it quite natural that if you put the idea into my head, I should be uneasy about my money; but I swear to you that he has it in his own hands, and that he had meant to keep it. He is just the man to abscond with all the money and leave us in the lurch, the scoundrel! He knows quite well that I will not dishonor the name I bear by bringing him into a court of law. His position is strong and weak at the same time. If we drive him to despair, I am lost."

"Why, then, the man is a rogue?"

"Well, yes, father," she said, flinging herself into a chair. "I wanted to keep it from you to spare your feelings," and she burst into tears; "I did not want you to know that you had married me to such a man as he is. He is just the same in private life — body and soul and conscience — the same through and through — hideous! I hate him; I despise him! Yes, after all that that despicable Nucingen has told me, I cannot respect him any longer. A man capable of mixing himself up in such affairs, and of talking about them to me as he did, without the slightest scruple, — it is because I have read him through and through that I am afraid of him. He, my husband, frankly proposed to give me my liberty, and do you know what that means? It means that if things turn out badly for him, I am to play into his hands, and be his stalking-horse."

"But there is law to be had! There is a Place de Grève for sons-in-law of that sort," cried her father; "why, I would guillotine him myself if there was no headsman to do it."

"No, father, the law cannot touch him. Listen, this is what he says, stripped of all his circumlocutions — 'Take your choice, you and no one else can be my accomplice; either everything is lost, you are ruined and have not a farthing, or you will let me carry this business through myself.' Is that plain speaking? He *must* have my assistance. He is assured that his wife will deal fairly by him; he knows that I shall leave his money to him and be content with my own. It is an unholy and dishonest compact, and he holds out threats of ruin to compel me to consent to it. He is buying my conscience, and the price is liberty to be Eugène's wife in all but name. 'I connive at your errors, and you allow me to commit crimes and ruin poor families!' Is that sufficiently explicit? Do you know what he means by speculations? He buys up land in his own name, then he finds men of straw to run up houses upon it. These men make a bargain with a contractor to build the houses, paying them by bills at long dates; then in consideration of a small sum they leave my husband in possession of the houses, and finally slip through the fingers of the deluded contractors by going into bankruptcy. The name of the firm of Nucingen has been used to dazzle the poor contractors. I saw that. I noticed, too, that Nucingen had sent bills for large amounts to Amsterdam, London, Naples, and Vienna, in order to prove if necessary that large sums had been paid away by the firm. How could we get possession of those bills?"

Eugène heard a dull thud on the floor; old Goriot must have fallen on his knees.

"Great heavens! what have I done to you? Bound my daughter to this scoundrel who does as he likes with her!—Oh! my child, my child! forgive me!" cried the old man.

"Yes, if I am in the depths of despair, perhaps you are to blame," said Delphine. "We have so little sense when we marry! What do we know of the world, of business, or men, or life? Our fathers should think for us! Father dear, I am not blaming you in the least, forgive me for what I said. This is all my own fault. Nay, do not cry, papa," she said, kissing him.

"Do not you cry either, my little Delphine. Look up and let me kiss away the tears. There! I shall find my wits and unravel this skein of your husband's winding."

"No, let me do that; I shall be able to manage him. He is fond of me, well and good; I shall use my influence to make him invest my money as soon as possible in landed property in my own name. Very likely I could get him to buy back Nucingen in Alsace in my name; that has always been a pet idea of his. Still, come to-morrow and go through the books, and look into the business. M. Derville knows little of mercantile matters. No, not to-morrow though. I do not want to be upset. Mme. de Beauséants' ball will be the day after to-morrow, and I must keep quiet, so as to look my best and freshest, and do honor to my dear Eugène! . . . Come, let us see his room."

But as she spoke a carriage stopped in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, and the sound of Mme. de Restaud's voice came from the staircase. "Is my father in?" she asked of Sylvie.

This accident was luckily timed for Eugène, whose one idea had been to throw himself down on the bed and pretend to be asleep.

"Oh, father, have you heard about Anastasie?" said Delphine, when she heard her sister speak. "It looks as though some strange things had happened in that family."

"What sort of things?" asked Goriot. "This is like to be the death of me. My poor head will not stand a double misfortune."

"Good-morning, father," said the Countess from the threshold. "Oh! Delphine, are you here?"

Mme. de Restaud seemed taken aback by her sister's presence.

"Good-morning, Nasie," said the Baroness. "What is there so extraordinary in my being here? *I* see our father every day."

"Since when?"

"If you came yourself you would know."

"Don't tease, Delphine," said the Countess fretfully. "I am very miserable, I am lost. Oh! my poor father, it is hopeless this time!"

"What is it, Nasie?" cried Goriot. "Tell us all about it, child! How white she is! Quick, do something, Delphine; be kind to her, and I will love you even better, if that were possible."

"Poor Nasie!" said Mme. de Nucingen, drawing her sister to a chair. "We are the only two people in the world whose love is always sufficient to forgive you everything. Family affection is the surest, you see."

The Countess inhaled the salts and revived.

"This will kill me!" said their father. "There," he went on, stirring the smouldering fire, "come nearer, both of you. It is cold. What is it, Nasie? Be quick and tell me, this is enough to —"

"Well, then, my husband knows everything," said the Countess. "Just imagine it; do you remember, father, that bill of Maxime's some time ago? Well, that was not the first. I had paid ever so many before that. About the beginning of January, M. de Trailles seemed very much troubled. He said nothing to me; but it is so easy to read the hearts of those you love, a mere trifle is enough; and then you feel things instinctively. Indeed, he was more tender and affectionate than ever, and I was happier than I had ever been before. Poor Maxime! in himself he was really saying good-bye to me, so he has told me since; he meant to blow his brains out! At last I worried him so, and begged and implored so hard; for two hours I knelt at his knees and prayed and entreated, and at last he told me — that he owed a hundred thousand francs. Oh! papa! a hundred thousand francs! I was beside myself! You had not the money, I knew; I had eaten up all that you had —"

"No," said Goriot; "I could not have got it for you unless I had stolen it. But I would have done that for you, Nasie! I will do it yet."

The words came from him like a sob, a hoarse sound like the death rattle of a dying man; it seemed indeed like the agony of death when the father's love was powerless. There was a pause, and neither of the sisters spoke. It must have been selfishness indeed that could hear unmoved that cry of anguish that, like a pebble thrown over a precipice, revealed the depths of his despair."

"I found the money, father, by selling what was not mine to sell," and the Countess burst into tears.

Delphine was touched; she laid her hand on her sister's shoulder, and cried too.

"Then it is all true," she said.

Anastasie bowed her head, Mme. de Nucingen flung her arms about her, kissed her tenderly, and held her sister to her heart.

"I shall always love you and never judge you, Nasie," she said.

"My angels!" murmured Goriot faintly. "Oh, why should it be trouble that draws you together?"

This warm and palpitating affection seemed to give the Countess courage.

"To save Maxime's life," she said, "to save all my own happiness, I went to the money-lender you know of, a man of iron forged in hell-fire; nothing can melt him; I took all the family diamonds that M. de Restaud is so proud of — his and mine too — and sold them to that M. Gobseck. *Sold them!* Do you understand? I saved Maxime, but I am lost. Restaud found it all out."

"How? Who told him? I will kill him," cried Goriot.

"Yesterday he sent to tell me to come to his room. I went. . . . 'Anastasie,' he said in a voice — oh! such a voice; that was enough, it told me everything — 'where are your diamonds?' — 'In my room — ' — 'No,' he said, looking straight at me, 'there they are on that chest of drawers — ' and he lifted his handkerchief and showed me the casket. 'Do you know where they come from?' he said. I fell at his feet. . . . I cried; I besought him to tell me the death he wished to see me die."

"You said that!" cried Goriot. "By God in heaven, whoever lays a hand on either of you so long as I am alive may reckon on being roasted by slow fires! Yes, I will cut him in pieces like — "

Goriot stopped; the words died away in his throat.

"And then, dear, he asked something worse than death of me. Oh! heaven preserve all other women from hearing such words as I heard then!"

"I will murder that man," said Goriot quietly. "But he has only one life, and he deserves to die twice. — And then, what next?" he added, looking at Anastasie.

"Then," the Countess resumed, "there was a pause, and he looked at me. 'Anastasie,' he said, 'I will bury this in silence; there shall be no separation; there are the children. I will not kill M. de Trailles. I might miss him if we fought, and as for other ways of getting rid of him, I should come into collision with the law. If I killed him in your arms, it would bring dishonor on *those* children. But if you do not want to see your children perish, nor their father nor me, you must first of all submit to two conditions. Answer me. Have I a child of my own?' I answered, 'Yes.' — 'Which?' — 'Ernest, our eldest boy.' — 'Very well,' he said, 'and now swear to obey me in this particular from this time forward.' I swore. 'You will make over your property to me when I require you to do so.'"

"Do nothing of the kind!" cried Goriot. "Aha! M. de Restaud, you could not make your wife happy; she has looked for happiness and found it elsewhere, and you make her suffer for your own ineptitude? He will have to reckon with me. Make yourself easy, Nasie. Aha! he cares about his heir! Good, very good. I will get hold of the boy; isn't he my grandson? What the blazes! I can surely go to see the brat! I will stow him away somewhere; I will take care of him, you may be quite easy. I will bring Restaud to terms, the monster! I shall say to him, 'A word or two with you! If you want your son back again, give my daughter her property, and leave her to do as she pleases.'"

"Father!"

"Yes. I am your father, Nasie, a father indeed! That rogue of a great lord had better not ill-treat my daughter. *Tonnerre!* What is it in my veins? There is the blood of a tiger in me; I could tear those two men to pieces! Oh! children, children! so this is what your lives are! Why, it is death! . . . What will become of you when I shall be here no longer? Fathers ought to live as long as their children. Ah! Lord God in heaven! how ill Thy world is ordered! Thou

hast a Son, if what they tell us is true, and yet Thou leavest us to suffer so through our children. My darlings, my darlings! to think that trouble only should bring you to me, that I should only see you with tears on your faces! Ah! yes, yes, you love me, I see that you love me. Come to me and pour out your griefs to me; my heart is large enough to hold them all. Oh! you might rend my heart in pieces, and every fragment would make a father's heart. If only I could bear all your sorrows for you! . . . Ah! you were so happy when you were little and still with me." . . .

"We have never been happy since," said Delphine. "Where are the old days when we slid down the sacks in the great granary?"

"That is not all, father," said Anastasie in Goriot's ear. The old man gave a startled shudder. "The diamonds only sold for a hundred thousand francs. Maxime is hard pressed. There are twelve thousand francs still to pay. He has given me his word that he will be steady and give up play in future. His love is all that I have left in the world. I have paid such a fearful price for it that I shall die if I lose him now. I have sacrificed my fortune, my honor, my peace of mind, and my children for him. Oh! do something, so that at the least Maxime may be at large and live undisgraced in the world, where he will assuredly make a career for himself. Something more than my happiness is at stake; the children have nothing, and if he is sent to Sainte-Pélagie all his prospects will be ruined."

"I haven't the money, Nasie. I have *nothing* — nothing left. This is the end of everything. Yes, the world is crumbling into ruin, I am sure. Fly! Save yourselves! Ah! — I have still my silver buckles left, and half-a-dozen silver spoons and forks, the first I ever had in my life. But I have nothing else except my life annuity, twelve hundred francs — "

"Then what has become of your money in the funds?"

"I sold out, and only kept a trifle for my wants. I wanted twelve thousand francs to furnish some rooms for Delphine."

"In your own house?" asked Mme. de Restaud, looking at her sister.

"What does it matter where they were?" asked Goriot. "The money is spent now."

"I see how it is," said the Countess. "Rooms for M. de Rastignac. Poor Delphine, take warning by me!"

"M. de Rastignac is incapable of ruining the woman he loves, dear."

"Thanks! Delphine. I thought you would have been kinder to me in my troubles, but you never did love me."

"Yes, yes, she loves you, Nasie!" cried Goriot; "she was saying so only just now. We were talking about you, and she insisted that you were beautiful, and that she herself was only pretty!"

"Pretty!" said the Countess. "She is as hard as a marble statue."

"And if I am?" cried Delphine, flushing up, "how have you treated me? You would not recognize me; you closed the doors of every house against me; you have never let an opportunity of mortifying me slip by. And when did I come, as you were always doing, to drain our poor father, a thousand francs at a time, till he is left as you see him now? That is all your doing, sister! I myself have seen my father as often as I could. I have not turned him out of the house, and then come and fawned upon him when I wanted money. I did not so much as know that he had spent those twelve thousand francs on me. I am economical, as you know; and when papa has made me presents, it has never been because I came and begged for them."

"You were better off than I. M. de Marsay was rich, as you have reason to know. You always were as slippery as gold. Good-bye; I have neither sister nor—"

"Oh! hush, hush! Nasie!" cried her father.

"Nobody else would repeat what everybody has ceased to believe. You are an unnatural sister!" cried Delphine.

"Oh, children, children! hush! hush! or I will kill myself before your eyes."

"There, Nasie, I forgive you," said Mme. de Nucingen; "you are very unhappy. But I am kinder than you are. How could you say *that* just when I was ready to do anything in the world to help you, even to be reconciled with my husband, which for my own sake I— Oh! it is just like you; you have behaved cruelly to me all through these nine years."

"Children, children, kiss each other!" cried the father. "You are angels, both of you."

"No. Let me alone," cried the Countess, shaking off the hand that her father had laid on her arm. "She is more merciless than my husband. Any one might think she was a model of all the virtues herself!"

"I would rather have people think that I owed money to M. de Marsay than own that M. de Trailles had cost me more than two hundred thousand francs," retorted Mme. de Nucingen.

"*Delphine!*" cried the Countess, stepping towards her sister.

"I shall tell you the truth about yourself if you begin to slander me," said the Baroness coldly.

"Delphine! you are a —"

Old Goriot sprang between them, grasped the Countess's hand, and laid his own over her mouth.

"Good heavens, father! What have you been handling this morning?" said Auastasie.

"Ah! well, yes I ought not to have touched you," said the poor father, wiping his hands on his trousers, "but I have been packing up my things; I did not know that you were coming to see me."

He was glad that he had drawn down her wrath upon himself.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he sat down, "you children have broken my heart between you. This is killing me. My head feels as if it were on fire. Be good to each other and love each other! This will be the death of me! Delphine! Nasie! come, be sensible; you are both in the wrong. Come, Dedel," he added, looking through his tears at the Baroness, "she must have twelve thousand francs, you see; let us see if we can find them for her. Oh, my girls, do not look at each other like that!" and he sank on his knees beside Delphine. "Ask her to forgive you — just to please me," he said in her ear. "She is more miserable than you are. Come now, Dedel."

"Poor Nasie!" said Delphine, alarmed at the wild, extravagant grief in her father's face, "I was in the wrong, kiss me —"

"Ah! that is like balm to my heart," cried Father Goriot, "But how are we to find twelve thousand francs? I might offer myself as a substitute in the army —"

"Oh! father dear!" they both cried, flinging their arms about him. "No, no!"

"God reward you for the thought. We are not worth it, are we, Nasie?" asked Delphine.

"And besides, father dear, it would only be a drop in the bucket," observed the Countess.

"But is flesh and blood worth nothing?" cried the old man in his despair. "I would give body and soul to save you, Nasie.

I would do a murder for the man who would rescue you. I would do, as Vautrin did, go to the hulks, go — " he stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt, and put both hands to his head. " Nothing left ! " he cried, tearing his hair. " If I only knew of a way to steal money, but it is so hard to do it, and then you can't set to work by yourself, and it takes time to rob a bank. Yes, it is time I was dead ; there is nothing left me to do but to die. I am no good in the world ; I am no longer a father ! No. She has come to me in her extremity, and, wretch that I am, I have nothing to give her. Ah ! you put your money into a life annuity, old scoundrel ; and had you not daughters ? You did not love them. Die, die in a ditch, like the dog that you are ! Yes, I am worse than a dog ; a beast would not have done as I have done ! Oh ! my head . . . it throbs as if it would burst."

" Papa ! " cried both the young women at once, " do, pray, be reasonable ! " and they clung to him to prevent him from dashing his head against the wall. There was a sound of sobbing.

Eugène, greatly alarmed, took the bill that bore Vautrin's signature, saw that the stamp would suffice for a larger sum, altered the figures, made it into a regular bill for twelve thousand francs, payable to Goriot's order, and went to his neighbor's room.

" Here is the money, madame," he said, handing the piece of paper to her. " I was asleep ; your conversation awoke me, and by this means I learned all that I owed to M. Goriot. This bill can be discounted, and I shall meet it punctually at the due date."

The Countess stood motionless and speechless, but she held the bill in her fingers.

" Delphine," she said, with a white face, and her whole frame quivering with indignation, anger, and rage, " I forgave you everything ; God is my witness that I forgave you, but I cannot forgive this ! So this gentleman was there all the time, and you knew it ! Your petty spite has led you to wreak your vengeance on me by betraying my secrets, my life, my children's lives, my shame, my honor ! There, you are nothing to me any longer. I hate you. I will do all that I can to injure you. I will . . ."

Anger paralyzed her ; the words died in her dry parched throat.

" Why, he is my son, my child ; he is your brother, your preserver ! " cried Goriot. " Kiss his hand, Nasie ! Stay, I will embrace him myself," he said, straining Eugène to his breast in a frenzied clasp. " Oh, my boy ! I will be more than a father to

you; I would be everything in the world to you; if I had God's power, I would fling worlds at your feet. Why don't you kiss him, Nasie? He is not a man, but an angel, an angel out of heaven."

"Never mind her, father; she is mad just now."

"Mad! am I? And what are you?" cried Mme. de Restaud.

"Children, children, I shall die if you go on like this," cried the old man, and he staggered and fell on the bed as if a bullet had struck him. — "They are killing me between them," he said to himself.

The Countess fixed her eyes on Eugène, who stood stock-still; all his faculties were numbed by this violent scene.

"Sir? . . ." she said, doubt and inquiry in her face, tone, and bearing; she took no notice now of her father nor of Delphine, who was hastily unfastening his waistcoat.

"Madame," said Eugène, answering the question before it was asked, "I will meet the bill, and keep silence about it."

"You have killed our father, Nasie!" said Delphine, pointing to Goriot, who lay unconscious on the bed. The Countess fled.

"I freely forgive her," said the old man, opening his eyes; "her position is horrible; it would turn an older head than hers. Comfort Nasie, and be nice to her, Delphine; promise it to your poor father before he dies," he asked, holding Delphine's hand in a convulsive clasp.

"Oh! what ails you, father?" she cried in real alarm.

"Nothing, nothing," said Goriot; "it will go off. There is something heavy pressing on my forehead, a little headache . . . Ah! poor Nasie, what a life lies before her!"

Just as he spoke, the Countess came back again and flung herself on her knees before him. "Forgive me!" she cried.

"Come," said her father, "you are hurting me still more."

"Monsieur," the Countess said, turning to Rastignac, "misery made me unjust to you. You will be a brother to me, will you not?" and she held out her hand. Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke.

"Nasie," cried Delphine, flinging her arms round her sister, "my little Nasie, let us forget and forgive."

"No, no," cried Nasie; "I shall never forget!"

"Dear angels," cried Goriot, "it is as if a dark curtain over my eyes had been raised; your voices have called me back to life. Kiss each other once more. Well, now, Nasie, that bill will save you, won't it?"

"I hope so. I say, papa, will you write your name on it?"

"There! how stupid of me to forget that! But I am not feeling at all well, Nasie, so you must not remember it against me. Send and let me know as soon as you are out of your strait. No, I will go to you. No, after all, I will not go; I might meet your husband, and I should kill him on the spot. And as for signing away your property, I shall have a word to say about that. Quick, my child, and keep Maxime in order in future."

Eugène was too bewildered to speak.

"Poor Anastasie, she always had a violent temper," said Mme. de Nucingen, "but she has a good heart."

"She came back for the endorsement," said Eugène in Delphine's ear.

"Do you think so?"

"I only wish I could think otherwise. Do not trust her," he answered, raising his eyes as if he confided to heaven the thoughts that he did not venture to express.

"Yes. She is always acting a part to some extent."

"How do you feel now, dear Father Goriot?" asked Rastignac.

"I should like to go to sleep," he replied.

Eugène helped him to bed, and Delphine sat by the bedside, holding his hand until he fell asleep. Then she went.

"This evening at the Italiens," she said to Eugène, "and you can let me know how he is. To-morrow you will leave this place, monsieur. Let us go into your room. — Oh! how frightful!" she cried on the threshold. "Why, you are even worse lodged than our father. Eugène, you have behaved well. I would love you more if that were possible; but, dear boy, if you are to succeed in life, you must not begin by flinging twelve thousand francs out of the windows like that. The Comte de Trailles is a confirmed gambler. My sister shuts her eyes to it. He would have made the twelve thousand francs in the same way that he wins and loses heaps of gold."

A groan from the next room brought them back to Goriot's bedside; to all appearance he was asleep, but the two lovers caught the words, "They are not happy!" Whether he was awake or sleeping, the tone in which they were spoken went to his daughter's heart. She stole up to the pallet-bed on which her father lay, and kissed his forehead. He opened his eyes.

"Ah! Delphine!" he said.

"How are you now?" she asked.

"Quite comfortable. Do not worry about me; I shall get

up presently. Don't stay with me, children; go, go and be happy."

Eugène went back with Delphine as far as her door; but he was not easy about Goriot, and would not stay to dinner, as she proposed. He wanted to be back at the Maison Vauquer. Old Goriot had left his room, and was just sitting down to dinner as he came in. Bianchon had placed himself where he could watch the old man carefully; and when the old vermicelli maker took up his square of bread and smelt it to find out the quality of the flour, the medical student, studying him closely, saw that the action was purely mechanical, and shook his head.

"Just come and sit over here, hospitaller of Cochin," said Eugène.

Bianchon went the more willingly because his change of place brought him next to the old lodger.

"What is wrong with him?" asked Rastignac.

"It is all up with him, or I am much mistaken! Something very extraordinary must have taken place; he looks to me as if he were in imminent danger of serous apoplexy. The lower part of his face is composed enough, but the upper part is drawn and distorted. Then there is that peculiar look about the eyes that indicates an effusion of serum in the brain; they look as though they were covered with a film of fine dust, do you notice? I shall know more about it by to-morrow morning."

"Is there any cure for it?"

"None. It might be possible to stave death off for a time if a way could be found of setting up a reaction in the lower extremities; but if the symptoms do not abate by to-morrow evening, it will be all over with him, poor old fellow! Do you know what has happened to bring this on? There must have been some violent shock, and his mind has given way."

"Yes, there was," said Rastignac, remembering how the two daughters had struck blow on blow at their father's heart.

"But Delphine at any rate loves her father," he said to himself.

That evening at the opera Rastignac chose his words carefully, lest he should give Mme. de Nucingen needless alarm.

"Do not be anxious about him," she said, however, as soon as Eugène began, "our father has really a strong constitution, but this morning we gave him a shock. Our whole fortunes were in peril, so the thing was serious, you see. I could not live if your affection did not make me insensible to troubles that I should once have thought too hard to bear. At this moment I

have but one fear left, but one misery to dread — to lose the love that has made me feel so glad to live. Everything else is as nothing to me compared with your love; I care for nothing else, for you are all the world to me. If I feel glad to be rich, it is for your sake. To my shame be it said, I think of my lover before my father. Do you ask why? I cannot tell you, but all my life is in you. My father gave me a heart, but you have taught it to beat. The whole world may condemn me; what does it matter if I stand acquitted in your eyes, for you have no right to think ill of me for the faults which a tyrannous love has forced me to commit for you! Do you think me an unnatural daughter? Oh! no, no one could help loving such a dear, kind father as ours. But how could I hide the inevitable consequences of our miserable marriage from him? Why did he allow us to marry when he did? Was it not his duty to think for us and foresee for us? To-day I know he suffers as much as we do, but how can it be helped? And as for comforting him, we could not comfort him in the least. Our resignation would give him more pain and hurt him far more than complaints and upbraidings. There are times in life when everything turns to bitterness."

Eugène was silent; the artless and sincere outpouring made an impression on him.

Parisian women are often false, intoxicated with vanity, selfish and self-absorbed, frivolous and shallow; yet of all women, when they love, they sacrifice their personal feelings to their passion; they rise but so much the higher for all the pettiness overcome in their nature, and become sublime. Then Eugène was struck by the profound discernment and insight displayed by this woman in judging of natural affection, when a privileged affection had separated and set her at a distance apart. Mme. de Nucingen was piqued by the silence.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I am thinking about what you said just now. Hitherto I have always felt sure that I cared far more for you than you did for me."

She smiled, and would not give way to the happiness she felt, lest their talk should exceed the conventional limits of propriety. She had never heard the vibrating tones of a sincere and youthful love; a few more words, and she feared for her self-control.

"Eugène," she said, changing the conversation, "I wonder

whether you know what has been happening? All Paris will go to Mme. de Beauséant's to-morrow. The Rochefides and the Marquis d'Ajuda have agreed to keep the matter a profound secret, but to-morrow the king will sign the marriage contract, and your poor cousin the Vicomtesse knows nothing of it as yet. She cannot put off her ball, and the Marquis will not be there. People are wondering what will happen?"

"The world laughs at baseness and connives at it. But this will kill Mme. de Beauséant."

"Oh, no," said Delphine, smiling, "you do not know that kind of woman. Why, all Paris will be there, and so shall I; I ought to go there for your sake."

"Perhaps, after all, it is one of those absurd reports that people set in circulation here."

"We shall know the truth to-morrow."

Eugène did not return to the Maison Vauquer. He could not forego the pleasure of occupying his new rooms in the Rue d'Artois. Yesterday evening he had been obliged to leave Delphine soon after midnight, but that night it was Delphine who stayed with him until two o'clock in the morning. He rose late, and waited for Mme. de Nucingen, who came about noon to breakfast with him. Youth snatches eagerly at those rosy moments of happiness, and Eugène had almost forgotten Goriot's existence. The pretty things that surrounded him were growing familiar; this domestication in itself was one long festival for him, and Mme. de Nucingen was there to glorify it all by her presence. It was four o'clock before they thought of Goriot, and of how he had looked forward to the new life in that house. Eugène said that the old man ought to be removed at once, lest he should grow too ill to move. He left Delphine, and hurried back to the lodging-house. Neither old Goriot nor young Bianchon was in the dining-room with the others.

"Aha!" said the painter as Eugène came in, "Father Goriot has broken down at last. Bianchon is upstairs with him. One of his daughters — the Comtesse de Restaurama — came to see the old gentleman, and he would get up and go out, and made himself worse. Society is about to lose one of its brightest ornaments."

Rastignac sprang to the staircase.

"Hey! Monsieur Eugène!"

"Monsieur Eugène, the mistress is calling you," shouted Sylvie.

"It is this, sir," said the widow. "You and M. Goriot should

by rights have moved out on the 15th of February. That was three days ago; to-day is the 18th; I ought really to be paid a month in advance; but if you will engage to pay for both, I shall be quite satisfied."

"Why can't you trust him?"

"Trust him, indeed! If the old gentleman went off his head and died, those daughters of his would not pay me a farthing, and his things won't fetch ten francs. This morning he went out with all the spoons and forks he has left, I don't know why. He had got himself up to look quite young, and — Lord, forgive me — but I thought he had rouge on his cheeks; he looked quite young again."

"I will be responsible," said Eugène, shuddering with horror, for he foresaw the end.

He climbed the stairs and reached old Goriot's room. The old man was tossing on his bed. Bianchon was with him.

"Good evening, father," said Eugène.

The old man turned his glassy eyes on him, smiled gently, and said:

"How is *she?*"

"She is quite well. But how are you?"

"There is nothing much the matter."

"Don't tire him," said Bianchon, drawing Eugène into a corner of the room.

"Well?" asked Rastignac.

"Nothing but a miracle can save him now. Serious congestion has set in; I have put on mustard plasters, and luckily he can feel them, they are acting."

"Is it possible to move him?"

"Quite out of the question. He must stay where he is, and be kept as quiet as possible — "

"Dear Bianchon," said Eugène, "we will nurse him between us."

"I have had the head physician round from my hospital to see him."

"And what did he say?"

"He will give no opinion till to-morrow evening. He promised to look in again at the end of the day. Unluckily, the preposterous creature must needs go and do something foolish this morning; he will not say what it was. He is as obstinate as a mule. As soon as I begin to talk to him he pretends not to hear, and lies as if he were asleep instead of answering, or if he opens

his eyes he begins to groan. Some time this morning he went out on foot in the streets, nobody knows where he went, and he took everything that he had of any value with him. He has been driving some confounded bargain, and it has been too much for his strength. One of his daughters has been here."

"Was it the Countess?" asked Eugène. "A tall, dark-haired woman, with large bright eyes, slender figure, and little feet?"

"Yes."

"Leave him to me for a bit," said Rastignac. "I will make him confess; he will tell me all about it."

"And meanwhile I will get my dinner. But try not to excite him; there is still some hope left."

"All right."

"How they will enjoy themselves to-morrow," said old Goriot when they were alone. "They are going to a grand ball."

"What were you doing this morning, papa, to make yourself so poorly this evening that you have to stop in bed?"

"Nothing."

"Did not Anastasie come to see you?" demanded Rastignac.

"Yes," said old Goriot.

"Well, then, don't keep anything from me. What more did she want of you?"

"Oh, she was very miserable," he answered, gathering up all his strength to speak. "It was this way, my boy. Since that affair of the diamonds, Nasie has not had a penny of her own. For this ball she had ordered a golden gown like a setting for a jewel. Her mantuamaker, a woman without a conscience, would not give her credit, so Nasie's waiting-woman advanced a thousand francs on account. Poor Nasie! reduced to such shifts! It cut me to the heart to think of it! But when Nasie's maid saw how things were between her master and mistress, she was afraid of losing her money, and came to an understanding with the dressmaker, and the woman refuses to send the ball-dress until the money is paid. The gown is ready, and the ball is to-morrow night; Nasie was in despair. She wanted to borrow my forks and spoons to pawn them. Her husband is determined that she shall go and wear the diamonds, so as to contradict the stories that are told all over Paris. How can she go to that heartless scoundrel and say, 'I owe a thousand francs to my dressmaker; pay her for me'? She cannot. I saw that myself. Delphine will be there, too, in a superb toilette, and Anastasie ought not to be outshone by her younger sister. And

then — she was drowned in tears, poor girl! I felt so humbled yesterday when I had not the twelve thousand francs, that I would have given the rest of my miserable life to wipe out that wrong. You see, I could have borne anything once, but latterly this want of money has broken my heart. Oh! I did not do it by halves; I titivated myself up a bit, and went out and sold my spoons and forks and buckles for six hundred francs; then I went to old Daddy Gobseck, and sold a year's interest in my annuity for four hundred francs down. Pshaw! I can live on dry bread, as I did when I was a young man; if I have done it before, I can do it again. My Nasie shall have one happy evening, at any rate. She shall be smart. The bank-note for a thousand francs is here under my pillow; it warms me to have it lying there under my head, for it is going to make my poor Nasie happy. She can turn that bad girl Victoire out of the house. A servant that cannot trust her mistress, did any one ever hear the like! I shall be quite well to-morrow. Nasie is coming at ten o'clock. They must not think that I am ill, or they will not go to the ball; they will stop and take care of me. To-morrow Nasie will come and hold me in her arms as if I were one of her children; her kisses will make me well again. After all, I might have spent the thousand francs on physic; I would far rather give them to my little Nasie, who can charm all the pain away. At any rate, I am some comfort to her in her misery; and that makes up for my unkindness in buying an annuity. She is in the depths, and I cannot draw her out of them now. Oh! I will go into business again, I will buy wheat in Odessa; out there, wheat fetches a quarter of the price it sells for here. There is a law against the importation of grain, but the good folk who made the law forgot to prohibit the introduction of wheat products and food stuffs made from corn. Hey! hey! . . . That struck me this morning. There is a fine trade to be done in starch."

Eugène, watching the old man's face, thought that his friend was light-headed.

"Come," he said, "do not talk any more, you must rest — " Just then Bianchon came up, and Eugène went down to dinner.

The two students sat up with him that night, relieving each other in turn. Bianchon brought up his medical books and studied; Eugène wrote letters home to his mother and sisters. Next morning Bianchon thought the symptoms more hopeful, but the patient's condition demanded continual attention, which the two students alone were willing to give — a task impossible

to describe in the squeamish phraseology of the epoch. Leeches must be applied to the wasted body, the poultices and hot foot-baths, and other details of the treatment required the physical strength and devotion of the two young men. Mme. de Restaud did not come; but she sent a messenger for the money.

"I expected she would come herself; but it would have been a pity for her to come, she would have been anxious about me," said the father, and to all appearance he was well content.

At seven o'clock that evening Thérèse came with a letter from Delphine.

"What are you doing, dear friend? I have been loved for a very little while, and am I neglected already? In the confidences of heart and heart, I have learned to know your soul — you are too noble not to be faithful forever, for you know that love with all its infinite subtle changes of feeling is never the same. Once you said, as we were listening to the Prayer in 'Mosè in Egitto,' 'For some it is the monotony of a single note; for others, it is the infinite of sound.' Remember that I am expecting you this evening to take me to Mme. de Beauséant's ball. Every one knows now that the King signed M. d'Ajuda's marriage-contract this morning, and the poor Vicomtesse knew nothing of it until two o'clock this afternoon. All Paris will flock to her house, of course, just as a crowd fills the Place de Grève to see an execution. It is horrible, is it not, to go out of curiosity to see if she will hide her anguish, and whether she will die courageously? I certainly should not go, my friend, if I had been at her house before; but of course, she will not receive society any more after this, and all my efforts would be in vain. My position is a very unusual one, and besides, I am going there partly on your account. I am waiting for you. If you are not beside me in less than two hours, I do not know whether I could forgive such treason."

Rastignac took up a pen and wrote: —

"I am waiting till the doctor comes to know if there is any hope of your father's life. He is lying dangerously ill. I will come and bring you the news, but I am afraid it may be a sentence of death. When I come you can decide whether you can go to the ball. — Yours a thousand times."

At half-past eight the doctor arrived. He did not take a very hopeful view of the case, but thought that there was no imme-

diate danger. Improvements and relapses might be expected, and the good man's life and reason hung in the balance.

"It would be better for him to die at once," the doctor said as he took leave.

Eugène left Goriot to Bianchon's care, and went to carry the sad news to Mme. de Nucingen. Family feeling lingered in her, and this must put an end for the present to her plans of amusement.

"Tell her to enjoy her evening as if nothing had happened," cried Goriot. He had been lying in a sort of stupor, but he suddenly sat upright as Eugène went out.

Eugène, half heart-broken, entered Delphine's room. Her hair had been dressed; she wore her dancing-slippers; she had only to put on her ball-dress; but when the artist is giving the finishing stroke to his creation, the last touches require more time than the whole groundwork of the picture.

"Why! you are not dressed!" she cried.

"Madame, your father—"

"My father again!" she exclaimed, breaking in upon him. "You need not teach me what is due to my father, I have known my father this long while. Not a word, Eugène. I will hear what you have to say when you are dressed. My carriage is waiting, take it, go round to your rooms and dress, Thérèse has put out everything in readiness for you. Come back as soon as you can; we will talk about my father on the way to Mme. de Beauséant's. We must go early; if we have to wait our turn in a row of carriages, we shall be lucky if we get there by eleven o'clock."

"Madame —"

"Quick! not a word!" she cried, darting into her dressing-room for a necklace.

"Do go, Monsieur Eugène, or you will vex Madame," said Thérèse, hurrying him away; and Eugène was too horror-stricken by this elegant parricide to resist.

He went to his room and dressed, sad, thoughtful, and dispirited. The world of Paris was like an ocean of mud for him just then; and it seemed that whoever set foot in that black mire must needs sink into it up to the chin.

"Their crimes are paltry," said Eugène to himself. "Vautrin was greater."

He had seen society in its three great phases — Obedience, Struggle, and Revolt; the Family, the World, and Vautrin; and

he hesitated in his choice. Obedience was dull, Revolt impossible, Struggle hazardous. His thoughts wandered back to the home circle. He thought of the quiet, uneventful life, the pure happiness of the days spent among those who loved him there. Those loving and beloved beings passed their lives in obedience to the natural laws of the hearth, and in that obedience found a deep and constant serenity, unvexed by torments such as these. Yet, for all his good impulses, he could not bring himself to make profession of the religion of pure souls to Delphine, nor to prescribe the duties of piety to her in the name of love. His education had begun to bear its fruits; he loved selfishly already. Besides, his tact had discovered to him the real nature of Delphine; he divined instinctively that she was capable of stepping over her father's corpse to go to the ball; and within himself he felt that he had neither the strength of mind to play the part of mentor, nor the strength of character to vex her, nor the courage to leave her to go alone.

"She would never forgive me for putting her in the wrong over it," he said to himself. Then he turned the doctor's dictum over in his mind; he tried to believe that Goriot was not so dangerously ill as he had imagined, and ended by collecting together a sufficient quantity of traitorous excuses for Delphine's conduct. She did not know how ill her father was; the kind old man himself would have made her go to the ball if she had gone to see him. So often it happens that this one or that stands condemned by the social laws that govern family relations; and yet there are peculiar circumstances in the case, differences of temperament, divergent interests, innumerable complications of family life that excuse the apparent offence.

Eugène did not wish to see too clearly; he was ready to sacrifice his conscience to his mistress. Within the last few days his whole life had undergone a change. Woman had entered into his world and thrown it into chaos; family claims dwindled away before her; she had appropriated all his being to her uses. Rastignac and Delphine found each other at a crisis in their lives when their union gave them the most poignant bliss. Their passion, so long proved, had only gained in strength by the gratified desire that often extinguishes passion. This woman was his, and Eugène recognized that not until then had he loved her; perhaps love is only gratitude for pleasure. This woman, vile or sublime, he adored for the pleasures she had brought as her dower; and Delphine loved

Rastignac as Tantalus would have loved some angel who had satisfied his hunger and quenched the burning thirst in his parched throat.

"Well," said Mme. de Nucingen when he came back in evening dress, "how is my father?"

"Very dangerously ill," he answered; "if you will grant me a proof of your affection, we will just go in to see him on the way."

"Very well," she said. "Yes, but afterwards. Dear Eugène, do be nice, and don't preach to me. Come."

They set out. Eugène said nothing for a while.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I can hear the death-rattle in your father's throat," he said, almost angrily. And with the hot indignation of youth, he told the story of Mme. de Restaud's vanity and cruelty, of her father's final act of self-sacrifice, that had brought about this struggle between life and death, of the price that had been paid for Anastasie's golden embroideries. Delphine cried.

"I shall look frightful," she thought. She dried her tears.

"I will nurse my father; I will not leave his bedside," she said aloud.

"Ah! now you are as I would have you," exclaimed Rastignac.

The lamps of five hundred carriages lit up the darkness about the Hôtel de Beauséant. A gendarme in all the glory of his uniform stood on either side of the brightly lighted gateway. The great world was flocking thither that night in its eager curiosity to see the great lady at the moment of her fall, and the rooms on the ground floor were already full to overflowing, when Mme. de Nucingen and Rastignac appeared. Never since Louis XIV. tore her lover away from La grande Mademoiselle, and the whole court hastened to visit that unfortunate princess, had a disastrous love affair made such a sensation in Paris. But the youngest daughter of the almost royal house of Burgundy had risen proudly above her pain, and moved till the last moment like a queen in this world — its vanities had always been valueless for her, save in so far as they contributed to the triumph of her passion. The salons were filled with the most beautiful women in Paris, resplendent in their toilettes, and radiant with smiles. Ministers and ambassadors, the most distinguished men at court, men bedizened with decorations, stars, and ribbons, men who bore the most illustrious names in France, had gathered about the Vicomtesse.

The music of the orchestra vibrated in wave after wave of sound from the golden ceiling of the palace, now made desolate for its queen.

Madame de Beauséant stood at the door of the first salon to receive the guests who were styled her friends. She was dressed in white, and wore no ornament in the plaits of hair braided about her head; her face was calm; there was no sign there of pride, nor of pain, nor of joy that she did not feel. No one could read her soul; she stood there like some Niobe carved in marble. For a few intimate friends there was a tinge of satire in her smile; but no scrutiny saw any change in her, nor had she looked otherwise in the days of the glory of her happiness. The most callous of her guests admired her as young Rome applauded some gladiator who could die smiling. It seemed as if society had adorned itself for a last audience of one of its sovereigns.

"I was afraid that you would not come," she said to Rastignac.

"Madame," he said, in an unsteady voice, taking her speech as a reproach, "I shall be the last to go, that is why I am here."

"Good," she said, and she took his hand. "You are perhaps the only one that I can trust here among all these. Oh, my friend, when you love, love a woman whom you are sure that you can love always. Never forsake a woman."

She took Rastignac's arm, and went towards a sofa in the card-room.

"I want you to go to the Marquis," she said. "Jacques, my footman, will go with you; he has a letter that you will take. I am asking the Marquis to give my letters back to me. He will give them all up, I like to think that. When you have my letters, go up to my room with them. Some one shall bring me word."

She rose to go to meet the Duchesse de Langeais, her most intimate friend, who had come like the rest of the world.

Rastignac went. He asked for the Marquis d'Ajuda at the Hôtel Rochefide, feeling certain that the latter would be spending his evening there, and so it proved. The Marquis went to his own house with Rastignac, and gave a casket to the student, saying as he did so, "They are all there."

He seemed as if he was about to say something to Eugène, to ask about the ball, or the Vicomtesse; perhaps he was on the brink of the confession that, even then, he was in despair, and knew that his marriage had been a fatal mistake; but a proud

gleam shone in his eyes, and with deplorable courage he kept his noblest feelings a secret.

"Do not even mention my name to her, my dear Eugène." He grasped Rastignac's hand sadly and affectionately, and turned away from him. Eugène went back to the Hôtel Beauséant; the servant took him to the Vicomtesse's room. There were signs there of preparations for a journey. He sat down by the fire, fixed his eyes on the cedar-wood casket, and fell into deep mournful musings. Mme. de Beauséant loomed large in these imaginings, like a goddess in the Iliad.

"Ah! my friend! . . ." said the Vicomtesse; she crossed the room and laid her hand on Rastignac's shoulder. He saw the tears in his cousin's uplifted eyes, saw that one hand was raised to take the casket, and that the fingers of the other trembled. Suddenly she took the casket, put it in the fire, and watched it burn.

"They are dancing," she said. "They all came very early; but death will be long in coming. Hush! my friend," and she laid a finger on Rastignac's lips, seeing that he was about to speak. "I shall never see Paris again. I am taking my leave of this world. At five o'clock this morning I shall set out on my journey; I mean to bury myself in the remotest part of Normandy. I have had very little time to make my arrangements; since three o'clock this afternoon I have been busy signing documents, setting my affairs in order; there was no one whom I could send to —"

She broke off.

"He was sure to be —"

Again she broke off; the weight of her sorrow was more than she could bear. In such moments as these everything is agony, and some words are impossible to utter.

"And so I counted upon you to do me this last piece of service this evening," she said. "I should like to give you some pledge of friendship. I shall often think of you. You have seemed to me to be kind and noble, fresh-hearted and true, in this world where such qualities are seldom found. I should like you to think sometimes of me. Stay," she said, glancing about her, "there is this box that has held my gloves. Every time I opened it before going to a ball or to the theatre, I used to feel that I must be beautiful, because I was so happy; and I never touched it except to lay some gracious memory in it: there is so much of my old self in it, of a Madame de Beauséant who

now lives no longer. Will you take it? I will leave directions that it is to be sent to you in the Rue d'Artois. — Mme. de Nucingen looked very charming this evening. Eugène, you must love her. Perhaps we may never see each other again, my friend; but be sure of this, that I shall pray for you who have been kind to me. — Now let us go downstairs. People shall not think that I am weeping. I have all time and eternity before me, and where I am going I shall be alone, and no one will ask me the reason of my tears. One last look round first."

She stood for a moment. Then she covered her eyes with her hands for an instant, dashed away the tears, bathed her face with cold water, and took the student's arm.

"Let us go!" she said.

This suffering, endured with such noble fortitude, shook Eugène with a more violent emotion than he had felt before. They went back to the ballroom, and Mme. de Beauséant went through the rooms on Eugène's arm — the last delicately gracious act of a gracious woman. In another moment he saw the sisters, Mme. de Restaud and Mme. de Nucingen. The Countess shone in all the glory of her magnificent diamonds; every stone must have scorched like fire; she was never to wear them again. Strong as love and pride might be in her, she found it difficult to meet her husband's eyes. The sight of her was scarcely calculated to lighten Rastignac's sad thoughts; through the blaze of those diamonds he seemed to see the wretched pallet-bed on which old Goriot was lying. The Vicomtesse misread his melancholy; she withdrew her hand from his arm.

"Come," she said, "I must not deprive you of a pleasure."

Eugène was soon claimed by Delphine. She was delighted with the impression that she had made, and eager to lay at her lover's feet the homage she had received in this new world in which she hoped to live and move henceforth.

"What do you think of Nasie?" she asked him.

"She has discounted everything, even her own father's death," said Rastignac.

Towards four o'clock in the morning the rooms began to empty. A little later the music ceased, and the Duchesse de Langeais and Rastignac were left in the great ballroom. The Vicomtesse, who thought to find the student there alone, came back there at the last. She had taken leave of M. de Beauséant, who had gone off to bed, saying again as he went, "It is a great pity, my dear, to shut yourself up at your age! Pray stay among us."

Mme. de Beauséant saw the Duchess, and, in spite of herself, an exclamation broke from her.

"I saw how it was, Clara," said Mme. de Langeais. "You are going from among us, and you will never come back. But you must not go until you have heard me, until we have understood each other."

She took her friend's arm, and they went together into the next room. There the Duchess looked at her with tears in her eyes; she held her friend in a close embrace, and kissed her cheek.

"I could not let you go without a word, dearest; the remorse would have been too hard to bear. You can count upon me as surely as upon yourself. You have shown yourself great this evening; I feel that I am worthy of our friendship, and I mean to prove myself worthy of it. I have not always been kind; I was in the wrong; forgive me, dearest; I wish I could unsay anything that may have hurt you; I take back those words. One common sorrow has brought us together again, for I do not know which of us is the more miserable. M. de Montriveau was not here to-night; do you understand what that means?— None of those who saw you to-night, Clara, will ever forget you. I mean to make one last effort. If I fail, I shall go into a convent. Clara, where are you going?"

"Into Normandy, to Courcelles. I shall love and pray there until the day when God shall take me from this world. — M. de Rastignac!" called the Vicomtesse, in a tremulous voice, remembering that the young man was waiting there.

The student knelt to kiss his cousin's hand.

"Good-bye, Antoinette!" said Mme. de Beauséant. "May you be happy." — She turned to the student. "You are young," she said; "you have some beliefs still left. I have been privileged, like some dying people, to find sincere and reverent feeling in those about me as I take my leave of this world."

It was nearly five o'clock that morning when Rastignac came away. He had put Mme. de Beauséant into her travelling carriage, and received her last farewells, spoken amid fast-falling tears; for no greatness is so great that it can rise above the laws of human affection, or live beyond the jurisdiction of pain, as certain demagogues would have the people believe. Eugène returned on foot to the Maison Vauquer through the cold and darkness. His education was nearly complete.

"There is no hope for poor old Goriot," said Bianchon, as

Rastignac came into the room. Eugène looked for a while at the sleeping man, then he turned to his friend. "Dear fellow, you are content with the modest career you have marked out for yourself; keep to it. I am in hell, and I must stay there. Believe everything that you hear said of the world; nothing is too impossibly bad. No Juvenal could paint the horrors hidden away under the covering of gems and gold."

At two o'clock in the afternoon Bianchon came to wake Rastignac, and begged him to take charge of Goriot, who had grown worse as the day wore on. The medical student was obliged to go out.

"Poor old man, he has not two days to live, maybe not many hours," he said; "but we must do our utmost, all the same, to fight the disease. It will be a very troublesome case, and we shall want money. We can nurse him between us, of course, but, for my own part, I have not a penny. I have turned out his pockets, and rummaged through his drawers — result, *nix*. I asked him about it while his mind was clear, and he told me he had not a farthing of his own. What have you?"

"I have twenty francs left," said Rastignac; "but I will take them to the roulette table; I shall be sure to win."

"And if you lose?"

"Then I shall go to his sons-in-law and his daughters and ask them for money."

"And suppose they refuse?" Bianchon retorted. "The most pressing thing just now is not really money; we must put mustard poultices, as hot as they can be made, on his feet and legs. If he calls out, there is still some hope for him. You know how to set about doing it, and besides, Christophe will help you. I am going round to the dispensary to persuade them to let us have the things we want on credit. It is a pity that we could not move him to the hospital; poor fellow, he would be better there. Well, come along, I leave you in charge; you must stay with him till I come back."

The two young men went back to the room where the old man was lying. Eugène was startled at the change in Goriot's face, so livid, distorted, and feeble.

"How are you, papa?" he said, bending over the pallet-bed. Goriot turned his dull eyes upon Eugène, looked at him attentively, and did not recognize him. It was more than the student could bear; the tears came into his eyes.

. . . . . .

"Did they enjoy themselves?" It was old Goriot who spoke. He had recognized Eugène.

"Oh! he thinks of nothing but his daughters," said Bianchon. "Scores of times last night he said to me, 'They are dancing now! She has her dress.' He called them by their names. He made me cry, the devil take it, calling with that tone in his voice, for 'Delphine! my little Delphine! and Nasie!' Upon my word," said the medical student, "it was enough to make any one burst out crying."

"Delphine," said the old man, "she is there, is n't she? I knew she was there," and his eyes sought the door.

"I am going down now to tell Sylvie to get the poultices ready," said Bianchon. "They ought to go on at once."

Rastignac was left alone with the old man. He sat at the foot of the bed, and gazed at the face before him, so horribly changed that it was shocking to see.

"Noble natures cannot dwell in this world," he said; "Mme. de Beauséant has fled from it, and there he lies dying. What place indeed is there in the shallow, petty, frivolous thing called society for noble thoughts and feelings?"

Pictures of yesterday's ball rose up in his memory, in strange contrast to the deathbed before him. Bianchon suddenly appeared.

"I say, Eugène, I have just seen our head surgeon at the hospital, and I ran all the way back here. If the old man shows any signs of reason, if he begins to talk, cover him with a mustard poultice from the neck to the base of the spine, and send round for us."

"Dear Bianchon," exclaimed Eugène.

"Oh! it is an interesting case from a scientific point of view," said the medical student, with all the enthusiasm of a neophyte.

"So!" said Eugène. "Am I really the only one who cares for the poor old man for his own sake?"

"You would not have said so if you had seen me this morning," returned Bianchon, who did not take offence at this speech. "Doctors who have seen a good deal of practice never see anything but the disease, but, my dear fellow, I can see the patient still."

He went. Eugène was left alone with the old man, and with an apprehension of a crisis that set in, in fact, before very long.

"Ah! dear boy, is that you?" said old Goriot, recognizing Eugène.

"Do you feel better?" asked the law student, taking his hand.

"Yes. My head felt as if it were being screwed in a vice, but now it is set free again. Did you see my girls? They will be here directly; as soon as they know that I am ill they will hurry here at once; they used to take such care of me in the Rue de la Jussienne! Great Heavens! if only my room was fit for them to come into! There has been a young man here who has burned up all my bark fuel."

"I can hear Christophe coming upstairs," Eugène answered. "He is bringing up some firewood that that young man has sent you."

"Good, but how am I to pay for the wood? I have not a penny left, dear boy. I have given everything, everything. I am a pauper now. Well, at least the golden gown was grand, was it not? (Ah! what pain this is!) Thanks, Christophe! God will reward you, my boy; I have nothing left now."

Eugène went over to Christophe and whispered in the man's ear, "I will pay you well, and Sylvie too, for your trouble."

"My daughters told you that they were coming, did n't they, Christophe? Go again to them, and I will give you five francs. Tell them that I am not feeling well, that I should like to kiss them both and see them once again before I die. Tell, them that, but don't alarm them more than you can help."

Rastignac signed to Christophe to go, and the man went.

"They will come before long," the old man went on. "I know them so well. My tender-hearted Delphine! If I am going to die, she will feel it so much! And so will Nasie. I do not want to die; they will cry if I die; and if I die, dear Eugène, I shall not see them any more. It will be very dreary there where I am going."

"To think that neither of his daughters should come!" exclaimed Rastignac. "I will write to them both."

"Neither of them!" cried the old man, sitting upright in bed. "They are busy, they are asleep, they will not come! I knew that they would not. Not until you are dying do you know your children. . . .

"Ah! if I were rich still, if I had kept my money, if I had not given all to them, they would be with me now; they would fawn on me and cover my cheeks with their kisses! . . . Money

brings everything to you; even your daughters. My money. Oh! where is my money? If I had plenty of money to leave behind me, they would nurse me and tend me; I should hear their voices, I should see their faces."

There was a footstep on the staircase, and a young woman hastened up, panting for breath.

"She has come too late," said Rastignac. . . . There was something awful and appalling in the sudden apparition of the Countess. She saw the bed of death by the dim light of the single candle, and her tears flowed at the sight of her father's passive features, from which the life had almost ebbed. . . . Mme. de Restaud took her father's hand and kissed it.

"Forgive me, father! You used to say that my voice would call you back from the grave; ah! come back for one moment to bless your penitent daughter. Do you hear me? Oh! this is fearful! No one on earth will ever bless me henceforth; every one hates me; no one loves me but you in all the world. My own children will hate me. Take me with you, father; I will love you. I will take care of you. He does not hear me. . . . I am mad."

The Napoleon of the People.[1]

(From "The Country Doctor.")

"Let us go to my barn," said the doctor, taking Genestas by the arm, after saying good-night to the curate and his other guests. "And there, Captain Bluteau, you will hear about Napoleon. We shall find a few old cronies who will set Goguelat, the postman, to declaiming about the people's god. Nicolle, my stable-man, was to put a ladder by which we can get into the hay-loft through a window, and find a place where we can see and hear all that goes on. A *veillée* is worth the trouble, believe me. Come, it is n't the first time I 've hidden in the hay to hear the tale of the soldier or some peasant yarn. But we must hide; if these poor people see a stranger they are constrained at once, and are no longer their natural selves."

"Eh! my dear host," said Genestas, "have n't I often pretended to sleep, that I might listen to my troopers round a bivouac? I never laughed more heartily in the Paris theatres than I did at an account of the retreat from Moscow, told in fun, by an old sergeant to a lot of recruits who were afraid of war. He

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NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU

From a Painting by Antoine Jean Gros

declared the French army slept in sheets, and drank its wine well-iced; that the dead stood still in the roads; Russia was white, they curried the horses with their teeth; those who liked to skate had lots of fun, and those who fancied frozen puddings ate their fill; the women were usually cold, and the only thing that was really disagreeable was the want of hot water to shave with: in short, he recounted such absurdities that an old quartermaster, who had had his nose frozen off and was known by the name Nez-restant, laughed himself."

"Hush," said Benassis, "here we are: I'll go first; follow me."

The pair mounted the ladder and crouched in the hay, without being seen or heard by the people below, and placed themselves at ease, so that they could see and hear all that went on. The women were sitting in groups round the three or four candles that stood on the tables. Some were sewing, some knitting; several sat idle, their necks stretched out and their heads and eyes turned to an old peasant who was telling a story. Most of the men were standing, or lying on bales of hay. These groups, all perfectly silent, were scarcely visible in the flickering glimmer of the tallow-candles encircled by glass bowls full of water, which concentrated the light in rays upon the women at work about the tables. The size of the barn, whose roof was dark and sombre, still further obscured the rays of light, which touched the heads with unequal color, and brought out picturesque effects of light and shade. Here, the brown forehead and the clear eyes of an eager little peasant-girl shone forth; there, the rough brows of a few old men were sharply defined by a luminous band, which made fantastic shapes of their worn and discolored garments. These various listeners, so diverse in their attitudes, all expressed on their motionless features the absolute abandonment of their intelligence to the narrator. It was a curious picture, illustrating the enormous influence exercised over every class of mind by poetry. In exacting from a story-teller the marvellous that must still be simple, or the impossible that is almost believable, the peasant proves himself to be a true lover of the purest poetry. . . .

"Come, Monsieur Goguelat," said the game-keeper, "tell us about the Emperor."

"The evening is half over," said the postman, "and I don't like to shorten the victories."

"Never mind; go on! You've told them so many times we

know them all by heart; but it is always a pleasure to hear them again."

"Yes! tell us about the Emperor," cried many voices together.

"Since you wish it," replied Goguelat. "But you 'll see it is n't worth much when I have to tell it on the double-quick, charge! I 'd rather tell about a battle. Shall I tell about Champ-Aubert, where we used up all the cartridges and spitted the enemy on our bayonets?"

"No! no! the Emperor! the Emperor!"

The veteran rose from his bale of hay and cast upon the assemblage that black look laden with miseries, emergencies, and sufferings, which distiuguishes the faces of old soldiers. He seized his jacket by the two front flaps, raised them as if about to pack the knapsack which formerly held his clothes, his shoes, and all his fortune; then he threw the weight of his body on his left leg, advanced the right, and yielded with a good grace to the demands of the company. After pushing his gray hair to one side to show his forehead, he raised his head towards heaven that he might, as it were, put himself on the level of the gigantic history he was about to relate.

"You see, my friends, Napoleon was born in Corsica, a French island, warmed by the sun of Italy, where it is like a furnace, and where the people kill each other, from father to son, all about nothing; that 's a way they have. To begin with the marvel of the thing, — his mother, who was the handsomest woman of her time, and a knowing one, bethought herself of dedicating him to God, so that he might escape the dangers of his childhood and future life; for she had dreamed that the world was set on fire the day he was born. And indeed it was a prophecy! So she asked God to protect him, on condition that Napoleon should restore His holy religion, which was then cast to the ground. Well, that was agreed upon, and we shall see what came of it.

"Follow me closely, and tell me if what you hear is in the nature of man.

"Sure and certain it is that none but a man who conceived the idea of making a compact with God could have passed unhurt through the enemy's lines, through cannon-balls, and discharges of grape-shot that swept the rest of us off like flies, and always respected his head. I had a proof of that — I myself — at Eylau. I see him now, as he rode up a height, took his

field glass, looked at the battle, and said, 'All goes well.' One of those plumed busy-bodies, who plagued him considerably and followed him everywhere, even to his meals, so they said, thought to play the wag, and took the Emperor's place as he rode away. Ho! in a twinkling, head and plume were off! You must understand that Napoleon had promised to keep the secret of his compact all to himself. That 's why all those who followed him, even his nearest friends, fell like nuts, — Duroc, Bessières, Lannes, — all strong as steel bars, though *he* could bend them as he pleased. Besides, — to prove he was the child of God, and made to be the father of soldiers, — was he ever known to be lieutenant or captain? no, no; commander-in-chief from the start. He did n't look to be more than twenty-four years of age when he was an old general at the taking of Toulon, where he first began to show the others that they knew nothing about manœuvring cannon.

"After that, down came our slip of a general to command the grand army of Italy, which had n't bread nor munitions, nor shoes, nor coats, — a poor army, as naked as a worm. 'My friends,' said he, 'here we are together. Get it into your pates that fifteen days from now you will be conquerors: — new clothes, good gaiters, famous shoes, and every man with a great-coat; but, my children, to get these things you must march to Milan where they are.' And we marched. France, crushed as flat as a bedbug, straightened up. We were thirty thousand barefeet against eighty thousand Austrian bullies, all fine men, well set up. I see 'em now! But Napoleon — he was then only Bonaparte — he knew how to put the courage into us! We marched by night, and we marched by day: we slapped their faces at Montenotte, we thrashed 'em at Rivoli, Lodi, Arcole, Millesimo, and we never let 'em up. A soldier gets the taste of conquest. So Napoleon whirled round those Austrian generals, who did n't know where to poke themselves to get out of his way, and he pelted 'em well, — nipped off ten thousand men at a blow sometimes, by getting round them with fifteen hundred Frenchmen, and then he gleaned as he pleased. He took their cannon, their supplies, their money, their munitions, in short, all they had that was good to take. He fought them and beat them on the mountains, he drove them into the rivers and seas, he bit 'em in the air, he devoured 'em on the ground, and he lashed 'em everywhere. Hey! the grand army feathered itself well; for, d' ye see, the Emperor, who was also a wit, called up the inhabi-

tants and told them he was there to deliver them. So after that the natives lodged and cherished us; the women too, and very judicious they were. Now here 's the end of it. In Ventose, '96, — in those times that was the month of March of to-day, — we lay cuddled in a corner of Savoy with the marmots; and yet, before that campaign was over, we were masters of Italy, just as Napoleon had predicted; and by the following March — in a single year and two campaigns — he had brought us within sight of Vienna. 'T was a clean sweep. We devoured their armies, one after the other, and made an end of four Austrian generals. One old fellow, with white hair, was roasted like a rat in the straw at Mantua. Kings begged for mercy on their knees! Peace was won.

" Could a *man* have done that? No; God helped him, to a certainty!

" He divided himself up like the loaves in the Gospel, commanded the battle by day, planned it by night; going and coming, for the sentinels saw him, — never eating, never sleeping. So, seeing these prodigies, the soldiers adopted him for their father. Forward, march! Then those others, the rulers in Paris, seeing this, said to themselves: — ' Here 's a bold one that seems to get his orders from the skies; he 's likely to put his paw on France. We must let him loose on Asia: we will send him to America, perhaps that will satisfy him.' But 'twas *written above* for him, as it was for Jesus Christ. The command went forth that he should go to Egypt. See again his resemblance to the Son of God. But that 's not all. He called together his best veterans, his fire-eaters, the ones he had particularly put the devil into, and he said to them like this: — ' My friends, they have given us Egypt to chew up, just to keep us busy, but we 'll swallow it whole in a couple of campaigns, as we did Italy. The common soldiers shall be princes and have the land for their own. Forward, march!' ' Forward, march!' cried the sergeants, and there we were at Toulon, road to Egypt. At that time the English had all their ships in the sea; but when we embarked Napoleon said, ' They won't see us. It is just as well that you should know from this time forth that your general has got his star in the sky, which guides and protects us. What was said was done. Passing over the sea, we took Malta like an orange, just to quench his thirst for victory; for he was a man who could n't live and do nothing.

" So here we are in Egypt. Good. Once here, other orders.

The Egyptians, d' ye see, are men who, ever since the earth was, have had giants for sovereigns, and armies as numerous as ants; for you must understand, that 's the land of genii and crocodiles, where they 've built pyramids as big as our mountains, and buried their kings under them to keep them fresh, — an idea that pleased 'em mightily. So then, after we disembarked, the Little Corporal said to us, 'My children, the country you are going to conquer has a lot of gods that you must respect; because Frenchmen ought to be friends with everybody, and fight the nations without vexing the inhabitants. Get it into your skulls that you are not to touch anything at first, for it is all going to be yours soon. Forward, march!' So far, so good. But all those people of Africa, to whom Napoleon was foretold under the name of Kébir-Bonaberdis, — a word of their lingo that means 'the sultan fires,' — were afraid as the devil of him. So the Grand Turk, and Asia, and Africa, had recourse to magic. They sent us a demon, named the Mahdi, supposed to have descended from heaven on a white horse, which, like its master was bullet-proof; and both of them lived on air, without food to support them. There are some that say they saw them; but I can't give you any reasons to make you certain about that. The rulers of Arabia and the Mamelukes tried to make their troopers believe that the Mahdi could keep them from perishing in battle; and they pretended he was an angel sent from heaven to fight Napoleon and get back Solomon's seal. Solomon's seal was part of their paraphernalia which they vowed our General had stolen. You must understand that we 'd given 'em a good many wry faces, in spite of what he had said to us.

"Now, tell me how they knew that Napoleon had a pact with God? Was that natural, d' ye think?

"They held to it in their minds that Napoleon commanded the genii, and could pass hither and thither in the twinkling of an eye like a bird. The fact is, he was everywhere. At last, it came to his carrying off a queen, beautiful as the dawn, for whom he had offered all his treasure, and diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs, — a bargain which the Mameluke to whom she particularly belonged positively refused, although he had several others. Such matters, when they come to that pass, can't be settled without a great many battles; and indeed there was no scarcity of battles; there was fighting enough to please everybody. We were in line at Alexandria, at Gizeh, and before the Pyramids; we marched in the sun and through the sand, where

some, who had the dazzles, saw water that they could n't drink, and shade where their flesh was roasted. But we made short work of the Mamelukes ; and everybody else yielded at the voice of Napoleon, who took possession of Upper and Lower Egypt, Arabia, and even the capitals of kingdoms that were no more, where there were thousands of statues and all the plagues of Egypt, more particularly lizards, — a mammoth of a country where everybody could take his acres of land for as little as he pleased. Well, while Napoleon was busy with his affairs inland, — where he had it in his head to do fine things, — the English burned his fleet at Aboukir ; for they were always looking about them to annoy us. But Napoleon, who had the respect of the East and of the West, whom the Pope called his son, and the cousin of Mohammed called ' his dear father,' resolved to punish England, and get hold of India in exchange for his fleet. He was just about to take us across the Red Sea, into Asia, a country where there are diamonds and gold to pay the soldiers and palaces for bivouacs, when the Mahdi made a treaty with the Plague, and sent it down to hinder our victories. Halt! The army to a man defiled at that parade ; and few there were who came back on their feet. Dying soldiers could n't take Saint-Jean d'Acre, though they rushed at it three times with generous and martial obstinacy. The Plague was the strongest. No saying to that enemy, ' My good friend.' Every soldier lay ill. Napoleon alone was fresh as a rose, and the whole army saw him drinking in pestilence without its doing him a bit of harm.

" Ha ! my friends ! will you tell me that *that's* in the nature of a mere man ?

" The Mamelukes, knowing we were all in the ambulances, thought they could stop the way ; but that sort of joke would n't do with Napoleon. So he said to his demons, his veterans, those that had the toughest hide, ' Go, clear me the way.' Junot, a sabre of the first cut, and his particular friend, took a thousand men, no more, and ripped up the army of the pacha who had had the presumption to put himself in the way. After that, we came back to headquarters at Cairo. Now, here 's another side of the story. Napoleon absent, France was letting herself be ruined by the rulers in Paris, who kept back the pay of the soldiers of the other armies, and their clothing, and their rations ; left them to die of hunger, and expected them to lay down the law to the universe without taking any trouble to help them. Idiots ! who amused themselves by chattering, instead of putting

their own hands in the dough. Well, that's how it happened that our armies were beaten, and the frontiers of France were encroached upon: THE MAN was not there. Now observe, I say *man* because that's what they called him; but 't was nonsense, for he had a star and all its belongings; it was we who were only men. He taught history to France after his famous battle of Aboukir, where, without losing more than three hundred men, and with a single division, he vanquished the grand army of the Turk, seventy-five thousand strong, and hustled more than half of it into the sea, r-r-rah!

"That was his last thunder-clap in Egypt. He said to himself, seeing the way things were going in Paris, 'I am the savior of France. I know it, and I must go.' But, understand me, the army did n't know he was going, or they 'd have kept him by force and made him Emperor of the East. So now we were sad; for He was gone who was all our joy. He left the command to Kléber, a big mastiff, who came off duty at Cairo, assassinated by an Egyptian, whom they put to death by impaling him on a bayonet; that 's the way they guillotine people down there. But it makes 'em suffer so much that a soldier had pity on the criminal and gave him his canteen; and then, as soon as the Egyptian had drunk his fill, he gave up the ghost with all the pleasure in life. But that 's a trifle we could n't laugh at then. Napoleon embarked in a cockleshell, a little skiff that was nothing at all, though 'twas called 'Fortune'; and in a twinkling, under the nose of England, who was blockading him with ships of the line, frigates, and anything that could hoist a sail, he crossed over, and there he was in France. For he always had the power, mind you, of crossing the seas at one straddle.

"Was that a human man? Bah!

"So, one minute he is at Fréjus, the next in Paris. There, they all adore him; but he summons the government. 'What have you done with my children, the soldiers?' he says to the lawyers. 'You 're a mob of rascally scribblers; you are making France a mess of pottage, and snapping your fingers at what people think of you. It won't do; and I speak the opinion of everybody.' So, on that, they wanted to battle with him and kill him — click! he had 'em locked up in barracks, or flying out of windows, or drafted among his followers, where they were as mute as fishes, and as pliable as a quid of tobacco. After that stroke — consul! And then, as it was not for him to doubt the

Supreme Being, he fulfilled his promise to the good God, who, you see, had kept His word to him. He gave Him back his churches, and re-established His religion; the bells rang for God and for him: and lo! everybody was pleased: *primo*, the priests, whom he saved from being harassed; *secundo*, the bourgeois, who thought only of their trade, and no longer had to fear the *rapiamus* of the law, which had got to be unjust; *tertio*, the nobles, for he forbade they should be killed, as, unfortunately, the people had got the habit of doing.

"But he still had the enemy to wipe out; and he was n't the man to go to sleep at a mess-table, because, d' ye see, his eye looked over the whole earth as if it were no bigger than a man's head. So then he appeared in Italy, like as though he had stuck his head through the window. One glance was enough. The Austrians were swallowed up at Marengo like so many gudgeons by a whale! Ouf! The French eagles sang their pæans so loud that all the world heard them — and it sufficed! 'We won't play that game any more,' said the German. 'Enough, enough!' said all the rest.

"To sum up: Europe backed down, England knocked under. General peace; and the kings and the people made believe kiss each other. That 's the time when the Emperor invented the Legion of Honor — and a fine thing, too. 'In France' — this is what he said at Bologne before the whole army — 'every man is brave. So the citizen who does a fine action shall be sister to the soldier, and the soldier shall be his brother, and the two shall be one under the flag of honor.'

"We, who were down in Egypt, now came home. All was changed! He left us general, and hey! in a twinkling we found him EMPEROR. France gave herself to him, like a fine girl to a lancer. When it was done — to the satisfaction of all, as you may say — a sacred ceremony took place, the like of which was never seen under the canopy of the skies. The Pope and the cardinals, in their red and gold vestments, crossed the Alps expressly to crown him before the army and the people, who clapped their hands. There is one thing that I should do very wrong not to tell you. In Egypt, in the desert close to Syria, the Red Man came to him on the Mount of Moses, and said, 'All is well.' Then, at Marengo, the night before the victory, the same Red Man appeared before him for the second time, standing erect and saying, 'Thou shalt see the world at thy feet; thou shalt be Emperor of France, King of Italy, master of Hol-

land, sovereign of Spain, Portugal, and the Illyrian provinces, protector of Germany, savior of Poland, first eagle of the Legion of Honor — all.' This Red Man, you understand, was his genius, his spirit, — a sort of satellite who served him, as some say, to communicate with his star. I never really believed that. But the Red Man himself is a true fact. Napoleon spoke of him, and said he came to him in troubled moments, and lived in the palace of the Tuileries under the roof. So, on the day of the coronation, Napoleon saw him for the third time; and they were in consultation over many things.

" After that, Napoleon went to Milan to be crowned king of Italy, and there the grand triumph of the soldier began. Every man who could write was made an officer. Down came pensions; it rained duchies; treasures poured in for the staff which did n't cost France a penny; and the Legion of Honor provided incomes for the private soldiers, — of which I receive mine to this day. So here were the armies maintained as never before on this earth. But besides that, the Emperor, knowing that he was to be the emperor of the whole world, bethought him of the bourgeois, and to please them he built fairy monuments, after their own ideas, in places where you 'd never think to find any. For instance, suppose you were coming back from Spain and going to Berlin — well, you 'd find triumphal arches along the way, with common soldiers sculptured on the stone, every bit the same as generals. In two or three years, and without imposing taxes on any of you, Napoleon filled his vaults with gold, built palaces, made bridges, roads, scholars, fêtes, laws, vessels, harbors, and spent millions upon millions, — such enormous sums that he could, so they tell me, have paved France from end to end with five-franc pieces, if he had had a mind to.

" Now, when he sat at ease on his throne, and was master of all, so that Europe waited his permission to do his bidding, he remembered his four brothers and his three sisters, and he said to us, as it might be in conversation, in an order of the day, ' My children, is it right that the blood relations of your Emperor should be begging their bread? No. I wish to see them in splendor like myself. It becomes, therefore, absolutely necessary to conquer a kingdom for each of them, — to the end that Frenchmen may be masters over all lands, that the soldiers of the Guard shall make the whole earth tremble, that France may spit where she likes, and that all the nations shall say to her, as it is written on my copper coins, " *God protects you!*" ' ' Agreed,'

cried the army. 'We 'll go fish for thy kingdoms with our bayonets.' Ha! there was no backing down, don't you see! If he had taken it into his head to conquer the moon, we should have made ready, packed knapsacks, and clambered up; happily, he did n't think of it. The kings of the countries, who liked their comfortable thrones, were naturally loath to budge, and had to have their ears pulled; so then — Forward, march! We did march: we got there; and the earth once more trembled to its centre. Hey! the men and the shoes he used up in those days! The enemy dealt us such blows that none but the grand army could have stood the fatigue of it. But you are not ignorant that a Frenchman is born a philosopher, and knows that a little sooner, or a little latter, he has got to die. So we were ready to die without a word, for we liked to see the Emperor doing *that* on the geographies."

Here the narrator nimbly described a circle with his foot on the floor of the barn.

"And Napoleon said, 'There, that 's to be a kingdom.' And a kingdom it was. Ha! the good times! The colonels were generals; the generals, marshals; and the marshals, kings. There 's one of 'em still on his throne, to prove it to Europe; but he 's a Gascon and a traitor to France for keeping that crown; and he does n't blush for shame as he ought to do, because crowns, don't you see, are made of gold. I who am speaking to you, I have seen, in Paris, eleven kings and a mob of princes surrounding Napoleon like the rays of the sun. You understand, of course, that every soldier had the chance to mount a throne, provided always he had the merit; so a corporal of the Guard was a sight to be looked at as he walked along, for each man had his share in the victory, and 't was plainly set forth in the bulletin. What victories they were! Austerlitz, where the army manœuvred as if on parade; Eylau, where we drowned the Russians in a lake, as though Napoleon had blown them into it with the breath of his mouth; Wagram, where the army fought for three days without grumbling. We won as many battles as there are saints in the calendar. It was proved then beyond a doubt, that Napoleon had the sword of God in his scabbard. The soldiers were his friends; he made them his children; he looked after us; he saw that we had shoes, and shirts, and great-coats, and bread, and cartridges; but he always kept up his majesty; for, don't you see, 't was his business to reign. No matter for that, however; a sergeant, and even a common soldier, could say to him, 'My Emperor,' just as

you say to me sometimes, 'My good friend.' He gave us an answer if we appealed to him; he slept in the snow like the rest of us; and indeed, he had almost the air of a human man. I who speak to you, I have seen him with his feet among the grapeshot, and no more uneasy than you are now, — standing steady, looking through his field glass, and minding his business. 'T was that kept the rest of us quiet. I don't know how he did it, but when he spoke he made our hearts burn within us; and to show him we were his children, incapable of balking, did n't we rush at the mouths of the rascally cannon, that belched and vomited shot and shell without so much as saying, 'Look out!' Why! the dying must needs raise their heads to salute him and cry, 'LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!'

"I ask you, was that natural? would they have done that for a human man?

"Well, after he had settled the world, the Empress Josephine, his wife, a good woman all the same, managed matters so that she did not bear him any children, and he was obliged to give her up, though he loved her considerably. But, you see, he had to have little ones for reasons of state. Hearing of this, all the sovereigns of Europe quarreled as to which of them should give him a wife. And he married, so they told us, an Austrian archduchess, daughter of Cæsar, an ancient man about whom people talk a good deal, and not in France only, — where any one will tell you what he did, — but in Europe. It is all true, for I myself who address you at this moment, I have been on the Danube, and have seen the remains of a bridge built by that man, who, it seems, was a relation of Napoleon in Rome, and that 's how the Emperor got the inheritance of that city for his son. So after the marriage, which was a fête for the whole world, and in honor of which he released the people ten years' taxes, — which they had to pay all the same, however, because the assessors did n't take account of what he said, — his wife had a little one, who was King of Rome. Now, there 's a thing that had never been seen on this earth; never before was a child born a king with his father living. On that day a balloon went up in Paris to tell the news to Rome, and that balloon made the journey in one day!

"Now, is there any man among you who will stand up and declare to me that all that was human? No; it was *written above;* and may the scurvy seize them who deny that he was sent by God himself for the triumph of France!

"Well, here 's the Emperor of Russia, that used to be his friend, he gets angry because Napoleon did n't marry a Russian; so he joins with the English, our enemies, — to whom our Emperor always wanted to say a couple of words in their burrows, only he was prevented. Napoleon gets angry too; an end had to be put to such doings; so he says to us: — 'Soldiers! you have been masters of every capital in Europe, except Moscow, which is now the ally of England. To conquer England and India, which belongs to the English, it becomes our peremptory duty to go to Moscow.' Then he assembled the greatest army that ever trailed its gaiters over the globe; and so marvellously in hand it was that he reviewed a million of men in one day. 'Hourra!' cried the Russians. Down came all Russia and those animals of Cossacks in a flock. 'T was nation against nation, a general hurly-burly, and beware who could; 'Asia against Europe,' as the Red Man had foretold to Napoleon. 'Enough,' cried the Emperor, 'I 'll be ready.'

"So now, sure enough, came all the kings, as the Red Man had said, to lick Napoleon's hand! Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Poland, Italy, every one of them were with us, flattering us; ah, it was fine! The eagles never cawed so loud as at those parades, perched high above the banners of all Europe. The Poles were bursting with joy because Napoleon was going to release them; and that 's why France and Poland are brothers to this day. 'Russia is ours,' cried the army. We plunged into it well supplied; we marched and we marched, — no Russians. At last we found the brutes entrenched on the banks of the Moskova. That 's where I won my cross, and I 've got the right to say it was a damnable battle. This was how it came about. The Emperor was anxious. He had seen the Red Man, who said to him, 'My son, you are going too fast for your feet; you will lack men; friends will betray you.' So the Emperor offered peace. But before signing, 'Let us drub those Russians!' he said to us. 'Done!' cried the army. 'Forward, march!' said the sergeants. My clothes were in rags, my shoes worn out, from trudging along those roads, which are very uncomfortable ones; but no matter! I said to myself, 'As it 's the last of our earthquakings, I 'll go into it, tooth and nail!' We were drawn up in line before the great ravine, — front seats, as 't were. Signal given; and seven hundred pieces of artillery began a conversation which would bring the blood from your ears. Then — must do justice to one's enemies — the Russians let themselves

be killed like Frenchmen ; they would n't give way ; we could n't advance. ' Forward,' some one cried, ' here comes the Emperor ! ' True enough ; he passed at a gallop, waving his hand to let us know we must take the redoubt. He inspired us ; on we ran, I was the first in the ravine. Ha ! my God ! how the lieutenants fell, and the colonels, and the soldiers ! No matter ! all the more shoes for those that had none, and epaulets for the clever ones who knew how to read. ' Victory ! ' cried the whole line ; ' Victory ! ' — and, would you believe it ? a thing never seen before, there lay twenty-five thousand Frenchmen on the ground. 'T was like mowing down a wheat-field ; only in place of the ears of wheat put the heads of men ! We were sobered by this time, — those who were left alive. The MAN rode up ; we made a circle round him. Ha ! he knew how to cajole his children ; he could be amiable when he liked, and feed 'em with words when their stomachs were ravenous with the hunger of wolves. Flatterer ! he distributed the crosses himself, he uncovered to the dead, and then he cried to us, ' On ! to Moscow ! ' ' To Moscow ! ' answered the army.

" We took Moscow. Would you believe it ? the Russians burned their own city ! 'T was a haystack six miles square, and it blazed for two days. The buildings crashed like slates, and showers of melted iron and lead rained down upon us, which was naturally horrible. I may say to you plainly, it was like a flash of lightning on our disasters. The Emperor said, ' We have done enough ; my soldiers shall rest here.' So we rested awhile, just to get the breath into our bodies and the flesh on our bones, for we were really tired. We took possession of the golden cross that was on the Kremlin ; and every soldier brought away with him a small fortune. But out there the winter sets in a month earlier, — a thing those fools of science did n't properly explain. So, coming back, the cold nipped us. No longer an army — do you hear me ? — no longer any generals, no longer any sergeants even. 'T was the reign of wretchedness and hunger, — a reign of equality at last. No one thought of anything but to see France once more ; no one stooped to pick up his gun or his money if he dropped them ; each man followed his nose, and went as he pleased without caring for glory. The weather was so bad the Emperor could n't see his star ; there was something between him and the skies. Poor man ! it made him ill to see his eagles flying away from victory. Ah ! 't was a mortal blow, you may believe me.

"Well, we got to the Beresina. My friends, I can affirm to you by all that is most sacred, by my honor, that since mankind came into the world, never, never, was there seen such a fricassee of an army — guns, carriages, artillery wagons — in the midst of such snows, under such relentless skies! The muzzles of the muskets burned our hands if we touched them, the iron was so cold. It was there that the army was saved by the pontoniers, who were firm at their post; and there that Gondrin — sole survivor of the men who were bold enough to go into the water and build the bridges by which the army crossed — that Gondrin, here present, admirably conducted himself, and saved us from the Russians, who, I must tell you, still respected the grand army, remembering its victories. And," he added, pointing to Gondrin, who was gazing at him with the peculiar attention of a deaf man, "Gondrin is a finished soldier, a soldier who is honor itself, and he merits your highest esteem."

"I saw the Emperor," he resumed, "standing by the bridge, motionless, not feeling the cold — was that human? He looked at the destruction of his treasure, his friends, his old Egyptians. Bah! all that passed him, women, army wagons, artillery, all were shattered, destroyed, ruined. The bravest carried the eagles; for the eagles, d'ye see, were France, the nation, all of you! they were the civil and the military honor that must be kept pure; could their heads be lowered because of the cold? It was only near the Emperor that we warmed ourselves, because when he was in danger we ran, frozen as we were — we, who would n't have stretched a hand to save a friend. They told us he wept at night over his poor family of soldiers. Ah! none but he and Frenchmen could have got themselves out of that business.

"We did get out, but with losses, great losses, as I tell you. The Allies captured our provisions. Men began to betray him, as the Red Man predicted. Those chatterers in Paris, who had held their tongues after the Imperial Guard was formed, now thought he was dead; so they hoodwinked the prefect of police, and hatched a conspiracy to overthrow the empire. He heard of it; it worried him. He left us, saying: 'Adieu, my children; guard the outposts; I shall return to you.' Bah! without him nothing went right; the generals lost their heads; the marshals talked nonsense and committed follies; but that was not surprising, for Napoleon, who was kind, had fed 'em on gold; they had got as fat as lard, and would n't stir: some stayed in

camp when they ought to have been warming the backs of the enemy who was between us and France.

"But the Emperor came back, and he brought recruits, famous recruits; he changed their backbone and made 'em dogs of war, fit to set their teeth into anything; and he brought a guard of honor, a fine body indeed! — all bourgeois, who melted away like butter on a gridiron.

"Well, spite of our stern bearing, here 's everything going against us; and yet the army did prodigies of valor. Then came battles on the mountains, nations against nations, — Dresden, Lutzen, Bautzen. Remember these days, all of you, for 't was then that Frenchmen were so particularly heroic that a good grenadier only lasted six months. We triumphed always; yet there were those English, in our rear, rousing revolts against us with their lies! No matter, we cut our way home through the whole pack of the nations. Wherever the Emperor showed himself we followed him; for if, by sea or land, he gave us the word 'Go!' we went. At last, we were in France; and many a poor foot-soldier felt the air of his own country restore his soul to satisfaction, spite of the wintry weather. I can say for myself that it refreshed my life. Well, next, our business was to defend France, our country, our beautiful France, against all Europe, which resented our having laid down the law to the Russians, and pushed them back into their dens, so that they could n't eat us up alive, as northern nations, who are dainty and like southern flesh, have a habit of doing, — at least, so I 've heard some generals say. Then the Emperor saw his own father-in-law, his friends whom he had made kings, and the scoundrels to whom he had given back their thrones, all against him. Even Frenchmen, and allies in our own ranks, turned against us under secret orders, as at the battle of Leipsic. Would common soldiers have been capable of such wickedness? Three times a day men were false to their word — and they called themselves princes!

"So, then, France was invaded. Wherever the Emperor showed his lion face, the enemy retreated; and he did more prodigies in defending France than ever he had done in conquering Italy, the East, Spain, Europe, and Russia. He meant to bury every invader under the sod, and teach 'em to respect the soil of France. So he let them get to Paris, that he might swallow them at a mouthful, and rise to the height of his genius in a battle greater than all the rest, — a mother-battle, as 't were. But there, there! the Parisians were afraid for their twopenny

skins, and their trumpery shops; they opened the gates. Then the Ragusades began, and happiness ended. The Empress was fooled, and the white banner flaunted from the windows. The generals whom he had made his nearest friends abandoned him for the Bourbons, — a set of people no one had heard tell of. The Emperor bade us farewell at Fontainebleau: — 'Soldiers!' — I can hear him now; we wept like children; the flags and the eagles were lowered as if for a funeral: it was, I may well say it to you, it was the funeral of the Empire; her dapper armies were nothing now but skeletons. So he said to us, standing there on the portico of his palace: — 'My soldiers! we are vanquished by treachery; but we shall meet in heaven, the country of the brave. Defend my child, whom I commit to you. Long live Napoleon II.!' He meant to die, that no man should look upon Napoleon vanquished; he took poison, enough to have killed a regiment, because, like Jesus Christ before his Passion, he thought himself abandoned of God and his talisman. But the poison did not hurt him.

"See again! he found he was immortal.

"Sure of himself, knowing he must ever be THE EMPEROR, he went for a while to an island to study out the nature of these others, who, you may be sure, committed follies without end. Whilst he bided his time down there, the Chinese, and the wild men on the coast of Africa and the Barbary States, and others who are not at all accommodating, knew so well he was more than man that they respected his tent, saying to touch it would be to offend God. Thus, d' ye see, when these others turned him from the doors of his own France, he still reigned over the whole world. Before long he embarked in the same little cockleshell of a boat he had had in Egypt, sailed round the beard of the English, set foot in France, and France acclaimed him. The sacred cuckoo flew from spire to spire; all France cried out with one voice, 'LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!' In this region, here, the enthusiasm for that wonder of the ages was, I may say, solid. Dauphiné behaved well; and I am particularly pleased to know that her people wept when they saw, once more, the gray overcoat. March first it was, when Napoleon landed with two hundred men to conquer that kingdom of France and of Navarre, which on the twentieth of the same month was again the French Empire. On that day our MAN was in Paris; he had made a clean sweep, recovered his dear France, and gathered his veterans together by saying no more than three words, 'I am here.'

"'T was the greatest miracle God had yet done! Before *him*, did ever man recover an empire by showing his hat? And these others, who thought they had subdued France! Not they! At sight of the eagles, a national army sprang up, and we marched to Waterloo. There the Guard died at one blow. Napoleon, in despair, threw himself three times before the cannon of the enemy without obtaining death. We saw that. The battle was lost. That night the Emperor called his old soldiers to him; on the field soaked with our blood he burned his banner and his eagles, — his poor eagles, ever victorious, who cried 'Forward' in the battles, and had flown the length and breadth of Europe, *they* were saved the infamy of belonging to the enemy: all the treasures of England could n't get her a tail-feather of them. No more eagles! — the rest is well known. The Red Man went over to the Bourbons, like the scoundrel that he is. France is crushed; the soldier is nothing; they deprive him of his dues; they discharge him to make room for broken-down nobles — ah, 't is pitiable! They seized Napoleon by treachery; the English nailed him on a desert island in mid-ocean on a rock raised ten thousand feet above the earth; and there he is, and will be, till the Red Man gives him back his power for the happiness of France. These others say he 's dead. Ha, dead! 'T is easy to see they don't know Him. They tell that fib to catch the people, and feel safe in their hovel of a government. Listen! the truth at the bottom of it all is that his friends have left him alone on the desert island to fulfil a prophecy, for I forgot to say that his name, Napoleon, means 'lion of the desert.' Now this that I tell you is true as the Gospel. All other tales that you hear about the Emperor are follies without common-sense; because, d' ye see, God never gave to child of woman born the right to stamp his name in red as *he* did, on the earth, which forever shall remember him! Long live Napoleon, the father of his people and of the soldiers!"

"Long live General Eblé!" cried the pontonier.

"How happened it you were not killed in the ravine at Moskova?" asked a peasant woman.

"How do I know? We went in a regiment, we came out a hundred foot-soldiers; none but the lines were capable of taking that redoubt: the infantry, d' ye see, that 's the real army."

"And the cavalry? what of that?" cried Genestas, letting himself roll from the top of the hay, and appearing to us with a suddenness which made the bravest utter a cry of terror. "Eh!

my old veteran, you forget the red lancers of Poniatowski, the cuirassiers, the dragoons! they that shook the earth when Napoleon, impatient that the victory was delayed, said to Murat, 'Sire, cut them in two.' Ha, we were off! first at a trot, then at a gallop, 'one, two,' and the enemy's line was cut in halves like an apple with a knife. A charge of cavalry, my old hero! why, 't is a column of cannon balls!"

"How about the pontoniers?" cried Gondrin.

"My children," said Genestas, becoming suddenly quite ashamed of his sortie when he saw himself in the midst of a silent and bewildered group, "there are no spies here, — see, take this and drink to the Little Corporal."

"Long Live The Emperor!" cried all the people present, with one voice.

"Hush, my children!" said the officer, struggling to control his emotion. "Hush! *he is dead.* He died saying, 'Glory, France, and battle.' My friends, he had to die, he! but his memory — never!"

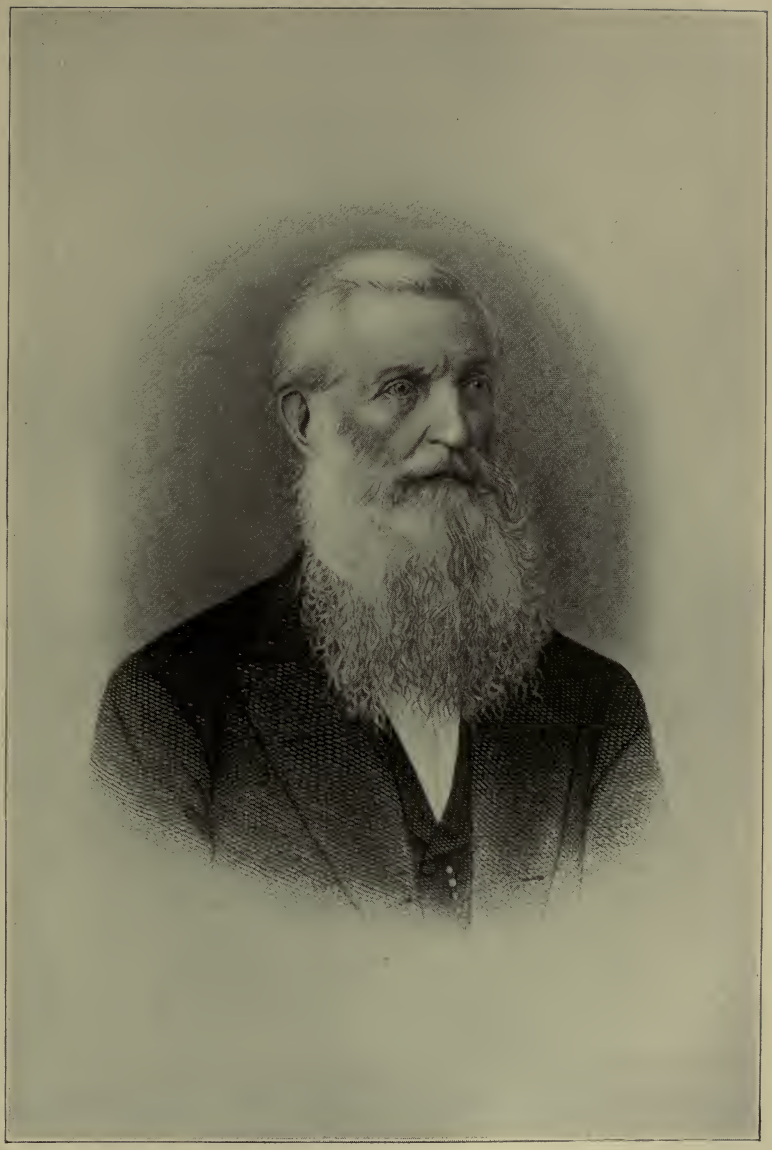
Goguelat made a gesture of disbelief; then he said in a low voice to those nearest, "The officer is still in the service, and he 's told to tell the people the Emperor is dead. We must n't be angry with him, because, d' ye see, a soldier has to obey orders."

As Genestas left the barn he heard the Fosseuse say, "That officer is a friend of the Emperor and of Monsieur Benassis." On that, all the people rushed to the door to get another sight of him, and by the light of the moon they saw the doctor take his arm.

"I committed a great folly," said Genestas. "Let us get home quickly. Those eagles — the cannon — the campaigns! I no longer knew where I was."

"What do you think of my Goguelat?" asked Benassis.

"Monsieur, so long as such tales are told, France will carry in her entrails the fourteen armies of the Republic, and may at any time renew the conversation of cannon with all Europe. That 's my opinion."



GEORGE BANCROFT

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Bancroft, George, an American historian, statesman, and diplomatist, was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; died at Washington, D.C., January 17, 1891. He entered Harvard College in 1813, graduated in 1817, and went to Germany to complete his studies. He returned to America in 1822, and for a year held the position of Tutor of Greek in Harvard College. In 1823 he founded the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and published a volume of poems, and in 1824 a translation of Heeren's "Politics of Ancient Greece." He had already chosen American history as his special department of activity, and in 1834 appeared the first volume of his "History of the United States," the successive volumes being issued at intervals until the twelfth volume was published, bringing the history down to the formation of the existing Government of the United States in 1789 — a period which the author appears to have fixed upon for the close of his history. In 1882 Mr. Bancroft began a thorough revision of his history, which was carried on until the completion of the work, in 1885. In 1845 Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of President Polk. As Secretary of the Navy he gave the order to take possession of California; and while acting *pro tem.* as Secretary of War, he issued the order in virtue of which General Taylor marched his force into Texas. In 1846 Mr. Bancroft was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. He returned to America in 1849, and took up his residence in New York. In May, 1867, he was appointed Minister to Prussia; in 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation; and in 1871 to the newly formed German Empire, a position which he held until 1874, when he was recalled at his own request.

Besides his great work, "The History of the United States of America," Mr. Bancroft has contributed numerous essays to "The North American Review" and other periodicals. A collection of some of these "Miscellanies" was published in New York in 1855. His "History of the United States Constitution" appeared in 1882.

Spaniards in the United States.

Jean Ponce de Leon was the discoverer of Florida. His youth had been passed in military service in Spain; and, during the wars in Grenada, he had shared in the wild exploits of predatory valor. No sooner had the return of the first voyage

across the Atlantic given an assurance of a New World, than he hastened to participate in the dangers and the fruits of adventure in America. He was a fellow voyager of Columbus in his second expedition. In the wars of Hispaniola he had been a gallant soldier; and Ovando had rewarded him with the government of the eastern province of that island. From the hills in his jurisdiction, he could behold, across the clear waters of a placid sea, the magnificent vegetation of Porto Rico, which distance rendered still more admirable, as it was seen though the transparent atmosphere of the tropics. A visit to the island stimulated the cupidity of avarice; and Ponce aspired to the government. He obtained the station; inured to sanguinary war, he was inexorably severe in his administration: he oppressed the natives; he amassed wealth. But his commission as governor of Porto Rico conflicted with the claims of the family of Columbus; and policy, as well as justice, required his removal. Ponce was displaced.

Yet, in the midst of an archipelago, and in the vicinity of a continent, what need was there for a brave soldier to pine at the loss of power over a wild though fertile island? Age had not tempered the love of enterprise: he longed to advance his fortunes by the conquest of a kingdom, and to retrieve a reputation which was not without a blemish. Besides, the veteran soldier, whose cheeks had been furrowed by hard service, as well as by years, had heard, and had believed the tale, of a fountain which possessed virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its stream, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters. So universal was this tradition, that it was credited in Spain, not by all the people and the court only, but by those who were distinguished for virtue and intelligence. Nature was to discover the secrets for which alchemy had toiled in vain; and the elixir of life was to flow from a perpetual fountain of the New World, in the midst of a country glittering with gems and gold.

Ponce embarked at Porto Rico, with a squadron of three ships, fitted out at his own expense, for his voyage to fairy land. He touched at Guanahani; he sailed among the Bahamas; but the laws of nature remained inexorable. On Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, land was seen. It was supposed to be an island, and received the name of Florida, from the day on which it was discovered, and from the aspect of the forests, which were then brilliant with a profusion of

blossoms, and gay with the fresh verdure of early spring. Bad weather would not allow the squadron to approach land: at length the aged soldier was able to go on shore, in the latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes; some miles, therefore, to the north of St. Augustine. The territory was claimed for Spain. Ponce remained for many weeks to investigate the coast which he had discovered; though the currents of the gulf-stream, and the islands, between which the channel was yet unknown, threatened shipwreck. He doubled Cape Florida; he sailed among the group which he named Tortugas: and, despairing of entire success, he returned to Porto Rico, leaving a trusty follower to continue the research. The Indians had everywhere displayed determined hostility. Ponce de Leon remained an old man; but Spanish commerce acquired a new channel through the Gulf of Florida, and Spain a new province, which imagination could esteem immeasurably rich, since its interior was unknown.

The government of Florida was the reward which Ponce received from the king of Spain; but the dignity was accompanied with the onerous condition, that he should colonize the country which he was appointed to rule. Preparations in Spain, and an expedition against the Caribbee Indians, delayed his return to Florida. When, after a long interval, he proceeded with two ships to take possession of his province and select a site for a colony, his company was attacked by the Indians with implacable fury. Many Spaniards were killed; the survivors were forced to hurry to their ships; Ponce de Leon himself, mortally wounded by an arrow, returned to Cuba to die. So ended the adventurer, who had coveted immeasurable wealth, and had hoped for perpetual youth. The discoverer of Florida had desired immortality on earth, and gained its shadow.

Meantime, commerce may have discovered a path to Florida; and Diego Miruelo, a careless sea-captain, sailing from Havana, is said to have approached the coast, and trafficked with the natives. He could not tell distinctly in what harbor he had anchored; he brought home specimens of gold, obtained in exchange for toys; and his report swelled the rumors, already credited, of the wealth of the country. Florida had at once obtained a governor; it now constituted a part of a bishopric.

The expedition of Francisco Fernandez, of Cordova, leaving the port of Havana, and sailing west by south, discovered the province of Yucatan and the Bay of Campeachy. He turned his

prow to the north; but, whatever may be asserted by careless historians, he was by no means able to trace the coast to any harbor which Ponce de Leon had visited. At a place where he had landed for supplies of water, his company was suddenly assailed, and he himself mortally wounded.

The pilot whom Fernandez had employed soon conducted another squadron to the same shores. The knowledge already acquired was extended, and under happier auspices; and Grijalva, the commander of the fleet, explored the coast from Yucatan towards Panuco. The masses of gold which he collected, the rumors of the empire of Montezuma, its magnificence and its extent, heedlessly confirmed by the costly presents of the unsuspecting natives, were sufficient to inflame the coldest imagination, and excited the enterprise of Cortes. The voyage did not reach the shores of Florida.

But while Grijalva was opening the way to the conquest of Mexico, the line of the American coast, from the Tortugas to Panuco, is said to have been examined, yet not with care, by an expedition which was planned, if not conducted, by Francisco Garay, the governor of Jamaica. The general outline of the Gulf of Mexico now became known. Garay encountered the determined hostility of the natives; a danger which eventually proved less disastrous to him than the rivalry of his own countrymen. The adventurers in New Spain would endure no independent neighbor: the governor of Jamaica became involved in a career, which, as it ultimately tempted him to dispute the possession of a province with Cortes, led him to the loss of fortune and an inglorious death. The progress of discovery along the southern boundary of the United States was but little advanced by the expedition, of which the circumstances have been variously related.

A voyage for slaves brought the Spaniards still further upon the northern coast. A company of seven, of whom the most distinguished was Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, fitted out two slave ships from St. Domingo, in quest of laborers for their plantations and mines. From the Bahama Islands, they passed to the coast of South Carolina, a country which was called Chicora. The Combahee River received the name of the Jordan: the name of St. Helena, given to a cape, now belongs to the sound. The natives of this region had not yet had cause to fear Europeans; their natural fastnesses had not yet been invaded; and if they fled at the approach of men from the slave ships, it was rather

from timid wonder than from a sense of peril. Gifts were interchanged; a liberal hospitality was offered to the strangers; confidence was established. At length the natives were invited to visit the ships; they came in cheerful throngs; the decks were covered. Immediately the ships weighed anchor; the sails were unfurled, and the prows turned towards St. Domingo. Husbands were torn from their wives, and children from their parents. Thus the seeds of war were lavishly scattered where peace only had prevailed, and enmity was spread through the regions where friendship had been cherished. The crime was unprofitable, and was finally avenged. One of the returning ships foundered at sea, and the guilty and guiltless perished; many of the captives in the other sickened and died.

The events that followed mark the character of the times. Vasquez, repairing to Spain, boasted of his expedition, as if it entitled him to reward, and the emperor, Charles V., acknowledged his claim. In those days, the Spanish monarch conferred a kind of appointment, which, however strange its character may appear, still has its parallel in history. Not only were provinces granted; countries were distributed to be subdued; and Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon begged to be appointed to the conquest of Chicora. After long entreaty he obtained his suit.

The issue of the new and bolder enterprise was disastrous to the undertaker. He wasted his fortune in preparations; his largest ship was stranded in the River Jordan; many of his men were killed by the natives, whom wrongs had quickened to active resistance; he himself escaped only to suffer from wounded pride; and, conscious of having done nothing worthy of being remembered, the sense of humiliation is said to have hastened his death.

The love of adventure did not wholly extinguish the desire for maritime discovery. When Cortes was able to pause from his success in Mexico, and devise further schemes for ingratiating himself with the Spanish monarch, he proposed to solve the problem of a northwest passage — the secret which has so long baffled the enterprise of the most courageous and persevering navigators. He deemed the existence of the passage unquestionable, and, by simultaneous voyages along the American coast, on the Pacific, and on the Atlantic, he hoped to complete the discovery, to which Sebastian Cabot had pointed the way.

The design of Cortes remained but the offer of loyalty. A voyage to the northwest was really undertaken by Stephen

Gomez, an experienced naval officer, who had been with Magellan in the first memorable passage into the Pacific Ocean. The expedition was decreed by the council for the Indies, in the hope of discovering the northern route to India, which, notwithstanding it had been sought for in vain, was yet universally believed to exist. His ship entered the bays of New York and New England; on old Spanish maps, that portion of our territory is marked as the Land of Gomez. Failing to discover a passage, and fearful to return without success and without a freight, he filled his vessel with robust Indians, to be sold as slaves. Brilliant expectations had been raised; and the conclusion was esteemed despicably ludicrous. The Spaniards scorned to repeat their voyages to the cold and frozen north; in the south, and in the south only, they looked for "great and exceeding riches." The adventure of Gomez had no political results. It had been furthered by the enemies of Cabot, who was at that time in the service of Spain; and it established the reputation of the Bristol mariner.

But neither the fondness of the Spanish monarch for extensive domains, nor the desire of the nobility for new governments, nor the passion of adventurers for undiscovered wealth, would permit the abandonment of the conquest of Florida. Permission to invade that territory was next sought for and obtained by Pamphilo de Narvaez, a man of no great virtue or reputation. This is the same person who had been sent by the jealous governor of Cuba to take Cortes prisoner, and who, after having declared him an outlaw, was himself easily defeated. He lost an eye in the affray, and his own troops deserted him. When brought into the presence of the man whom he had promised to arrest, he said to him, "Esteem it great good fortune, that you have taken me captive." Cortes replied, and with truth, "It is the least of the things I have done in Mexico."

The territory, placed at the mercy of Narvaez, extended to the River of Palms; further, therefore, to the west, than the territory which was afterwards included in Louisana. His expedition was as adventurous as his attempt against Cortes, but it was memorable for its disasters. Of the three hundred men, of whom eighty were mounted, but four or five returned. The valor of the natives, thirst, famine, and pestilence, the want of concert between the ships and the men set on shore, the errors of judgment in the commanders, rapidly melted away the unsuccessful company. It is not possible to ascertain, with exact-

ness, the point where Narvaez first landed in Florida; probably it was at a bay a little east of the meridian of Cape St. Antonio, in Cuba; it may have been, therefore, not far from the bay now called Appalachee. The party soon struck into the interior; they knew not where they were, nor whither they were going, and followed the directions of the natives. These, with a sagacity careful to save themselves from danger, described the distant territory as full of gold, and freed themselves from the presence of troublesome guests by exciting a hope that covetousness could elsewhere be amply gratified. The town of Appalachee which was thought to contain immense accumulations of wealth, proved to be an inconsiderable collection of wigwams. It was probably in the region of the Bay of Pensacola, that the remnant of the party, after a ramble of eight hundred miles, finally came again upon the sea, in a condition of extreme penury. Here they manufactured rude boats, in which none but desperate men would have embarked; and Narvaez and most of his companions, after having passed nearly six months in Florida, perished in a storm near the mouths of the Mississippi. One ship's company was wrecked upon an island; most of those who were saved died of famine. The four who ultimately reached Mexico by land succeeded only after years of hardships. The simple narrative of their wanderings, their wretchedness, and their courageous enterprise, could not but have been full of marvels; their rambles, extending across Louisiana and the northern part of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific Ocean in Sonora, were almost as wide as those of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia River; the story, which one of them published, and of which the truth was affirmed, on oath, before a magistrate, is disfigured by bold exaggerations and the wildest fictions. The knowledge of the bays and rivers of Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, was not essentially increased; the strange tales of miraculous cures, of natural prodigies and of the resuscitation of the dead, were harmless falsehoods; the wanderers, on their return, persevered in the far more fatal assertion, that Florida was the richest country in the world.

The assertion was readily believed, even by those to whom the wealth of Mexico and Peru was familiarly known. To no one was credulity more disastrous than to Ferdinand de Soto, a native of Xeres, and now an ambitious courtier. He had himself gained fame and fortune by military service in the New

World. He had been the favorite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, where he had distinguished himself for conduct and valor. At the storming of Cusco, he had surpassed his companions in arms. He assisted in arresting the unhappy Atahualpa; and he shared in the immense ransom with which the credulous inca purchased the promise of freedom. Perceiving the angry divisions which were threatened by the jealousy of the Spaniards in Peru, Soto had seasonably withdrawn, with his share of the spoils, and now appeared in Spain to enjoy his reputation, to display his opulence, and to solicit advancement. His reception was triumphant; success of all kinds awaited him. The daughter of the distinguished nobleman, under whom he had first served as a poor adventurer, became his wife; and the special favor of Charles V. invited his ambition to prefer a large request. It had ever been believed, that the depths of the continent at the north concealed cities as magnificent, and temples as richly endowed, as any which had yet been plundered within the limits of the tropics. Soto desired to rival Cortes in glory, and surpass Pizarro in wealth. Blinded by avarice and the love of power, he repaired to Valladolid, and demanded permission to conquer Florida at his own cost; and Charles V. readily conceded to so renowned a commander the government of the Isle of Cuba, with absolute power over the immense territory to which the name of Florida was still vaguely applied.

No sooner was the design of the new expedition published in Spain, than the wildest hopes were indulged. How brilliant must be the prospect, since even the conqueror of Peru was willing to hazard his fortune and the greatness of his name! Adventurers assembled as volunteers; many of them, people of noble birth and good estates. Houses and vineyards, lands for tillage, and rows of olive-trees in the Ajarrafe of Seville, were sold, as in the times of the crusades, to obtain the means of military equipments. The port of San Lucar of Barrameda was crowded with those who hastened to solicit permission to share in the enterprise. Even soldiers of Portugal desired to be enrolled for the service. A muster was held; the Portuguese appeared in the glittering array of burnished armor; and the Castilians, brilliant with hopes, were "very gallant with silk upon silk." Soto gave directions as to the armament; from the numerous aspirants, he selected for his companions six hundred men in the bloom of life, the flower of the peninsula; many persons of good account, who had sold estates for their equipments, were obliged to remain behind.

The fleet sailed as gayly as if it had been but a holiday excursion of a bridal party. In Cuba, the precaution was used to send vessels to Florida to explore a harbor; and two Indians, brought as captives to Havana, invented such falsehoods as they perceived would be acceptable. They conversed by signs; and the signs were interpreted as affirming that Florida abounded in gold. The news spread great contentment; Soto and his troops were restless with longing for the hour of their departure to the conquest of "the richest country which had yet been discovered." The infection spread in Cuba; and Vasco Porcallo, an aged and a wealthy man, lavished his fortune in magnificent equipments.

Soto had been welcomed in Cuba by long and brilliant festivals and rejoicings. At length, all preparations were completed; leaving his wife to govern the island, he and his company, full of unbounded expectations, embarked for Florida; and, in about a fortnight, his fleet anchored in the Bay of Spiritu Santo. The soldiers went on shore; the horses, between two and three hundred in number, were disembarked; and the men of the expedition stood upon the soil which they had so eagerly desired to tread. Soto would listen to no augury but that of success; and, like Cortes, he refused to retain his ships, lest they should afford a temptation to retreat. Most of them were sent to Havana. The aged Porcallo, a leading man in the enterprise, soon grew alarmed, and began to remember his establishments in Cuba. It had been a principal object with him to obtain slaves for his estates and mines; despairing of success, and terrified with the marshes and thick forests, he also sailed for the island, where he could enjoy his wealth in security. Soto was indignant at the desertion, but concealed his anger.

And now began the nomadic march of the adventurers; a numerous body of horsemen, besides infantry, completely armed; a force exceeding in numbers and equipments the famous expeditions against the empires of Mexico and Peru. Every thing was provided that experience in former invasions and the cruelty of avarice could suggest; chains for captives, and the instruments of a forge; arms of all kinds then in use, and bloodhounds as auxiliaries against the feeble natives; ample stores of food, and, as a last resort, a drove of hogs, which would soon swarm in the favoring climate, where the forests and the Indian maize furnished abundant sustenance. It was a roving

expedition of gallant freebooters in quest of fortune. It was a romantic stroll of men whom avarice rendered ferocious, through unexplored regions, over unknown paths; wherever rumor might point to the residence of some chieftain with more than Peruvian wealth, or the ill-interpreted signs of the ignorant natives might seem to promise a harvest of gold. The passion for cards now first raged among the groves of the south; and often at the resting-places groups of listless adventurers clustered together to enjoy the excitement of desperate gaming. Religious zeal was also united with avarice: there were not only cavalry foot-soldiers, with all that belongs to warlike array; twelve priests, besides other ecclesiastics, accompanied the expedition. Florida was to become Catholic during scenes of robbery and and carnage. Ornaments, such as are used at the service of mass, were carefully provided; every festival was to be kept; every religious practice to be observed. As the troop marched through the wilderness, the solemn processions, which the usages of the church enjoined, were scrupulously instituted.

The wanderings of the first season brought the company from the Bay of Spiritu Santo to the country of the Appalachians, east of the Flint River, and not far from the head of the Bay of Appalachee. The names of the intermediate places cannot be identified. The march was tedious and full of dangers. The Indians were always hostile; the two captives of the former expedition escaped; a Spaniard, who had been kept in slavery from the time of Narvaez could give no accounts of any country where there was silver or gold. The guides would purposely lead the Castilians astray, and involve them in morasses; even though death, under the fangs of the bloodhounds, was the certain punishment. The whole company grew dispirited, and desired the governor to return, since the country opened no brilliant prospects. "I will not turn back," said Soto, "till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes." The hostile Indians who were taken prisoners were in part put to death, in part enslaved. These were led in chains, with iron collars about their necks; their service was, to grind the maize and to carry the baggage. An exploring party discovered Ochus, the harbor of Pensacola; and a message was sent to Cuba, desiring that in the ensuing year supplies for the expedition might be sent to that place.

Early in the spring of the following year, the wanderers renewed their march, with an Indian guide, who promised to lead

the way to a country, governed, it was said, by a woman, and where gold so abounded, that the art of melting and refining it was understood. He described the process so well, that the credulous Spaniards took heart, and exclaimed, "He must have seen it, or the devil has been his teacher!" The Indian appears to have pointed towards the Gold Region of North Carolina. The adventurers, therefore, eagerly hastened to the northeast; they passed the Alatamaha; they admired the fertile valleys of Georgia, rich, productive, and full of good rivers. They passed a northern tributary of the Alatamaha, and a southern branch of the Ogechee; and, at length, came upon the Ogechee itself, which, in April, flowed with a full channel and a strong current. Much of the time, the Spaniards were in wild solitudes; they suffered for want of salt and of meat. Their Indian guide affected madness; but "they said a gospel over him, and the fit left him." Again he involved them in pathless wilds; and then he would have been torn to pieces by the dogs, if he had not still been needed to assist the interpreter. Of four Indian captives who were questioned, one bluntly answered, he knew no country such as they described; the governor ordered him to be burnt, for what they esteemed his falsehood. The sight of the execution quickened the invention of his companions; and the Spaniards made their way to the small Indian settlement of Cutifa-Chiqui. A dagger and a rosary were found here; the story of the Indians traced them to the expedition of Vasquez de Ayllon; and a two day's journey would reach, it was believed, the harbor of St. Helena. The soldiers thought of home, and desired either to make a settlement on the fruitful soil around them, or to return. The governor was "a stern man, and of few words." Willingly hearing the opinions of others, he was inflexible, when he had once declared his own mind; and all his followers, "condescending to his will," continued to indulge delusive hopes.

The direction of the march was now to the north; to the comparatively sterile country of the Cherokees, and in part through a district in which gold is now found. The inhabitants were poor, but gentle; they liberally offered such presents as their habits of life permitted — deer skins and wild hens. Soto could hardly have crossed the mountains, so as to enter the basin of the Tennessee River; it seems, rather, that he passed from the head-waters of the Savannah, or the Chattahouchee, to the head-waters of the Coosa. The name of Canasauga, a village at which he halted, is still given to a

branch of the latter stream. For several months, the Spaniards were in the valleys which send their waters to the Bay of Mobile. Chiaha was an island distant about a hundred miles from Canasauga. An exploring party which was sent to the north were appalled by the aspect of the Appalachian chain, and pronounced the mountains impassable. They had looked for mines of copper and gold; and their only plunder was a buffalo robe.

In the latter part of July, the Spaniards were at Coosa. In the course of the season, they had occasion to praise the wild grape of the country, the same, perhaps, which has since been thought worthy of culture, and to admire the luxuriant growth of maize, which was springing from the fertile plains of Alabama. A southerly direction led the train to Tuscaloosa; nor was it long before the wanderers reached a considerable town on the Alabama, above the junction of the Tombecbee, and about one hundred miles, or six days' journey, from Pensacola. The village was called Mavilla, or Mobile, a name which is still preserved, and applied, not to the bay only, but to the river, after the union of its numerous tributaries. The Spaniards, tired or lodging in the fields, desired to occupy the cabins; the Indians rose to resist the invaders, whom they distrusted and feared. A battle ensued; the terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States: the town was set on fire; and a witness of the scene, doubtless greatly exaggerating the loss, relates that two thousand five hundred Indians were slain, suffocated, or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and, but for the flames, which consumed their light and dense settlements, they would have effectually repulsed the invaders. "Of the Christians, eighteen died;" one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain, and seventy hurt. The flames had not spared the baggage of the Spaniards; it was within the town, and was entirely consumed.

Meanwhile, ships from Cuba had arrived at Ochus, now Pensacola. Soto was too proud to confess his failure. He had made no important discoveries; he had gathered no stores of silver and gold, which he might send to tempt new adventurers; the fires of Mobile had consumed the curious collections which he had made. It marks the resolute cupidity and stubborn pride with which the expedition was conducted, that

he determined to send no news of himself, until, like Cortes, he had found some rich country.

But the region above the mouth of the Mobile was populous and hostile, and yet too poor to promise plunder. Soto retreated towards the north; his troops already reduced, by sickness and warfare, to five hundred men. A month passed away before he reached winter-quarters at Chicaça, a small town in the country of the Chickasaws, in the upper part of the state of Mississippi; probably on the western bank of the Yazoo. The weather was severe, and snow fell; but maize was yet standing in the open fields. The Spaniards were able to gather a supply of food, and the deserted town, with such rude cabins as they added, afforded them shelter through the winter. Yet no mines of Peru were discovered; no ornaments of gold adorned the rude savages; their wealth was the harvest of corn, and wigwams were their only palaces; they were poor and independent; they were hardy and loved freedom. When spring opened, Soto, as he had usually done with other tribes, demanded of the chieftain of the Chickasaws two hundred men to carry the burdens of his company. The Indians hesitated. Human nature is the same in every age and in every climate. Like the inhabitants of Athens in the days of Themistocles, or those of Moscow of a recent day, the Chickasaws, unwilling to see strangers and enemies occupy their homes, in the dead of night, deceiving the sentinels, set fire to their own village, in which the Castilians were encamped. On a sudden, half the houses were in flames; and the loudest notes of the war-whoop rung through the air. The Indians, could they have acted with calm bravery, might have gained an easy and entire victory; but they trembled at their own success, and feared the unequal battle against weapons of steel. Many of the horses had broken loose; these, terrified and without riders, roamed through the forest, of which the burning village illuminated the shades, and seemed to the ignorant natives the gathering of hostile squadrons. Others of the horses perished in the stables; most of the swine were consumed; eleven of "the Christians" were burned, or lost their lives in the tumult. The clothes which had been saved from the fires of Mobile were destroyed, and the Spaniards, now as naked as the natives, suffered from the cold. Weapons and equipments were consumed or spoiled. Had the Indians made a resolute onset on this night or the next, the Spaniards would have been

unable to resist. But in a respite of a week, forges were erected, swords newly tempered, and good ashen lances were made, equal to the best of Biscay. When the Indians attacked the camp, they found "the Christians" prepared.

All the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of the governor, served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still further to the west. For seven days, it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes; and, at length, came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. Soto was the first of Europeans to behold the magnificent river, which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream; it was then described as more than a mile broad; flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing places, probably at the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys." They brought gifts of fish, and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired before barges, large enough to hold three horsemen each, were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi; and Europeans were borne to its western bank.

The Dahcota tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri; Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth; and he determined to visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi, the party was often obliged to wade through morasses; at length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend towards New Madrid. Here the religions of the invaders and the natives came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine, which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West. . . .

He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribune. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back." But Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy; and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died. Thus perished Ferdinand de Soto, the governor of Cuba, the successful associate of Pizarro. His miserable end was the more observed, from the greatness of his former prosperity. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place.

MATTEO BANDELLO.

Bandello, Matteo, an Italian novelist and dramatist; born at Castelnuovo, Piedmont, about 1480; died in 1562. In Rome he became a Dominican friar, then entered a monastery in Milan, but led on the whole a roving life, sojourning in various cities and at several of the petty courts of Italy until 1525, when he went to France. Made bishop of Agen by Henry II. in 1550, he resigned that dignity in 1555. His tales, 214 in number, present vivid delineations of the loose manners of those times, and have frequently served as a source to many succeeding story-writers and dramatists, among them Shakespeare. Several were translated by T. Roscoe in his "Italian Novelists" (vol. iii., London, 1825).

The Mischievous Ape.

(Translated by Thomas Roscoe.)

In the time of Lodovico Sforza, the unfortunate Duke of Milan, there was kept, among other living curiosities in the ducal palace, a large and beautiful ape, whose amusing yet harmless manners, full of practical jests and witticisms, had long obtained for him the liberty of going at large. Such indeed was his reputation for prudence and good conduct, that he was not merely permitted the range of the whole palace, but frequently visited the outskirts, in the vicinity of Maine, of Cusano, and San Giovanni, and was not unfrequently seen conversing with some friend upon the walls. In fact most people were eager to show their respect for him by presenting him with fruits and other dainties, no less from regard to his ducal patron, than to his own intrinsic merits. The singular pleasure he afforded to all classes of society, by his happy talents of various kinds, was always a sufficient passport from place to place. But his favorite resort, among many others, was the house of an ancient gentlewoman, situated in the parish of San Giovanni, upon the walls; where he cultivated the society of her two sons, one of whom in particular, though at the head of

a family, invariably received his monkey guest in the most amiable manner, making him as much at home as if he had been the lady's favorite lapdog. These young men, perceiving their aged mother amused with the animal's unequalled exhibitions of his art, vied with each other in paying the most gratifying attentions to his monkeyship; and would certainly, had he not happened to have been ducal property, either have purchased or stolen him, merely out of regard to their mother. The whole household, likewise, received orders to treat him with the same invariable kindness and respect, studying what appeared most agreeable to his taste, so as to give him an affection for the old lady's house. This last motive weighed so greatly with his apeship, that he almost deserted his other neighbors, in order to enjoy more of the society of these very agreeable friends; although he was careful to return to his own ducal residence at the castle in the evening. During this time the aged lady becoming very infirm, no longer left her chamber, where she was affectionately attended by her whole family, who supplied her with every alleviation in the power of medical advice to bestow. Thither, occasionally, our facetious hero was also introduced for the purpose of awakening a smile on the wan features of the patient, by his strange and amusing manners, receiving some delicate morsels in return from the poor lady's own hand. As he possessed a natural taste, in common with most of his race, for every kind of sweets, he was in the habit of besieging the old lady's room with great perseverance and assiduity, feasting upon the best confectionery with far higher zest than the poor patient herself. Worn out at length, by long infirmities and age, she soon after departed this world, having first with becoming piety confessed herself, and received the holy sacraments of our church, with the communion and extreme unction at the final close.

While the funeral ceremonies were preparing, and the last offices rendered to the deceased, the monkey appeared to pay remarkable attention to all that was going forward. The corpse being dressed, and placed on the funeral bier, the holy sisterhood then attended with the usual ceremonies, offering up hymns and aves to the Virgin for the soul of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to the parish church not far distant, not unobserved by the monkey, who watched the procession depart. But he soon turned his attention to the state of things around him; and after feasting on the cake and wine,

being a little elevated, he began to empty the boxes and drawers, and examine the contents. Having observed the deceased in her last habiliments, and the form of her head-dress when she was laid out, the facetious ape immediately began to array himself in the cast-off garments, exactly in the manner he had witnessed; and so perfect was the resemblance, that when he had covered himself up in bed, the physician himself would have been puzzled to detect the cheat. Here the false patient lay, when the domestics entered the chamber; and suddenly perceiving the monkey thus dexterously laid out, they ran back in the utmost terror and surprise, believing that they had really seen either the corpse or the spirit of the deceased. After recovering sufficient presence of mind to speak, they declared, as they hoped to be saved, that they had seen their mistress reposing upon her sick couch as usual. On the return of the two brothers with their friends and relatives from church, they directly resolved to ascend in a body into the sick chamber; and night already approaching, they all felt, in spite of their affected indifference, an unpleasant sensation on entering the room. Drawing near the bedside, they not only fancied they saw and heard a person breathe, but observing the coverings move, as if the patient were about to spring from the couch, they retreated with the utmost precipitation and alarm. When they had recovered their spirits a little, the guests requested that a priest might be sent for, to whom, on his arrival, they proceeded to explain the case. On hearing the nature of it, the good friar, being of a truly prudent and pious turn, dispatched a person back for his clerk, with orders to bring him the large ivory crucifix, and the illuminated psalter. These, with the help of holy water, the wafer, and the priest's stole, were judged a sufficient match for the devices of the Evil One; and thus armed, repeating the seven psalms with due ejaculations to the Virgin, they once more ascended the stairs, the clerk, in obedience to the friar, bearing the huge ivory crucifix at their head. He had previously exhorted the brothers to have no fears for the final salvation of their parent, as the number and excellence of her confessions were an effectual preservative against the most diabolical efforts of the adversary. He maintained that there was not the least cause for alarm, for what the servants had beheld were merely Satanic illusions, which he had frequently been in the habit of dispelling with singular success; and that

having made use of his exorcisms, he would then bless the house, and, with the Lord's help, lay such a curse upon the bad spirits, as would deprive them of the least inclination to return.

When they arrived at the chamber door, all the guests, in spite of these encouraging exhortations and the sprinkling of holy water, drew back, while the bold friar ordered his clerk to advance in the name of the Lord; which he did, followed only by his superior. Approaching the sick-bed, they perceived Monna Bertuccia, our facetious ape, laid out as we have said, in perfect personification of the deceased. After mumbling some prayers, and flourishing the cross in vain, for some time, they began to entertain doubts of their success, though at the same time they felt ashamed to retreat. So sprinkling the holy water with a more liberal hand, crying: "*Asperges me, domine; asperges me;*" they complimented the ape with a portion of it in his face. Expecting upon this to be next saluted with a blow of the huge cross, he suddenly began to grin and chatter in so horrible a manner that the sacred vessel fell from the priest's hands, and the clerk at the same time dropping the crucifix, they both fled together. Such was their haste that they stumbled, one over the other, down the stairs, the priest falling upon his clerk, when they reached the bottom.

On hearing the sudden crash, and the terrified exclamations of the good friar, "*Jesus, Jesus, Domine, adjuva me,*" the brothers, followed by the rest of the party, rushed towards the spot, eagerly inquiring what dreadful accident had occurred. Both of the holy personages gazed on the guests without being able to utter a word; but their pallid looks spoke volumes sufficient to answer all demands. The poor clerk fainted away, no less from excess of fear than from the terrible fall he had just received. Having obliged both to partake of some restoratives, the priest at length summoned courage enough to say: "It is true, my dear children, I have indeed seen your poor departed mother in the form of a fierce demon;" when just as he had finished these words, the cause of all their disturbance, desirous of securing the remnants of the feast, was heard approaching at a pretty brisk and clattering pace down the unlucky stairs. Without giving any of the party time to discover a fresh place of refuge, or even to prepare their minds for his reception, he bounced suddenly into the room, armed cap-a-pie, in the fearful petticoats of the deceased. His head was dressed to a nicety exactly in the same manner as the old lady's,

and his whole body very decently arrayed in her late habiliments. He placed himself in the midst of the company, all of whom stood rooted to the spot, silent and awe-stricken, awaiting the dreadful scene that might ensue. The wrinkles in his countenance certainly bore no small resemblance to those in the features of the deceased, to which his very serious demeanor added not a little. Yet after a few secret ejaculations for divine protection on the part of the guests, the facetious visitor was soon recognized by one of the brothers, the only person who had possessed courage to look the monkey in the face, on his sudden entrance into the room. Momentary prayers and exclamations were then as suddenly converted into bursts of laughter; and in a few minutes the author of all their sufferings began to resume the usual hilarity of his disposition, to exhibit his best manœuvres in the saltic art, and with the greatest politeness severally to accost the company. He evinced, however, the utmost aversion to disrobing himself of his new honors, snapping at any one who ventured to approach him, while he performed his antics in the ablest and most whimsical manner. In full dress he thus set out on his return to the castle, meeting with reiterated plaudits, as he passed along the streets. In this state he was welcomed home by the domestics of the castle, producing infinite diversion among the courtiers, and all those who witnessed his exploits. Nor did the two brothers punish him for his involuntary fault; rather kindly permitting him to return to his old haunts, where he feasted and frolicked away his days, until he attained to a happy and respectable old age.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Bangs, John Kendrick, an American journalist and writer of juvenile stories, was born at Yonkers, N. Y., in 1862. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1883. His first book, "Roger Camerden," was written in 1886. "New Waggings of Old Tales by Two Wags," appeared in 1887, followed by "Katherine" and "Mephistopheles," two travesties. He wrote the juvenile stories: "Tiddledy-wink Tales" (1890); "In Camp with a Tin Soldier" (1892); "The Tiddledy-wink Poetry-Book" (1892), and "Half-Hours with Jimmieboy" (1893). In "Coffee and Repartee" (1893) he introduces his funnily-wise and very serious "Idiot," who reappears in "Three Weeks in Politics" (1894). Later works are: "Toppleton's Client" (1894); "The Water-Ghost" (1894); "The Idiot" (1895); "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica" (1895); "A House-Boat on the Styx" (1895); "A Rebellious Heroine," and "Bicyclers, and Other Farces" (1896).

The House Committee Discuss the Poets.[1]

(From "A House-Boat on the Styx.")

"There 's one thing this house-boat needs," wrote Homer in the complaint-book that adorned the centre-table in the reading-room, "and that is a Poets' Corner. There are smoking-rooms for those who smoke, billiard-rooms for those who play billiards, and a card-room for those who play cards. I do not smoke, I can't play billiards, and I do not know a trey of diamonds from a silver salver. All I can do is write poetry. Why discriminate against me? By all means let us have a Poets' Corner, where a man can be inspired in peace."

For four days this entry lay in the book apparently unnoticed. On the fifth day the following lines, signed by Samson, appeared: —

"I approve of Homer's suggestion. There should be a Poets' Corner here. Then the rest of us could have some comfort. While playing *vingt-et-un* with Diogenes in the card-room on Friday evening a poetic member of this club was taken with a most violent fancy, and it required the combined efforts of Diogenes and myself, assisted by the janitor, to remove the

[1] By permission of Harper & Brothers.

frenzied and objectionable member from the room. The habit some of our poets have acquired of giving way to their inspirations all over the club-house should be stopped, and I know of no better way to accomplish this desirable end than by the adoption of Homer's suggestion. Therefore I second the motion."

Of course the suggestion of two members so prominent as Homer and Samson could not well be ignored by the house committee, and it reluctantly took the subject in hand at an early meeting.

"I find here," said Demosthenes to the chairman, as the committee gathered, "a suggestion from Homer and Samson that this house-boat be provided with a Poets' Corner. I do not know that I approve of the suggestion myself, but in order to bring it before the committee for debate I am willing to make a motion that the request be granted."

"Excuse me," put in Doctor Johnson, "but where do you find that suggestion? 'Here' is not very definite. Where *is* 'here'?"

"In the complaint-book, which I hold in my hand," returned Demosthenes, putting a pebble in his mouth so that he might enunciate more clearly.

A frown ruffled the serenity of Doctor Johnson's brow.

"In the complaint-book, eh?" he said, slowly. "I thought house committees were not expected to pay any attention to complaints in complaint-books. I never heard of its being done before."

"Well, I can't say that I have either," replied Demosthenes, chewing thoughtfully on the pebble, "but I suppose complaint-books are the places for complaints. You don't expect people to write serial stories or dialect poems in them, do you?"

"That is n't the point, as the man said to the assassin who tried to stab him with the hilt of his dagger," retorted Doctor Johnson, with some asperity. "Of course, complaint-books are for the reception of complaints — nobody disputes that. What I want to have determined is whether it is necessary or proper for the complaints to go further."

"I fancy we have a legal right to take the matter up," said Blackstone, wearily; "though I don't know of any precedent for such action. In all the clubs I have known the house committees have invariably taken the ground that the complaint-book was established to guard them against the annoyance of hearing complaints. This one, however, has been forced upon us by our secretary, and in view of the age of the complainants I think we cannot well decline to give them a specific answer.

Respect for age is *de rigueur* at all times, like clean hands. I 'll second the motion."

"I think the Poets' Corner entirely unnecessary," said Confucius. "This is n't a class organization, and we should resist any effort to make it or any portion of it so. In fact, I will go further and state that it is my opinion that if we do any legislating in the matter at all, we ought to discourage rather than encourage these poets. They are always littering the club up with themselves. Only last Wednesday I came here with a guest — no less a person than a recently deceased Emperor of China — and what was the first sight that greeted our eyes?"

"I give it up," said Doctor Johnson. "It must have been a catacornered sight, whatever it was, if the Emperor's eyes slanted like yours."

"No personalities, please, Doctor," said Sir Walter Raleigh, the chairman, rapping the table vigorously with the shade of a handsome gavel that had once adorned the Roman Senate-chamber.

"He 's only a Chinaman!" muttered Johnson.

"What was the sight that greeted your eyes, Confucius?" asked Cassius.

"Omar Khayyam stretched over five of the most comfortable chairs in the library," returned Confucius; "and when I ventured to remonstrate with him he lost his temper, and said I 'd spoiled the whole second volume of the Rubáiyát. I told him he ought to do his rubáiyátting at home, and he made a scene, to avoid which I hastened with my guest over to the billiard-room; and there, stretched at full length on the pool-table, was Robert Burns trying to write a sonnet on the cloth with chalk in less time than Villon could turn out another, with two lines start, on the billiard-table with the same writing materials. Now I ask you, gentlemen, if these things are to be tolerated? Are they not rather to be reprehended, whether I am a Chinaman or not?"

"What would you have us do, then?" asked Sir Walter Raleigh, a little nettled. "Exclude poets altogether? I was one, remember."

"Oh, but not much of one, Sir Walter," put in Doctor Johnson, deprecatingly.

"No," said Confucius. "I don't want them excluded, but they should be controlled. You don't let a shoemaker who has become a member of this club turn the library sofas into

benches and go pegging away at boot-making, so why should you let the poets turn the place into a verse factory? That 's what I'd like to know."

"I don't know but what your point is well taken," said Blackstone, "though I can't say I think your parallels are very parallel. A shoemaker, my dear Confucius, is somewhat different from a poet."

"Certainly," said Doctor Johnson. "Very different — in fact, different enough to make a conundrum of the question — what is the difference between a shoemaker and a poet? One makes the shoes and the other shakes the muse — all the difference in the world. Still, I don't see how we can exclude the poets. It is the very democracy of this club that gives it life. We take in everybody — peer, poet, or what not. To say that this man shall not enter because he is this or that or the other thing would result in our ultimately becoming a class organization, which, as Confucius himself says, we are not and must not be. If we put out the poet to please the sage, we 'll soon have to put out the sage to please the fool, and so on. We 'll keep it up, once the precedent is established, until finally it will become a class club entirely — a Plumbers' Club, for instance — and how absurd that would be in Hades! No, gentlemen, it can't be done. The poets must and shall be preserved."

"What 's the objection to class clubs, anyhow?" asked Cassius. "I don't object to them. If we could have had political organizations in my day I might not have had to fall on my sword to get out of keeping an engagement I had no fancy for. Class clubs have their uses."

"No doubt," said Demosthenes. "Have all the class clubs you want, but do not make one of this. An Authors' Club, where none but authors are admitted, is a good thing. The members learn there that there are other authors than themselves. Poets' Clubs are a good thing; they bring poets into contact with each other, and they learn what a bore it is to have to listen to a poet reading his own poem. Pugilists' Clubs are good; so are all other class clubs; but so also are clubs like our own, which takes in all who are worthy. Here a poet can talk poetry as much as he wants, but at the same time he hears something besides poetry. We must stick to our original idea."

"Then let us do something to abate the nuisance of which I complain," said Confucius. "Can't we adopt a house rule that poets must not be inspired between the hours of 11 A.M. and 5

P.M., or in the evening after eight; that any poet discovered using more than five arm-chairs in the composition of a quatrain will be charged two oboli an hour for each chair in excess of that number; and that the billiard-marker shall be required to charge a premium of three times the ordinary fee for tables used by versifiers in lieu of writing-pads?"

"That would n't be a bad idea," said Sir Walter Raleigh. "I, as a poet, would not object to that. I do all my work at home, anyhow."

"There 's another phase of this business that we have n't considered yet, and it 's rather important," said Demosthenes, taking a fresh pebble out of his bonbonnière. "That 's in the matter of stationery. This club, like all other well-regulated clubs, provides its members with a suitable supply of writing materials. Charon informs me that the waste-baskets last week turned out forty-two reams of our best correspondence paper on which these poets had scribbled the first draft of their verses. Now I don't think the club should furnish the poets with the raw material for their poems any more than, to go back to Confucius's shoemaker, it should supply leather for our cobblers."

"What do you mean by raw material for poems?" asked Sir Walter, with a frown.

"Pen, ink, and paper. What else?" said Demosthenes.

"Does n't it take brains to write a poem?" said Raleigh.

"Does n't it take brains to make a pair of shoes?" retorted Demosthenes, swallowing a pebble in his haste.

"They 've got a right to the stationery, though," put in Blackstone. "A clear legal right to it. If they choose to write poems on the paper instead of boring people to death with letters, as most of us do, that 's their own affair."

"Well, they 're very wasteful," said Demosthenes.

"We can meet that easily enough," observed Cassius. "Furnish each writing-table with a slate. I should think they 'd be pleased with that. It 's so much easier to rub out the wrong word."

"Most poets prefer to rub out the right word," growled Confucius. "Besides, I shall never consent to slates in this house-boat. The squeaking of the pencils would be worse than the poems themselves."

"That 's true," said Cassius. "I never thought of that. If a dozen poets got to work on those slates at once, a fife corps would n't be a circumstance to them."

"Well, it all goes to prove what I have thought all along," said Doctor Johnson. "Homer's idea is a good one, and Samson was wise in backing it up. The poets need to be concentrated somewhere where they will not be a nuisance to other people, and where other people will not be a nuisance to them. Homer ought to have a place to compose in where the *vingt-et-un* players will not interrupt his frenzies, and, on the other hand, the *vingt-et-un* and other players should be protected from the wooers of the muse. I 'll vote to have the Poets' Corner, and in it I move that Cassius's slate idea be carried out. It will be a great saving, and if the corner we select be far enough away from the other corners of the club, the squeaking of the slate-pencils need bother no one."

"I agree to that," said Blackstone. "Only I think it should be understood that, in granting the petition of the poets, we do not bind ourselves to yield to doctors and lawyers and shoemakers and plumbers in case they should each want a corner to themselves."

"A very wise idea," said Sir Walter. Whereupon the resolution was suitably worded, and passed unanimously.

Just where the Poets' Corner is to be located the members of the committee have not as yet decided, although Confucius is strongly in favor of having it placed in a dingy situated a quarter of a mile astern of the house-boat, and connected therewith by a slight cord, which can be easily cut in case the squeaking of the poets' slate-pencils becomes too much for the nervous system of the members who have no corner of their own.

JOHN BANIM.

Banim, John, an Irish novelist, born at Kilkenny, Ireland, April 3, 1798; died near there, August 18, 1842. He began active life as a miniature-painter, but early abandoned art for literature. In 1825 and 1826 appeared two volumes of stories entitled "Tales of the O'Hara Family." These were followed in 1828 by "The Croppy," a story connected with the unlucky insurrection of 1798. Banim afterward put forth several other novels, among which are "The Denounced," "The Last Baron of Crana," and "Boyne Water." He also contributed to periodicals in prose and verse. Some time before his death he was stricken by disease, which seemed to preclude literary work, and in 1837 a pension of £150 was given to him from the civil list, and a further sum of £40 was awarded for the education of his daughter. "The Tales of the O'Hara Family" and "The Croppy" are the most characteristic of his works. "The O'Hara Tales" were written in collaboration with his brother, Michael Banim (1796–1874), also an Irish novelist, though of minor importance.

Burning the House of a Croppy.

(From "The Croppy.")

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence, his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without, and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapor from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke. Sky and earth reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire, and

Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye, fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now reddened fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, flickering redly in the glow, as at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts, over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent, and little Peter now feared to address a word to him; and other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford.

Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybrechoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head; and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which in summer weather the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it, and three or four yeomen — their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black — seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads.

Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them; and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch; and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expression of his pent-up feelings.

A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

"By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night — an' I standin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id — while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!"

And so asseverating, he re-crossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

Soggarth Aroon.

"O Priest, O Love!"

THE IRISH PEASANT'S ADDRESS TO HIS PRIEST.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,

Nor out of fear to you
Stand up so near to you —
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cowld blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon;
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon?
And when my hearth was dim
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon;
In love they 'll never shake
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

The Irish Maiden's Song.

You know it now — it is betrayed
This moment in mine eye,
And in my young cheeks' crimson shade,
And in my whispered sigh.

You know it now — yet listen now —
  Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth and virgin vow
  Still, still I keep from you,
    Ever!

Ever, until a proof you give
  How oft you 've heard me say,
I would not even his empress live
  Who idles life away,
Without one effort for the land
  In which my fathers' graves
Were hollowed by a despot hand
  To darkly close on slaves —
    Never!

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
  Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may soothe their pang
  Or hide their links in flowers —
But try all things to snap them first,
  And should all fail when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
  My twining arms shall hide —
    Ever!

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

Banville, Théodore de, a French poet, novelist, and dramatist, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823, and died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of an officer in the French army. He began to write poetry at the age of nineteen, and continued for fifty years to be active both in prose and in verse. As a poet, he displayed a remarkable mastery of rhyme and rhythm; and it is in the exhibition of these that he chiefly excelled. Under his auspices the graceful metrical systems of the pléiade, as well as the older forms of the mediæval poets, such as ballades, rondeaus, and triolets, were once more brought into fashion. Saintsbury, speaking of De Banville's writings, says: "His serious poetry is full of poetical language and sentiment; his lighter verse is charming; his prose is excellent; and he was no mean hand at drama." The first volume of De Banville, "Les Caryatides," published in 1841, gave him at once a standing as a poet among the younger members of the romantic school; but the first work which attracted general attention, and which, it has been said, awakened expectations that were not fully realized in his subsequent writings, was his "Odes Funambulesques," issued in 1857. His principal drama is "Gringoire;" and other notable works are "Stalactites," "Odelettes," "Les Exilés, "Occidentales," and a volume of recollections entitled "Mes Souvenirs."

Ballade des Pendus.

(From "Gringoire;" translated by Andrew Lang.)

Where wide the forest boughs are spread
  Where Flora wakes with sylph and fay,
Are crowns and garlands of men dead,
  All golden in the morning gay;
Within this ancient garden gray
  Are clusters such as no man knows,
Where moss and soldan bear the sway:
  This is King Louis' orchard close!

These wretched folk wave overhead,
  With such strange thoughts as none may say;
A moment still, then sudden sped,
  They swing in a ring and waste away.

The morning smites them with her ray;
They toss with every breeze that blows,
They dance where fires of dawning play:
This is King Louis' orchard close!

All hanged and dead, they 've summonèd
(With Hell to aid, that hears them pray)
New legions of an army dread,
Now down the blue sky flames the day;
The dew dies off; the foul array
Of obscene ravens gathers and goes,
With wings that flap and beaks that flay:
This is King Louis' orchard close!

ENVOI.

Prince, where leaves murmur of the May,
A tree of bitter clusters grows;
The bodies of men dead are they!
This is King Louis' orchard close!

The Balladist.

(From Shirley's "Adaptation of Gringoire.")

"Aye, 't is a habit, this making of verse; an idle habit and a waste of precious sheepskin. 'T is but the arranging of sister sounds until they make a jingled repetition; like the silver bells upon a distant sledge. And the world despises the poet; despises him as much, perchance, as he despises it. Yet has he no choice; for the gift is of God, and the poet's call is from within. You, Jeanette, have never felt the bitter sweetness of suffering the pangs of others! You have never said to yourself, when full of joy and gladness, 'At this very moment there are thousands of my fellow-creatures weeping; thousands enduring all the pains that harsh fate can send them; thousands beholding their most cherished children die inch by inch, and feeling a portion of their very hearts torn from their living breasts.' These thoughts have never come to *you*."

"Indeed they have, Gringoire; and when I have heard how many are bowed down by pain and oppression, I have wished to be a man that I might fight with might and main in their defence."

"Then you *have* a heart! Hear me tell you that there are

on this earth thousands, aye, millions of our fellow-creatures born to live in misery and doomed to die in despair."

"Alas!"

"There are white slaves chained to many a gilded chariot, who work and wear out their lives in loathsome labor, that unworthy masters may loll on well-stuffed cushions and dream how much more precious is their dainty flesh than that of all their serfs. What does the poet amid these scenes of sadness? The pains of others touch *his* heart; the tears of others bathe *his* cheek; the sobs of others choke *his* voice, and the wrongs of others cry aloud for justice through *his* throat and pen! No bribe can silence; no prison stifle his uplifted voice. He enters palaces and bids their owners pause; he creeps into cots and gives their tenants hope; he tilts at luxury and waste; and in tones of warning cries: —

"Lords and lordlings, titled tyrants,
Listen to my simple lay:
Hear the People's poet tell you,
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Hear the truth — that word unwelcome —
Keep the hungry mob at bay;
Let them hide their famished faces;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Common people are your cattle,
Born to labor and obey;
Spurn them, work them, tax them, kill them;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"What if they be bowed with sorrow,
You are healthful, proud, and gay;
You deserve a better fortune;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"If *their* lives be long December,
Yours is just as much a May;
Loudly laugh, 't will drown their curses;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Heed not starving men and women,
Fallen lifeless in the fray;
Trample on their breathless bodies;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

MME. DE MAINTENON

"They have *Souls*, these common people,
Spurn their bodies as ye may;
In their heart of hearts they *hate* you;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Is this truth, or mere complaining?
Dare the rich my words gainsay?
Shame on all their pomp and splendor!
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Dawn of Hope is dimly breaking,
'T will come ere our babes are gray:
When 't is here, let Crœsus cower!
Poverty 's *no crime* to-day!"

"And he who speaks thus tenderly of the weak and suffering is the man the King would have me marry! Why do you think I could never love him?"

The White Rose.

Sent by a Yorkshire Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkshire turn again.

Anonymous.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Barbauld, Anna Letitia (Aikin), an English poet and essayist, was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743; died at Stoke-Newington, March 9, 1825. In 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister of Huguenot descent. She had already acquired a literary reputation; and she and her husband opened a school, which proved very successful. Her works are numerous, both in prose and verse. She is perhaps best known by the "Evenings at Home," written by her in conjunction with her brother John about 1794, much the larger portion being by him. In her prose writings she imitated the style of Dr. Johnson. She was well educated, and numbered among her friends many famous authors, including Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Her first poems (1773) went through four editions in one year. She wrote: "Early Lessons for Children" (about 1774); "Devotional Pieces" (1775); "Hymns in Prose for Children" (1776), translated in many languages; "Eighteen hundred and Eleven," her longest effort (1811); and prepared an edition of the best English novels in fifty volumes.

A Dialogue of the Dead.

BETWEEN HELEN OF TROY AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Helen. Whence comes it, my dear Madame Maintenon, that beauty, which in the age I lived in produced such extraordinary effects, has now lost almost all its power?

Maintenon. I should wish first to be convinced of the fact, before I offer to give you a reason for it.

Helen. That will be very easy; for there is no occasion to go any further than our own histories and experience to prove what I advance. You were beautiful, accomplished, and fortunate; endowed with every talent and every grace to bend the heart of man and mould it to your wish: and your schemes were successful; for you raised yourself from obscurity and dependence to be the wife of a great monarch. — But what is

this to the influence my beauty had over sovereigns and nations! I occasioned a long ten years' war between the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; contending kingdoms disputed the honor of placing me on their respective thrones; my story is recorded by the father of verse; and my charms make a figure even in the annals of mankind. You were, it is true, the wife of Louis XIV., and respected in his court: but you occasioned no wars; you are not spoken of in the history of France, though you furnished materials for the memoirs of a court. Are the love and admiration that were paid you merely as an amiable woman to be compared with the enthusiasm I inspired, and the boundless empire I obtained over all that was celebrated, great, or powerful in the age I lived in?

MAINTENON. All this, my dear Helen, has a splendid appearance, and sounds well in a heroic poem; but you greatly deceive yourself if you impute it all to your personal merit. Do you imagine that half the chiefs concerned in the war of Troy were at all influenced by your beauty, or troubled their heads what became of you, provided they came off with honor? Believe me, love had very little to do in the affair. Menelaus sought to revenge the affront he had received; Agamemnon was flattered with the supreme command; some came to share the glory, others the plunder; some because they had bad wives at home, some in hopes of getting Trojan mistresses abroad: and Homer thought the story extremely proper for the subject of the best poem in the world. Thus you became famous; your elopement was made a national quarrel; the animosities of both nations were kindled by frequent battles: and the object was not the restoring of Helen to Menelaus, but the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. — My triumphs, on the other hand, were all owing to myself and to the influence of personal merit and charms over the heart of man. My birth was obscure; my fortunes low; I had passed the bloom of youth, and was advancing to that period at which the generality of our sex lose all importance with the other. I had to do with a man of gallantry and intrigue, a monarch who had been long familiarized with beauty, and accustomed to every refinement of pleasure which the most splendid court in Europe could afford: Love and Beauty seemed to have exhausted all their powers of pleasing for him in vain. Yet this man I captivated, I fixed; and far from being content, as other beauties had been, with the honor of possessing his heart, I brought him to make

me his wife, and gained an honorable title to his tenderest affection. — The infatuation of Paris reflected little honor upon you. A thoughtless youth, gay, tender, and impressible, struck with your beauty, in violation of all the most sacred laws of hospitality carries you off, and obstinately refuses to restore you to your husband. You seduced Paris from his duty, I recovered Louis from vice; you were the mistress of the Trojan prince, I was the companion of the French monarch.

HELEN. I grant you were the wife of Louis, but not the queen of France. Your great object was ambition, and in that you met with a partial success; my ruling star was love, and I gave up everything for it. But tell me, did not I show my influence over Menelaus in his taking me again after the destruction of Troy?

MAINTENON. That circumstance alone is sufficient to show that he did not love you with any delicacy. He took you as a possession that was restored to him, as a booty that he had recovered; and he had not sentiment enough to care whether he had your heart or not. The heroes of your age were capable of admiring beauty, and often fought for the possession of it; but they had not refinement enough to be capable of any pure, sentimental attachment or delicate passion. Was that period the triumph of love and gallantry, when a fine woman and a tripod were placed together for prizes at a wrestling bout, and the tripod esteemed the more valuable reward of the two? No: it is our Clelia, our Cassandra and Princess of Cleves, that have polished mankind and taught them how to love.

HELEN. Rather say you have lost sight of nature and passion, between bombast on one hand and conceit on the other. Shall one of the cold temperament of France teach a Greek how to love? Greece, the parent of fair forms and soft desires, the nurse of poetry, whose soft climate and tempered skies disposed to every gentler feeling, and tuned the heart to harmony and love! — was Greece a land of barbarians? But recollect, if you can, an incident which showed the power of beauty in stronger colors — than when the grave old counsellors of Priam on my appearance were struck with fond admiration, and could not bring themselves to blame the cause of a war that had almost ruined their country; you see I charmed the old as well as seduced the young.

MAINTENON. But I, after I was grown old, charmed the young; I was idolized in a capital where taste, luxury, and

magnificence were at the height; I was celebrated by the greatest wits of my time, and my letters have been carefully handed down to posterity.

HELEN. Tell me now, sincerely, were you happy in your elevated fortune?

MAINENON. Alas! Heaven knows I was far otherwise; a thousand times did I wish for my dear Scarron again. He was a very ugly fellow, it is true, and had but little money; but the most easy, entertaining companion in the world: we danced, laughed, and sung; I spoke without fear or anxiety, and was sure to please. With Louis all was gloom, constraint, and a painful solicitude to please — which seldom produces its effect: the king's temper had been soured in the latter part of life by frequent disappointments; and I was forced continually to endeavor to procure him that cheerfulness which I had not myself. Louis was accustomed to the most delicate flatteries; and though I had a good share of wit, my faculties were continually on the stretch to entertain him, — a state of mind little consistent with happiness or ease; I was afraid to advance my friends or punish my enemies. My pupils at St. Cyr were not more secluded from the world in a cloister than I was in the bosom of the court; a secret disgust and weariness consumed me. I had no relief but in my work and books of devotion; with these alone I had a gleam of happiness.

HELEN. Alas! one need not have married a great monarch for that.

MAINTENON. But deign to inform me, Helen, if you were really as beautiful as fame reports; for, to say truth, I cannot in your shade see the beauty which for nine long years had set the world in arms.

HELEN. Honestly, no. I was rather low, and something sunburnt: but I had the good fortune to please; that was all. I was greatly obliged to Homer.

MAINTENON. And did you live tolerably with Menelaus after all your adventures?

HELEN. As well as possible. Menelaus was a good-natured, domestic man, and was glad to sit down and end his days in quiet. I persuaded him that Venus and the Fates were the cause of all my irregularities, which he complaisantly believed. Besides, I was not sorry to return home: for, to tell you a secret, Paris had been unfaithful to me long before his death, and was fond of a little Trojan brunette whose office it was to hold up

my train; but it was thought dishonorable to give me up. I began to think love a very foolish thing: I became a great housekeeper, worked the battles of Troy in tapestry, and spun with my maids by the side of Menelaus, who was so satisfied with my conduct, and behaved, good man, with so much fondness, that I verily think this was the happiest period of my life.

MAINTENON. Nothing more likely; but the most obscure wife in Greece could rival you there. Adieu! You have convinced me how little fame and greatness conduce to happiness.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
  Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul
  And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed
  To bless my longing sight:
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
  And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
  To find thy hermit cell,
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
  The modest virtues dwell:

Simplicity, in Attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
  And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
  A vista to the sky.

There Health through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in eventide,
  That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
  To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway.
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thine own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

Life.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou are fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.

. . . . . .

Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
— Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

Barham, Richard Harris, an English clergyman and humorous writer, born at Canterbury, December 6, 1788; died in London, June 17, 1845. He began the study of law, but abandoned the legal for the clerical profession; was ordained in 1813; was made a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, in 1821, and three years later became one of the priests in ordinary in the chapel of King George IV. He was a grave, dignified, and decorous clergyman. Few indeed knew that he was also one of the cleverest humorous writers of his time. In 1837 he began to contribute, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Ingoldsby," to "Bentley's Miscellany" a series of papers in prose and verse with the general title of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which were accorded a high place in humorous literature, and are now classics. He also wrote: "My Cousin Nicholas," a novel (1841); and "Life of Theodore Hook" (1849).

My Lord Tomnoddy.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"
My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay 's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"
Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him banged:
"An 't please you, my Lord, there 's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Ropedancers a score
I 've seen before —
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab —
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street, and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place,
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay —
An old woman who would n't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall;
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,

Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the ginshop, and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"
. . . . . .
The clock strikes twelve — it is dark midnight —
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"
Ale glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys — rare work for the jaws, —
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin toddy,
And laughing at everything, and everybody.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
— "Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!
Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks,
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and high,
On all — save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun
Should rise on such scene of misery —
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree!

And hark! — a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes — Eight! —
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell —
And see, — from forth that opening door
They come! — He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
— God! 't is a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 't were scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer;
That heaving chest! — Enough, — 't is done!
The bolt has fallen! — the spirit is gone —
For weal or for woe is known but to One! —
— Oh! 't was a fearsome sight! — Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Again that clock! 't is time, 't is time!
The hour is past; — with its earliest chime
The chord is severed, its lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine! — 't was the last concluding stroke!
And then — my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Treegooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hollo! hollo!
Here 's a rum Go!
Why, Captain! — my Lord! — Here 's the devil to pay!
The fellow 's been cut down and taken away! —
What 's to be done?
We 've missed all the fun! —
Why, they 'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done? — 't was perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.
What *was* to be done? — The man was dead!
Naught *could* be done — naught could be said;
So — my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree —
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, He perched on the chair

Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little Singing Boys, — dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two
Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There 's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they 're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates, —

They take up the poker and poke out the grates, —
They turn up the rugs, — They examine the mugs: —
But no! — no such thing; — They can't find the RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying! —
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way; —
His pinions drooped — he could hardly stand —
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM! —
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution! —
When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, — or if any one swore, —
Or slumbered in prayer time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It 's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Baring-Gould, Sabine, an English clergyman and author, the oldest son of Edward Baring-Gould of Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, was born in Exeter, Devonshire, January 28, 1834. He graduated at Clare College, Cambridge, in 1856, and took orders in the Church of England in 1864. From 1864 to 1867 he was curate of Harbury, Yorkshire; from 1867 to 1871 curate of Dalton, Yorkshire; and from 1871 to 1881 rector of East Mersea, Essex. At his father's death, in 1872, he succeeded to the family estates, and in 1881 to the rectory of Lew-Trenchard. He visited Iceland in 1861, and in 1863 published "Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas," though he had previously published one or more books. Among his most important works are, in mediæval lore: "The Book of Werewolves," "Post-mediæval Preachers," "Myths of the Middle Ages" (two series), "The Silver Store," "Curiosities of Olden Times," and "Legends of Old Testament Characters." On theological subjects: "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," "Mosaicism," "Lives of the Saints," "Some Modern Difficulties," "The Lost and Hostile Gospels," "Village Sermons for a Year," "The Vicar of Morwenstow," "The Seven Last Words," "The Church in Germany," and "The Trials of Jesus." His novels, which are among his most interesting books, are: "Mehalah," "Court Royal," "Red Spider," "The Gaverocks," "Richard Cable," "John Herring," "Margery of Quether," "In the Roar of the Sea," "Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven," "Cheap Jack Zita," "Kitty Alone." The "Tragedy of the Cæsars" was published in 1892, "Dartmoor Idylls" in 1896. From 1871 to 1873 Mr. Baring-Gould was editor of *The Sacristy*, a quarterly review of ecclesiastical art and literature.

The Cornish Wreckers.

(From "The Vicar of Morwenstow.")

When the Rev. R. S. Hawker came to Morwenstow in 1834, he found that he had much to contend with, not only in the external condition of church and vicarage, but also in that which is of greater importance. . . .

"The farmers of the parish were simple-hearted and respectable; but the denizens of the hamlet, after receiving the wages of the harvest time, eked out a precarious existence in the winter, and watched eagerly and expectantly for the shipwrecks that were certain to happen, and upon the plunder of which they surely calculated for the scant provision of their families. The wrecked goods supplied them with the necessaries of life, and the rended planks of the dismembered vessel contributed to the warmth of the hovel hearthstone.

"When Mr. Hawker came to Morwenstow, 'the cruel and covetous natives of the strand, the wreckers of the seas and rocks for flotsam and jetsam,' held as an axiom and an injunction to be strictly obeyed: —

"'Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy!'

"The Morwenstow wreckers allowed a fainting brother to perish in the sea before their eyes without extending a hand of safety, — nay, more, for the egotistical canons of a shipwreck, superstitiously obeyed, permitted and absolved the crime of murder by 'shoving the drowning man into the sea,' to be swallowed by the waves. Cain! Cain! where is thy brother? And the wrecker of Morwenstow answered and pleaded in excuse, as in the case of undiluted brandy after meals, 'It is Cornish custom.' The illicit spirit of Cornish custom was supplied by the smuggler, and the gold of the wreck paid him for the cursed abomination of drink."

One of Mr. Hawker's parishioners, Peter Barrow, had been for full forty years a wrecker, but of a much more harmless description: he had been a watcher of the coast for such objects as the waves might turn up to reward his patience. Another was Tristam Pentire, a hero of contraband adventure, and agent for sale of smuggled cargoes in bygone times. With a merry twinkle of the eye, and in a sharp and ringing tone, he loved to tell such tales of wild adventure and of "derring do" as would make the foot of the exciseman falter and his cheek turn pale.

During the latter years of last century there lived in Wellcombe, one of Mr. Hawker's parishes, a man whose name is still remembered with terror — "Cruel Coppinger." There are people still alive who remember his wife.

Local recollections of the man have molded themselves into the rhyme —

"Will you hear of Cruel Coppinger?
He came from a foreign land:
He was brought to us by the salt water,
He was carried away by the wind!"

His arrival on the north coast of Cornwall was signalized by a terrific hurricane. The storm came up Channel from the south-west. A strange vessel of foreign rig went on the reefs of Harty Race, and was broken to pieces by the waves. The only man who came ashore was the skipper. A crowd was gathered on the sand, on horseback and on foot, women as well as men, drawn together by the tidings of a probable wreck. Into their midst rushed the dripping stranger, and bounded suddenly upon the crupper of a young damsel who had ridden to the beach to see the sight. He grasped her bridle, and shouting in some foreign tongue, urged the double-laden animal into full speed, and the horse naturally took his homeward way. The damsel was Miss Dinah Hamlyn. The stranger descended at her father's door, and lifted her off her saddle. He then announced himself as a Dane, named Coppinger. He took his place at the family board, and there remained until he had secured the affections and hand of Dinah. The father died, and Coppinger at once succeeded to the management and control of the house, which thenceforth became a den and refuge of every lawless character along the coast. All kinds of wild uproar and reckless revelry appalled the neighborhood day and night. It was discovered that an organized band of smugglers, wreckers, and poachers made this house their rendezvous, and that "Cruel Coppinger" was their captain. In those days, and in that far-away region, the peaceable inhabitants were unprotected. There was not a single resident gentleman of property and weight in the entire district. No revenue officer durst exercise vigilance west of the Tamar; and to put an end to all such surveillance at once, the head of a gauger was chopped off by one of Coppinger's gang on the gunwale of a boat.

Strange vessels began to appear at regular intervals on the coast, and signals were flashed from the headlands to lead them into the safest creek or cove. Amongst these vessels, one, a full-rigged schooner, soon became ominously conspicuous. She was for long the chief terror of the Cornish Channel. Her name was The Black Prince. Once, with Coppinger on board, she led a revenue-cutter into an intricate channel near the Bull Rock, where, from knowledge of the bearings, The Black Prince escaped scathless, while the king's vessel perished with all on

board. In those times, if any landsman became obnoxious to Coppinger's men, he was seized and carried on board The Black Prince, and obliged to save his life by enrolling himself in the crew. In 1835, an old man of the age of ninety-seven related to Mr. Hawker that he had been so abducted, and after two years' service had been ransomed by his friends with a large sum. "And all," said the old man very simply, "because I happened to see one man kill another, and they thought I would mention it."

Amid such practices, ill-gotten gold began to flow and ebb in the hands of Coppinger. At one time he had enough money to purchase a freehold farm bordering on the sea. When the day of transfer came, he and one of his followers appeared before the lawyer and paid the money in dollars, ducats, doubloons, and pistoles. The man of law demurred, but Coppinger with an oath bade him take this or none. The document bearing Coppinger's name is still extant. His signature is traced in stern bold characters, and under his autograph is the word "Thuro" (thorough) also in his own handwriting.

Long impunity increased Coppinger's daring. There were certain bridle roads along the fields over which he exercised exclusive control. He issued orders that no man was to pass over them by night, and accordingly from that hour none ever did. They were called "Coppinger's Tracks." They all converged at a headland which had the name of Steeple Brink. Here the cliff sheered off, and stood three hundred feet of perpendicular height, a precipice of smooth rock toward the beach, with an overhanging face one hundred feet down from the brow. Under this was a cave, only reached by a cable ladder lowered from above, and made fast below on a projecting crag. It received the name of "Coppinger's Cave." Here sheep were tethered to the rock, and fed on stolen hay and corn till slaughtered; kegs of brandy and hollands were piled around; chests of tea; and iron-bound sea-chests contained the chattels and revenues of the Coppinger royalty of the sea. . . .

But the end arrived. Money became scarce, and more than one armed king's cutter was seen day and night hovering off the land. So he "who came with the water went with the wind." His disappearance, like his arrival, was commemorated by a storm.

A wrecker who had gone to watch the shore saw, as the sun went down, a full-rigged vessel standing off and on. Coppinger

came to the beach, put off in a boat to the vessel, and jumped on board. She spread canvas, stood off shore, and with Coppinger in her was seen no more. That night was one of storm. Whether the vessel rode it out, or was lost, none knew.

. . . . . .

In 1864 a large ship was seen in distress off the coast. The Rev. A. Thynne, rector of Kilkhampton, at once drove to Morwenstow. The vessel was riding at anchor a mile off shore, west of Hartland Race. He found Mr. Hawker in the greatest excitement, pacing his room and shouting for some things he wanted to put in his greatcoat-pockets, and intensely impatient because his carriage was not round. With him was the Rev. W. Valentine, rector of Whixley in Yorkshire, then resident at Chapel in the parish of Morwenstow.

"What are you going to do?" asked the rector of Kilkhampton: "I shall drive at once to Bude for the lifeboat."

"No good!" thundered the vicar, "no good comes out of the west. You must go east. I shall go to Clovelly, and then, if that fails, to Appledore. I shall not stop till I have got a lifeboat to take those poor fellows off the wreck."

"Then," said the rector of Kilkhampton, "I shall go to Bude, and see to the lifeboat there being brought out."

"Do as you like; but mark my words, no good comes of turning to the west. Why," said he, "in the primitive church they turned to the west to renounce the Devil."

His carriage came to the door, and he drove off with Mr. Valentine as fast as his horses could spin him along the hilly, wretched roads.

Before he reached Clovelly, a boat had put off with the mate from the ship, which was the Margaret Quail, laden with salt. The captain would not leave the vessel; for, till deserted by him, no salvage could be claimed. The mate was picked up on the way, and the three reached Clovelly.

Down the street proceeded the following procession — the street of Clovelly being a flight of stairs: —

First, the vicar of Morwenstow in a claret-colored coat, with long tails flying in the gale, blue knitted jersey, and pilot-boots, his long silver locks fluttering about his head. He was appealing to the fishermen and sailors of Clovelly to put out in their lifeboat to rescue the crew of the Margaret Quail. The men stood sulky, lounging about with folded arms, or hands in their pockets, and sou'-westers slouched over their brows. The women

were screaming at the tops of their voices that they would not have their husbands and sons and sweethearts enticed away to risk their lives to save wrecked men. Above the clamor of their shrill tongues and the sough of the wind rose the roar of the vicar's voice: he was convulsed with indignation, and poured forth the most sacred appeals to their compassion for drowning sailors.

Second in the procession moved the Rev. W. Valentine, with purse full of gold in his hand, offering any amount of money to the Clovelly men, if they would only go forth in the lifeboat to the wreck.

Third came the mate of the Margaret Quail, restrained by no consideration of cloth, swearing and damning right and left, in a towering rage at the cowardice of the Clovelly men.

Fourth came John, the servant of Mr. Hawker, with bottles of whisky under his arm, another inducement to the men to relent and be merciful to their imperilled brethren.

The first appeal was to their love of heaven and to their humanity; the second was to their pockets, their love of gold; the third to their terrors, their fear of Satan, to whom they were consigned; and the fourth to their stomachs, their love of grog.

But all appeals were in vain. Then Mr. Hawker returned to his carriage, and drove away farther east to Appledore, where he secured the lifeboat. It was mounted on a wagon; ten horses were harnessed to it; and as fast as possible it was conveyed to the scene of distress.

But in the meanwhile the captain of the Margaret Quail, despairing of help and thinking that his vessel would break up under him, came off in his boat with the rest of the crew, trusting rather to a rotten boat, patched with canvas which they had tarred over, than to the tender mercies of the covetous Clovellites, in whose veins ran the too recent blood of wreckers. The only living being left on board was a poor dog.

No sooner was the captain seen to leave the ship than the Clovelly men lost their repugnance to go to sea. They manned boats at once, gained the Margaret Quail, and claimed three thousand pounds for salvage.

There was an action in court, as the owners refused to pay such a sum; and it was lost by the Clovelly men, who, however got an award of twelve hundred pounds. The case turned somewhat on the presence of the dog on the wreck; and it was argued that the vessel was not deserted, because a dog had been left on

board to keep guard for its masters. The owner of the cargo failed; and the amount actually paid to the salvors was six hundred pounds to two steam-tugs (three hundred pounds each), and three hundred pounds to the Clovelly skiff and sixteen men.

Mr. Hawker went round the country indignantly denouncing the sailors of Clovelly, and with justice. It roused all the righteous wrath in his breast. And as may well be believed, no love was borne him by the inhabitants of that little fishing village. They would probably have made a wreck of him had he ventured among them.

The Fortunate Isles.

(From "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.")

Those well versed in history remember to have read that in the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of exiles, had fled across the great ocean to some distant shores, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested. The fate of these wanderers had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from memory; but the report of the old pilot revived the long forgotten theme, and it was determined, by the pious and enthusiastic, that this island thus accidentally discovered was the identical place of refuge whither the wandering bishops had been guided with their flocks by the hand of Providence. No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Alma, a young cavalier of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of a meek, sanguine, and romantic temperament. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night: and he determined to fit out an expedition and set sail in quest of the sainted island. Don Ioacos II. furnished him with a commission, constituting him Adelantado, or governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso, that he should bear all the expense of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the crown. With two vessels he put out to sea and steered for the Canaries — in those days the regions of nautical discovery and romance, and the outposts of the known world; for as yet Columbus had not crossed the ocean. Scarce had they reached those latitudes than they were separated by a violent tempest. For many days the caravel of Don Fernando was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and the crew were in

despair. All at once the storm subsided, the ocean sank into a calm, the clouds which had veiled the face of heaven were suddenly withdrawn, and the tempest-tossed mariners beheld a fair and mountainous island, emerging, as if by enchantment, from the murky gloom. The caravel now lay perfectly becalmed off the mouth of a river, on the banks of which, about a league off, was descried a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. After a time a stately barge with sixteen oars was seen emerging from the river and approaching the vessel. Under a silken canopy in the stern sat a richly clad cavalier, and over his head was a banner bearing the sacred emblem of the cross. When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board, and, in the old Castilian language, welcomed the strangers to the Island of the Seven Cities. Don Fernando could scarcely believe that this was not all a dream. He made known his name and the object of his voyage. The Grand Chamberlain — such was the title of the cavalier from the island — assured him that, as soon as his credentials were presented, he would be acknowledged as the Adelantado of the Seven Cities. In the meantime the day was waning; the barge was ready to convey him to land, and would assuredly bring him back. Don Fernando leaped into it after the Grand Chamberlain, and was rowed ashore. Everything there bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back for several centuries; and no wonder, for the Island of the Seven Cities had been cut off from the rest of the world for several hundred years. On shore Don Fernando spent an agreeable evening at the court-house, and late at night, with reluctance, he re-entered the barge to return to his vessel. The barge sallied out to sea, but no caravel was to be seen. The oarsmen rowed on — their monotonous chant had a lulling effect. A drowsy influence crept over Don Fernando; objects swam before his eyes, and he lost consciousness. On his recovery, he found himself in a strange cabin, surrounded by strangers. Where was he? On board a Portuguese ship bound for Lisbon. How had he come there? He had been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean. The vessel arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous capital. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore and hastened to his ancestral mansion. A strange porter opened the door, who knew nothing of him or of his family; no people of the name had inhabited the house for many a year. He sought the house of his betrothed, the Donna Serafina. He beheld her on the

balcony; then he held his arms towards her with an exclamation of rapture. She cast upon him a look of indignation and hastily retired. He rang at the door; as it was opened by the porter, he rushed past, sought the well-known chamber, and threw himself at the feet of Serafina. She started back in affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, Señor?" cried the latter.

"What right have you to ask that question?" demanded Don Fernandino, fiercely.

"The right of an affianced suitor."

"O, Serafina! is this your fidelity?" cried he, in a tone of agony.

"Serafina! What mean you by Serafina, Señor? This lady's name is Maria."

"What!" cried Don Fernando; "is not this Serafina Alvarez, the original of yon portrait which smiles on me from the wall?"

"Holy virgin!" cried the young lady, casting her eyes upon the portrait, "he is talking of my great-grandmother!"

Major Cornelius.

(From "Margery of Quether.")

We clubbed together for a bottle of British brandy; we heaped up the fire with what remained of coals in the box, after Miss Jones was gone. We got the "general" Jemima to supply us with hot water and tumblers. We persuaded Miss Jones to let us have a bowl full of sugar, to be charged in our bills. We sat up and discussed the major. We were so pleased that the dear old man had gone out; it would brighten his life. He would laugh and tell his stories, and recall old reminiscences with his fellow-veterans; he would associate once more with those in his own rank of life. We did not say aloud, but we felt, that he belonged to an order different from ourselves. We were jolly fellows, good fellows, no nonsense about us, and all that; but we had not his polish of mind and manner, that indescribable something which forms an invisible yet impassable barrier between the classes in life.

Twelve o'clock! He promised to be home by midnight, or shortly after, and the major was punctual. At twelve-twenty we heard his key in the door, but he seemed unable to open it. One of us went into the passage to unlatch. Two or three of us stood up and filled the doorway of the sitting-room.

"The old gentleman has taken so much port that he can't hit the keyhole. Wicked old major!" said one.

But when the door opened, and we saw him in the glare from the hall-light, the rising joke died away on our lips.

He arrived in his dress suit, *without the great-coat!*

"Good gracious, major! Why! what is the meaning of this! Where is the great-coat?"

He came in, looking very white and depressed, the curl over his forehead out of twist, his collar limp, his shoulders stooping. He walked more lamely than usual. We made him come into the warm room. His hands were like ice. We forced him to take some spirit and water. We tried to rouse him. It was in vain. He looked utterly crushed.

"What is the matter, sir? What has happened?"

After awhile we learned what had occurred. The evening had passed very pleasantly: never more so. When he left the drawing-room he descended to the hall and asked for his great-coat. It was lost. It was nowhere hanging up. It had not fallen behind a bench. It was not lying across a chair. Then the porter said he was very much afraid that some rascal, taking advantage of the door being open upon the arrival of a guest, had slipped into the hall unobserved, and had walked off with the newest and best of the great-coats. Thus was the disapearance accounted for. It could be accounted for on no other hypothesis.

"Shall we lend you one of Sir Archibald's to go home in?" asked the servant.

"No, thank you."

So the major had walked home in his dress suit, without his new great-coat. That was lost — lost forever. There was not the smallest prospect of its being recovered. The poor old man was utterly cast down. Without the great-coat he could not longer walk abroad respectably. He sat in the arm-chair with his head down and his hands shaking. We did our best to encourage him, but what could we promise? He could not possibly raise the money for a new great-coat. Besides, this one, now lost, was unpaid for. He would not take more than a little drop of brandy and water. He could not look before him. The future was not to be faced without a great-coat. Presently he stood up and lit his candle; he would go to bed. He was tired; perhaps to-morrow he would be better.

We squeezed his hand, and sat speechless, listening to his

foot as he went upstairs. He dragged his lame leg wearily after him.

"Poor old chap!" said I; "he seems done for completely."

Next morning we were all assembled at breakfast — that is, all but the major — when a rap came at the front door and a ring at the bell. Jemima answered. A moment after she came in with the great-coat — yes, the identical great-coat over her arm. Sir Archibald's valet had brought it. He had seen it, with the others, in the hall, had believed it to belong to a gentleman staying in the house, and, to avoid confusion, had removed it to the library. The mistake had only been found out when all the guests were gone, and the servant had come over with the great-coat the first thing in the morning.

I ran upstairs to arouse the major with the joyful news. I knocked at his door, but received no answer. I opened it and looked in. I saw the old man on his knees by his bedside. He was saying his prayers. I would not disturb him, so drew back. He was a long time over these same prayers. I looked in again. He had not stirred. Then, with a start, I saw that the bed had not been slept in, and the major was in his dress suit. I went up and touched him.

He was dead.

The loss of the great-coat had been the last disappointment he could bear. The brave old heart had given up the battle, and stopped beating.

When afterwards the great-coat pockets were searched, there were found in them two letters. One was the bill for the coat; the other bore an American stamp. It was from his brother — a penitent letter; he was now doing well, and he enclosed to Major Cornelius a draft for a hundred pounds. The letter had not been opened.

THE CORNISH COAST

JANE BARLOW.

Barlow, Jane, an Irish novelist; born at Clontarf, County Dublin, October 17, 1860; became noted as the writer of "Irish Idyls," published in 1892. In 1885 she had contributed to "The Dublin University Review" a philosophical disquisition on eschatology in a bog, entitled "Walled Out," narrated with all the grim humor and pathetic outlook of the peasant, but so full of historical and Greek allusions that the editor advertised, though in vain, for the name of the learned author. "Kerrigan's Quality," her first long story, "Bogland Studies," and "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters" were published in 1893. Other works are "The End of Elfintown" (1894); "Maureen's Fairing" (1895).

Last Time at M'Gurk's.

(From "Bogland Studies.")

And in troth I 've no call to be laid on the shelf yet, as ould as I be:
There 's Thady O'Neill up above, that 's a year or so senior to me,
An' passin' his meadow just now, I seen it was mowin', and bedad,
There 's himself in it stoopin' away as limber an' soople as a lad.
An' the Widdy Maclean, that was married afore I was three fut high,
She 'll thramp her three mile to the town every market day that comes by.
'T was the fever, last Lent was a twelvemonth, disthroyed me; I 'm fit for naught since.
The way of it was: Our ould cow had sthrayed off thro' the gap in the fence,
An' Long Daly he met me an' tould me. Sez he: "An' ye 'll need to make haste,
If it 's dhry-fut ye 'd find her this night." For away o'er the hills to the aist
The hail showers were slantin' in sthrakes; an' thin wanst clane across wid a swipe
Wint the lightnin'. An': "Look-a," sez he, "there 's Saint Pether a kindlin' his pipe;

That 'll take a good sup to put out." An', thrue for him, he 'd scarce turned his back,
Whin it settled to polther an' pour, an' the sky overhead grew as black
As the botthomless pit; not a stim could I see, nor a sight o' the baste,
But, sthravadin' about in the bog, I slipped into a hole to me waist,
An' was never so nigh dhrownin' dead, forby bein' dhrenched to the skin;
So I groped me way home thro' the dark in the teeth of a freezin' win'.
An' next mornin' I could n't move finger nor fut, all me limbs were that sore,
And I lay there a ravin' like wild in me bed for a month an' more;
For me head was on fire, an' the pains was like gimlits an' knives in me bones,
Till the neighbors a goin' the road 'ud be hearin' me groans an' me moans.
An' thin, whin I 'd over'd the worst, as the Docther 'd not looked for at all,
Sure, the strenth was gone out o' me clane, an' I scarcely was able to crawl,
An' that stooped, any rapin' hook's sthraighter than me, an' the jints o' me stift,
An' me fingers as crookt as the claws of a kite, wid no use in thim lift;
An' whin first I got on me ould brogues, I stuck fast like a wheel in a rut,
I seemed raisin' the weight o' the world every time that I lifted me fut.

So I sat in the door not long afther, whin Judy O'Neill comes by,
An': "Bedad, Mick Flynn, ye 're an ould man grown," sez she; an': "Git out!" sez I.
But as soon as she 'd passed I stepped round to the field that the lads were in,
For I thought I 'd been idlin' enough, an' 't was time I set to it agin.
They were diggin' the first of the praties; I smelt thim 'fore ever I came,
An' I dunno a pleasanter scent in the world than the smell o' thim same,
Whin ye thrust down your spade or your fork, an' ye turn thim up hangin' in clumps,
Wid the skins o' thim yeller an' smooth, an' the clay shakin' off thim in lumps.

They 'd a creel on the bank be the gate, an' Pat called from his end
o' the dhrill
To be bringin' it up where he was, for he wanted another to fill;
And I thought to ha' lifted it light, but I 'd betther ha' let it
alone,
Tho' 't was hardly three parts full, an' 'ud hould but a couple o'
stone;
For I had n't the strenth to hoist it, and over it wint wid a pitch,
An' there like a sthookaun I stood, an' the praties rowled in the
ditch.
But Pat, whin he seen I was vexed, up he come an' laid hould
o' me arm,
An' he bid me never to mind, for there was n't a ha'porth o'
harm.
An' sez I: "I 'm not able for aught." An' sez he: "Dad, ye 've
worked in your day
Like a Trojin, an' now ye 've a right to your rest, while we 'll
wrastle away.
Sure it 's many a creel ye 've loaded afore I 'd the strenth or the
wit;
And ye need n't be throublin' your head, for there 's plinty of help
I 'll git;
Here 's Larry an' Tim grown sizable lads, an' Joe 'll soon be lendin'
a hand —
So ye 'll just sit quite in your corner, an' see that we 'll git on
grand."
And he said it as kind as could be, yet me heart felt as heavy
as lead,
And I wint to the door, and I sat in the sun, but I wished I was
dead.

He 's been always a good son, Pat, an' the wife, there 's no
fau't in his wife,
Sure she 's doin' her best to keep house sin' me ould woman lost her
life;
But the throuble she 's had — och! the crathur, small blame to her
now if she 'd think
It was time they were quit of a wan fit for naught save to ait an' to
dhrink.
For whiles, whin she 's washin' the praties, or cuttin' the chil-
dher's bread,
I know be the look of her face she 's rememb'rin' the child that 's
dead;
The littlest, that died in last winther, and often afore it died
Did be askin' its mammy for bread, an' thin, 'cause she 'd none, it
cried;

An' the Docther he said 't was the hunger had kilt it; an' that was the case:
Ye could see thro' its wee bits of hands, an' its eyes were as big as its face.
An' whiles whin I 'm aitin' me crust, *I 'll* be thinkin' to hear it cry —
But *she*, that 's the mother who bore it — who 'd blame her? In throth not I.
Och! but that was the terrible winther, an' like to ha' starved us outright;
Ne'er a hungrier saison I mind since the first o' the pratie blight;
An' whine'er wan 's no call to be hungry, it 's three times as hungry wan feels,
An' so I that worked never a sthroke, I did always be great at me meals.
Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o' nights whin I noticed our heap
O' praties looked small in the pot, I 'd let on I was fast asleep;
So Molly she 'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim to whisht an' be quite,
Fer if gran'daddy sted on asleep, he 'd be wantin' no supper that night;
Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice they 'd all keep whin they heard,
An' to think that the little childher 'd sit watchin', not darin' a word,
But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might happin to wake
And ait up their morsel o' food — sure me heart 'ud be ready to break.

Thin I 'd think: "There 's the House; ay, an' thin they 'd be fewer to starve an' to stint;"
Yet I hated the thought, an' kep' hopin' I 'd maybe be dead ere I wint.
But I 'm just afther hearin' this day what has settled me plans in me mind,
Like as if I had turned round me face; and I won't go a lookin' behind.
I 'd been sthreelin' about in the slip at the back, whin I thought I 'd creep down
An' see what was up at M'Gurk's, for it 's weeks since I 've been in the town;
So round to the front I was come, an' the first thing that ever I seen

Was two gintlemen close to our door, an' a car standin' down the boreen.
And the wan o' the two was a sthranger, a stout little man, wid each square
O' the checks on his coateen the size of our own bit o' field over there;
Divil much to be lookin' at aither, tho' here the lads tould me as how
'T was no less than our Landlord himself, that we 'd never set eyes on till now.
For away off in England he lives, where they say he 's an iligant place
Wid big walls round it sevin mile long, and owns dozens of horses to race,
That costs him a fortin to keep; so whin all of his money is spint,
He sends word over here to the Agint; an' bids him make haste wid the rint.
An' the other 's the Agint, I know him; worse luck, I 've known many a wan,
An' it 's sorra much good o' thim all. I remember the carryin's on
We 'd have in the ould times at home, whin we heard he was comin' his round:
For, suppose we 'd a calf or a heifer, we 'd dhrive her off into the pound,
Or if we 'd a firkin of butther, we 'd hide it away in the thatch.
Ay, bedad, if we 'd even so much as an old hin a sittin' to hatch,
We 'd clap her in under the bed, out o' sight, for, mind you, we knew right well
He 'd be raisin' the rint on us sthraight, if he spied that we 'd aught to sell.
I 've heard tell there 's a change in the law, an' the rint takes three Judges to fix,
So it is n't as aisy these times for an Agint to play thim bad thricks;
I dunno the rights of it clear, but all 's wan, for he would if he could;
And as soon as I seen him this day, I was sure he 'd come afther no good.
But I slipped the wrong side o' the bank ere they heard me, an' there I sat still,
An' they came an' stood nigh it to wait, while their car crep' along up the hill.

And Turner, the Agint, looked back to the house: "Well, yer Lordship," he sez,
"That's a case for eviction; we'll scarce see a pinny while wan o' thim stez.
Why, they have n't a goose or a hin, let alone e'er a baste on the land,
So where we're to look for our money is more nor I understand.
But in coorse the man 's axin' for time." An' sez t' other, "Confound him! in coorse —
'T is their thrade to be axin' for that, if ye 're axin' a pound for your purse.
They may have their damned time, sure, an' welcome, as long as they plase, on'y first
They 'll pay up or clear out." An' the Agint he laughed till ye 'd think he 'd ha' burst.
An' sez he, "Thin 'clear out' 'll be the word, and my notion 's we 'll find that it pays,
If we pull down thim ould sticks o' cabins, an' put in the cattle to graze;
Faith, I 'd liefer see sheep on the land than the likes o' that breed any day,"
Sez he, pointin' his hand to the dike, where the childher, poor sowls, were at play.
An' the Lord sez, "It 's on'y a pity we can't git the lap of a wave
Just for wanst, o'er the whole o' the counthry; no end to the throuble 't would save,
And lave the place *clane*." An' the Agint laughed hearty; sez he: "Our best start,
Since we can't git thim under the wather, is sendin' thim over it smart.
An' these Flynns here we 'd imigraph aisy; they 've several lads nearly grown;
The on'y dhrawback 's the ould father, we 'll just have to let him alone,
For the son sez he 's sheer past his work, an' that niver 'ud do in the States;
It 's a burthen he 's been on their hands for this great while — he 'll go on the rates.
Sure, the Union 's the place for the likes of him, so long as he bides above."
But be this time their car had come by, an' up wid thim, an' off they dhruv.

I 'd ne'er ha' thought Patsy 'd say that; an' he did n't belike — I dunno —
But it 's on'y the truth if he did. A burthen? Bedad, I 'm so.
An' Pat, that 's a rale good son, and has been all the days of his life,
It 's the quare thanks I 'm givin' him now, to be starvin' the childher and wife.
For I often considher a sayin' we have: "Whin it 's little ye 've got,
It 's the hunger ye 'll find at the botthom, if many dip spoons in your pot."
But if wanst they were shut o' meself, an' the Agint 'ud wait for a bit,
They might weather the worst o' the throuble, an' keep the ould roof o'er thim yit.
But suppose they 're put out afther all, an' packed off to the divil knows where,
An' I up away in the House, I might never so happin to hear;
An' I 'd liefer not know it for certin. Och! to think the ould place was a roon,
Wid naught left save the rims o' four walls, that the weeds 'ud be coverin' soon;
An' the bastes o' the field walkin' in; an' the hole where the hearth was filled
Wid the briers; an' no thrace o' the shed that I helped me poor father to build,
An' I but a slip of a lad, an' that plased to be handlin' the tools,
I 'most hammered the head off each nail that I dhruv. Och, it 's boys that are fools.

'T is sevin mile good into Westport; I never could thramp it so far,
But Tim Daly dhrives there of a Friday; he 'll loan me a sate on his car.
An' Friday 's to-morra, ochone! so I 'm near now to seein' me last
O' Barney, an' Pat, an' the childher, an' all the ould times seem past.
I remimber the House goin' by it. It stands on a bit of a rise,
Stone-black, lookin' over the lan', wid its windows all starin' like eyes;
And it 's lonesome an' sthrange I 'll be feelin', wid ne'er a friend's face to behould;
An' the days 'ill go dhreary an' slow. But I 'm ould, plase God, I'm ould.

The Widow Joyce's Cloak.[1]

(From "Strangers at Lisconnel.")

Still, although the Tinkers' name has become a byword among us through a long series of petty offences rather than any one flagrant crime, there is a notable misdeed on record against them, which has never been forgotten in the lapse of many years. It was perpetrated soon after the death of Mrs. Kilfoyle's mother, the Widow Joyce, an event which is but dimly recollected now at Lisconnel, as nearly half a century has gone by. She did not very long survive her husband, and he had left his roots behind in his little place at Clonmena, where, as we know, he had farmed not wisely but too well, and had been put out of it for his pains to expend his energy upon our oozy black sods and stark-white bowlders. But instead he moped about, fretting for his fair green fields, and few proudly cherished beasts, — especially the little old Kerry cow. And at his funeral the neighbors said, "Ah, bedad, poor man, God help him, he niver held up his head agin from that good day to this."

When Mrs. Joyce felt that it behooved her to settle her affairs, she found that the most important possession she had to dispose of was her large cloak. She had acquired it at the prosperous time of her marriage, and it was a very superior specimen of its kind, in dark-blue cloth being superfine, and its ample capes and capacious hood being double-lined and quilted and stitched in a way which I cannot pretend to describe, but which made it a most substantial and handsome garment. If Mrs. Joyce had been left entirely to her own choice in the matter, I think she would have bequeathed it to her younger daughter Theresa, notwithstanding that custom clearly designated Bessy Kilfoyle, the eldest of the family, as the heiress. For she said to herself that poor Bessy had her husband and children to consowl her, any way, but little Theresa, the crathur, had ne'er such a thing at all, and would n't have, not she, God love her. "And the back of me hand to some I could name." It seemed to her that to leave the child the cloak would be almost like keeping a warm wing spread over her in the cold wide world; and there was no fear that Bessy would take it amiss.

But Theresa herself protested strongly against such a disposition, urging for one thing that sure she 'd be lost in it entirely if ever she put it on; a not unfounded objection, as Theresa was

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several sizes smaller than Bessy, and even she fell far short of her mother in stature and portliness. Theresa also said confidently with a sinking heart, "But sure, anyhow, mother jewel, what matter about it? 'Twill be all gone to houles and flitters and thraneens, and so it will, plase goodness, afore there 's any talk of anybody else wearin' it except your own ould self." And she expressed much the same conviction one day to her next-door neighbor, old Biddy Ryan, to whom she had run in for the loan of a sup of sour milk, which Mrs. Joyce fancied. To Biddy's sincere regret she could offer Theresa barely a skimpy noggin of milk, and only a meagre shred of encouragement; and by way of eking out the latter with its sorry substitute, consolation, she said as she tilted the jug perpendicularly to extract its last drop: —

"Well, sure, me dear, I do be sayin' me prayers for her every sun goes over our heads that she might be left wid you this great while yet; 'deed, I do so. But ah, acushla, if we could be keepin' people that-a-way, would there be e'er a funeral iver goin' black on the road at all at all? I 'm thinkin' there 's scarce a one livin', and he as ould and foolish and little-good-for as you plase, but some crathur 'ill be grudgin' him to his grave, that 's himself may be all the while wishin' he was in it. Or, morebetoken, how can we tell what quare ugly misfortin' thim that 's took is took out of the road of, that we should be as good as biddin' thim stay till it comes to ruinate them? So it 's prayin' away I am, honey," said old Biddy, whom Theresa could not help hating heart-sickly. "But like enough the Lord might know better than to be mindin' a word I say."

And it seemed that He did; anyway, the day soon came when the heavy blue cloak passed into Mrs. Kilfoyle's possession.

At that time it was clear, still autumn weather, with just a sprinkle of frost white on the wayside grass, like the wraith of belated moonlight, when the sun rose, and shimmering into rainbow stars by noon. But about a month later the winter swooped suddenly on Lisconnel: with wild winds and cold rain that made crystal-silver streaks down the purple of the great mountain-heads peering in over our bogland.

So one perishing Saturday Mrs. Kilfoyle made up her mind that she would wear her warm legacy on the bleak walk to Mass next morning, and reaching it down from where it was stored away among the rafters wrapped in an old sack, she shook it respectfully out of its straight-creased folds. As she did so she

noticed that the binding of the hood had ripped in one place, and that the lining was fraying out, a mishap which should be promptly remedied before it spread any further. She was not a very expert needlewoman, and she thought she had better run over the way to consult Mrs. O'Driscoll, then a young matron, esteemed the handiest and most helpful person in Lisconnel.

"It 's the nathur of her to be settin' things straight wherever she goes," Mrs. Kilfoyle said to herself as she stood in her doorway waiting for the rain to clear off, and looking across the road to the sodden roof which sheltered her neighbor's head. It had long been lying low, vanquished by a trouble which even she could not set to rights, and some of the older people say that things have gone a little crookeder in Lisconnel ever since.

The shower was a vicious one, with the sting of sleet and hail in its drops, pelted about by gusts that ruffled up the puddles into ripples, all set on end, like the feathers of a frightened hen. The hens themselves stood disconsolately sheltering under the bank, mostly on one leg, as if they preferred to keep up the slightest possible connection with such a very damp and disagreeable earth. You could not see far in any direction for the fluttering sheets of mist, and a stranger who had been coming along the road from Duffclane stepped out of them abruptly quite close to Mrs. Kilfoyle's door, before she knew that there was anybody near. He was a tall, elderly man, gaunt and grizzled, very ragged, and so miserable-looking that Mrs. Kilfoyle could have felt nothing but compassion for him had he not carried over his shoulder a bunch of shiny cans, which was to her mind as satisfactory a passport as a ticket of leave. For although these were yet rather early days at Lisconnel, the Tinkers had already begun to establish their reputation. So when he stopped in front of her and said, "Good-day, ma'am," she only replied distantly, "It 's a hardy mornin'," and hoped he would move on. But he said, "It 's cruel could, ma'am," and continued to stand looking at her with wide and woful eyes, in which she conjectured — erroneously, as it happened — hunger for warmth or food. Under these circumstances, what could be done by a woman who was conscious of owning a redly glowing hearth with a big black pot, fairly well filled, clucking and bobbing upon it? To possess such wealth as this, and think seriously of withholding a share from anybody who urges the incontestable claim of wanting it, is a mood altogether foreign

to Lisconnel, where the responsibilities of poverty are no doubt very imperfectly understood. Accordingly Mrs. Kilfoyle said to the tattered tramp, "Ah, thin, step inside and have a couple of hot pitaties." And when he accepted the invitation without much alacrity, as if he had something else on his mind, she picked for him out of the steam two of the biggest potatoes, whose earth-colored skins, cracking, showed a fair flouriness within; and she shook a little heap of salt, the only relish she had, onto the chipped white plate as she handed it to him, saying, "Sit you down be the fire, there, and git a taste of the heat."

Then she lifted her old shawl over her head, and ran out to see where at all Brian and Thady were gettin' their deaths on her under the pours of rain; and as she passed the Keoghs' adjacent door — which was afterward the Sheridans', whence their Larry departed so reluctantly — young Mrs. Keogh called her to come in and look at "the child," who, being a new and unique possession, was liable to develop alarmingly strange symptoms, and had now "woke up wid his head that hot, you might as well put your hand on the hob of the grate." Mrs. Kilfoyle stayed only long enough to suggest, as a possible remedy, a drop of two-milk whey. "But ah, sure, woman dear, where at all 'ud we come by that, wid the crathur of a goat scarce wettin' the bottom of the pan?" and to draw reassuring omens from the avidity with which the invalid grabbed at a sugared crust. In fact, she was less than five minutes out of her house; but when she returned to it, she found it empty. First, she noted with a moderate thrill of surprise that her visitor had gone away leaving his potatoes untouched; and next, with a rough shock of dismay, that her cloak no longer lay on the window seat where she had left it. From that moment she never felt any real doubts about what had befallen her, though for some time she kept on trying to conjure them up, and searched wildly round and round and round her little room, like a distracted bee strayed into the hollow furze-bush, before she sped over to Mrs. O'Driscoll with the news of her loss.

It spread rapidly through Lisconnel, and brought the neighbors together exclaiming and condoling, though not in great force, as there was a fair going on down beyant, which nearly all the men and some of the women had attended. This was accounted cruel unlucky, as it left the place without any one able-bodied and active enough to go in pursuit of the thief. A prompt start might have overtaken him, especially as he was

said to be a "thrifle lame-futted;" though Mrs. M'Gurk, who had seen him come down the hill, opined that "'t was n't the sort of lameness 'ud hinder the miscreant of steppin' out, on'y a quare manner of flourish he had in a one of his knees, as if he was gatherin' himself up to make an offer at a grasshopper's lep, and then thinkin' better of it."

Little Thady Kilfoyle reported that he had met the strange man a bit down the road, "leggin' it along at a great rate, wid a black rowl of somethin' under his arm that he looked to be crumplin' up as small as he could," — the word "crumpling" went acutely to Mrs. Kilfoyle's heart, — and some long-sighted people declared that they could still catch glimpses of a receding figure through the hovering fog on the way toward Sallinbeg.

"I 'd think he 'd be beyant seein' afore now," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, who stood in the rain, the disconsolate centre of the group about her door; all women and children except old Johnny Keogh, who was so bothered and deaf that he grasped new situations slowly and feebly, and had now an impression of somebody's house being on fire. "He must ha' took off wid himself the instiant me back was turned, for ne'er a crumb had he touched of the pitaties."

"Maybe he 'd that much shame in him," said Mrs. O'Driscoll.

"They 'd a right to ha' choked him, troth and they had," said Ody Rafferty's aunt.

"Is it chokin'?" said young Mrs. M'Gurk, bitterly. "Sure the bigger thief a body is, the more he 'll thrive on whatever he gits; you might think villiny was as good as butter to people's pitaties, you might so. Shame how are you? Liker he 'd ate all he could swally in the last place he got the chance of layin' his hands on anythin'."

"Och, woman alive, but it 's the fool you were to let him out of your sight," said Ody Rafferty's aunt. "If it had been me, I 'd niver ha' took me eyes off him, for the look of him on'y goin' by made me flesh creep upon me bones."

"'Deed was I," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, sorrowfully, "a fine fool. And vexed she 'd be, rael vexed, if she guessed the way it was gone on us, for the dear knows what dirty ould rapscallions 'ill get the wearin' of it now. Rael vexed she 'd be."

This speculation was more saddening than the actual loss of the cloak, though that bereft her wardrobe of far and away its most valuable property, which should have descended as an heirloom to her little Katty, who, however, being at present but

three months old, lay sleeping happily unaware of the cloud that had come over her prospects.

"I wish to goodness a couple of the lads 'ud step home wid themselves this minit of time," said Mrs. M'Gurk. "They 'd come up wid him yet, and take it off of him ready enough. And smash his ugly head for him, if he would be givin' them any impidence."

"Aye, and 't would be a real charity — the mane baste; — or sling him in one of the bog-houles," said the elder Mrs. Keogh, a mild-looking little old woman. "I 'd liefer than nine nine-pennies see thim comin' along. But I 'm afeared it 's early for thim yet."

Everybody's eyes turned, as she spoke, toward the ridge of the Knockawn, though with no particular expectation of seeing what they wished upon it. But behold, just at that moment three figures, blurred among the gray rain-mists, looming into view.

"Be the powers," said Mrs. M'Gurk, jubilantly, "it 's Ody Rafferty himself. To your sowls! Now you 've a great good chance, ma'am, to be gettin' it back. He 's the boy 'ill leg it over all before him" — for in those days Ody was lithe and limber — "and it 's hard-set the thievin' Turk 'ill be to get the better of him at a racin' match — Hi — Och." She had begun to hail him with a call eager and shrill, which broke off in a strangled croak, like a young cock's unsuccessful effort. "Och, murdher, murdher, murdher," she said to the bystanders, in a disgusted undertone. "Ill give you me misfort'nit word thim other two is the pólis."

Now it might seem on the face of things that the arrival of those two active and stalwart civil servants would have been welcomed as happening just in the nick of time; yet it argues an alien ignorance to suppose such a view of the matter by any means possible. The men in invisible green tunics belonged completely to the category of pitaty-blights, rint-warnin's, fevers, and the like devastators of life, that dog a man more or less all through it, but close in on him, in pitiful quarry, when the bad seasons come and the childher and the old crathurs are starvin' wid the hunger, and his own heart is broke; therefore, to accept assistance from them in their official capacity would have been a proceeding most reprehensibly unnatural. To put a private quarrel or injury into the hands of the peelers were a disloyal making of terms with the public foe; a condoning of great permanent

wrongs for the sake of a trivial temporary convenience. Lisconnel has never been skilled in the profitable and ignoble art of utilizing its enemies. Not that anybody was more than vaguely conscious of these sentiments, much less attempted to express them in set terms. When a policeman appeared there in an inquiring mood, what people said among themselves was, "Musha cock him up. I hope he'll get his health till I would be tellin' him," or words to that effect; while in reply to his questions, they made statements superficially so clear and simple, and essentially so bewilderingly involved, that the longest experience could do little more for a constable than teach him the futility of wasting his time in attempts to disentangle them.

Thus it was that when Mrs. Kilfoyle saw who Ody's companions were, she bade a regretful adieu to her hopes of recovering her stolen property. For how could she set him on the Tinker's felonious track without apprising them likewise? You might as well try to huroosh one chicken off a rafter and not scare the couple that were huddled beside it. The impossibility became more obvious presently as the constables, striding quickly down to where the group of women stood in the rain and wind with fluttering shawls and flapping cap-borders, said briskly, "Good-day to you all. Did any of yous happen to see e'er a one of them tinkerin' people goin' by here this mornin'?"

It was a moment of strong temptation to everybody, but especially to Mrs. Kilfoyle, who had in her mind that vivid picture of her precious cloak receding from her along the wet road, recklessly wisped up in the grasp of as thankless a thievin' black-hearted slieveen as ever stepped, and not yet, perhaps, utterly out of reach, though every fleeting instant carried it nearer to that hopeless point. However, she and her neighbors stood the test unshaken. Mrs. Ryan rolled her eyes deliberatively, and said to Mrs. M'Gurk, "The saints bless us, was it yisterday or the day before, me dear, you said you seen a couple of them below, near ould O'Beirne's?"

And Mrs. M'Gurk replied, "Ah, sure not at all, ma'am, glory be to goodness. I couldn't ha' tould you such a thing, for I was n't next or nigh the place. Would it ha' been Ody Rafferty's aunt? She was below there fetchin' up a bag of male, and bedad she came home that dhreeped, the crathur, you might ha' thought she 'd been after fishin' it up out of the botthom of one of thim bog-houles."

And Mrs. Kilfoyle heroically hustled her Thady into the

house, as she saw him on the brink of beginning loudly to relate his encounter with a strange man, and desired him to whisht and stay where he was in a manner so sternly repressive that he actually remained there as if he had been a pebble dropped into a pool, and not, as usual, a cork to bob up again immediately.

Then Mrs. M'Gurk made a bold stroke, designed to shake off the hampering presence of the professionals, and enable Ody's amateur services to be utilized while there was yet time.

"I declare," she said, "now that I think of it, I seen a feller crossin' the ridge along there a while ago, like as if he was comin' from Sallinbeg ways; and according to the apparence of him, I wouldn't won'er if he *was* a one of thim tinker crathures — a carryin' a big clump of cans he was, at any rate — I noticed the shine of thim. And he couldn't ha' got any great way yet to spake of, supposin' there was anybody lookin' to folly after him."

But Constable Black crushed her hopes as he replied, "Ah, it's nobody comin' *from* Sallinbeg that we've anything to say to. There's after bein' a robbery last night, down below at Jerry Dunne's — a shawl as good as new took, that his wife's ragin' over frantic, along wid a sight of fowl and other things. And the Tinkers that was settled this long while in the boreen at the back of his haggard is quit out of it afore daylight this mornin', every rogue of them. So we'd have more than a notion where the property's went to if we could tell the road they've took. We thought like enough some of them might ha' come this way."

Now, Mr. Jerry Dunne was not a popular person in Lisconnel, where he has even become, as we have seen, proverbial for what we call "ould naygurliness." So there was a general tendency to say, "The divil's cure to him," and listen complacently to any details their visitors could impart. For in his private capacity a policeman, provided that he be otherwise "a dacint lad," which to do him justice is commonly the case, may join, with a few unobtrusive restrictions, in our neighborly gossips; the rule in fact being — Free admission except on business.

Only Mrs. Kilfoyle was so much cast down by her misfortune that she could not raise herself to the level of an interest in the affairs of her thrifty suitor, and the babble of voices relating and commenting sounded as meaningless as the patter of the drops which jumped like little fishes in the large puddle at their feet. It had spread considerably before Constable Black said to his comrade: —

"Well, Daly, we'd better be steppin' home wid ourselves as wise as we come, as the man said when he'd axed his road of the ould black horse in the dark lane. There's no good goin' further, for the whole gang of them's scattered over the counthry agin now like a seedin' thistle in a high win'."

"Aye, bedad," said Constable Daly, "and be the same token, this win' ud skin a tanned elephant. It's on'y bogged and drenched we'd git. Look at what's coming up over there. That rain's snow on the hills, every could drop of it; I seen Ben Bawn this mornin' as white as the top of a musharoon, and it's thickenin' wid sleet here this minute, and so it is."

The landscape did, indeed, frown upon further explorations. In quarters where the rain had abated it seemed as if the mists had curdled on the breath of the bitter air, and they lay floating in long white bars and reefs low on the track of their own shadow, which threw down upon the sombre bogland deeper stains of gloom. Here and there one caught on the crest of some gray-bowldered knoll, and was teazed into fleecy threads that trailed melting instead of tangling. But toward the north the horizon was all blank, with one vast, smooth slant of slate-color, like a pent-house roof, which had a sliding motion onwards.

Ody Rafferty pointed to it and said, "Troth, it 's teemin' powerful this instiant up there in the mountains. 'T will be much if you land home afore it 's atop of you; for 't would be the most I could do myself."

And as the constables departed hastily, most people forgot the stolen cloak for a while to wonder whether their friends would escape being entirely drowned on the way back from the fair.

Mrs. Kilfoyle, however, still stood in deep dejection at her door, and said, "Och, but she was the great fool to go let the likes of him set fut widin her house."

To console her Mrs. O'Driscoll said, "Ah, sure, sorra a fool were you, woman dear; how would you know the villiny of him? And if you 'd turned the man away widout givin' him e'er a bit, it 's bad you 'd be thinkin' of it all the day after."

And to improve the occasion for her juniors, old Mrs. Keogh added, "Aye, and morebetoken you 'd ha' been committin' a sin."

But Mrs. Kilfoyle replied with much candor, "'Deed, then, I 'd a dale liefer be after committing a sin, or a dozen sins, than to have me poor mother's good cloak thieved away on me, and walkin' wild about the world."

As it happened, the fate of Mrs. Kilfoyle's cloak was very different from her forecast. But I do not think that a knowledge of it would have been consolatory to her by any means. If she had heard of it, she would probably have said, "The cross of Christ upon us. God be good to the misfort'nit crathur." For she was not at all of an implacable temper, and would, under the circumstances, have condoned even the injury that obliged her to appear at Mass with a flannel petticoat over her head until the end of her days. Yet she did hold the Tinkers in a perhaps somewhat too unqualified reprobation. For there are tinkers and tinkers. Some of them, indeed, are stout and sturdy thieves, — veritable birds of prey, — whose rapacity is continually questing for plunder. But some of them have merely the magpies' and jackdaws' thievish propensity for picking up what lies temptingly in their way. And some few are so honest that they pass by as harmlessly as a wedge of high-flying wild duck. And I have heard it said that to places like Lisconnel their pickings and stealings have at worst never been so serious a matter as those of another flock, finer of feather, but not less predacious in their habits, who roosted, for the most part, a long way off, and made their collections by deputy.

Peg's Education.

(From "Irish Idyls.")

In all these aims and devices, Larry enjoyed the encouragement and comfort of one sympathizing coadjutrix — his sister Peg. A close friendship had existed between them from her earliest days, when Larry used to carry her about to a surprising extent, considering that he was the elder by only three years. And as she grew older without ever learning to walk rightly, it was Larry who did most to make her amends for this privation. He spent hours in amusing her; and at one time even wished to teach her to read, that she might be able to entertain herself with his priceless library. But Peg, who was practical-minded, showed no enthusiasm for literature. In fact, when he tried to begin her second lesson, she immediately kicked him, saying with a howl, "Git along wid your ugly ould *Ah, Bay, Say*," and tore one of his precious pages in half, thereby abruptly finishing her education.

JOEL BARLOW.

Barlow, Joel, an American diplomatist and poet, one of the "Hartford Wits," born at Reading, Conn., in 1754; died at Zarnowitch, near Cracow, in Poland, December 24, 1812. He was educated at Dartmouth and Yale colleges, and began the study of law, but upon the breaking out of the war of the Revolution he received a license to preach, and became a chaplain in the army. After the close of the war he resumed the study of law for a short time. In 1788 he went to France as agent for a land company, and became intimate with the leaders of the Girondists. In 1795 he was made United States Consul at Algiers. Returning to Paris, he engaged in some business operations, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He came back to America in 1805, and took up his residence at Washington. In 1811 he was sent as Minister to the Government of France. In the following autumn he was invited by Napoleon to a conference to be held at Wilna, in Poland, but died upon the journey, from a sudden attack of inflammation of the lungs. He busied himself in literary efforts of various kinds. His most pretentious work is the epic poem called the "Columbiad," which was first published entire in 1808, although a portion of it, "The Vision of Columbus," was published as early as 1787. He also wrote "The Conspiracy of Kings" (London 1792), and the celebrated poem, "Hasty Pudding."

Theme of the Columbiad.

I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In those fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore;
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
Pursued by avarice and defiled by blood;
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil
Snatched from his hand, and slaughtered for their spoil.

Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labors and purloined his fame,
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.
Long overwhelm'd with woes and sickening there,
He met the slow, still march of black despair,
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,
And wished from thankless men a peaceful tomb:
Till visioned ages, opening on his eyes,
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise.
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,
And Freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Conclusion of the Columbiad.

Far as the centred eye can range around,
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,
A sire elect, in peerless grandeur shone;
He opened calm the universal cause,
To give each realm its limits and its laws,
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;
Till one confederate, condependent sway
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centered system, one all-ruling soul
Live through the parts, and regulate the whole.
Here then, said Hesper, with a blissful smile,
Behold the fruits of the long years of toil.
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
To trace new seas and happy nations rear;
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurl'd
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.
Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,
Of courts insidious, envy's poisoned stings,
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
To spurn the malice of insulting foes;
And all the joys descending ages gain,
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain.

The Praise of Hasty Pudding.

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies,
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse;
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire. —
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense and my evening meal:
The sweets of "Hasty Pudding." Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising to the unaccustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

How to eat Hasty Pudding.

CANTO III.

A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ.
Great source of health, the only source of joy;

Mother of Egypt's god — but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I 'd worship thee. . . .
Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand, you 've got the portion due.
So taught our sires — and what they taught is true. —
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 't is clear,
The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in these substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space,
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes;
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of Art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide,
But not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side. —
Fear not to slaver — 't is no deadly sin;
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend your ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project;
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall —
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Barnes, William, an English clergyman, poet, and philologist, was born in Sturminster, in the vale of Blackmore, Dorsetshire, February 22, 1800; died at the Rectory of Came, Dorchester, October 11, 1886. His early advantages were very limited, but he succeeded in obtaining a university degree, and became one of the most scholarly men of his time. He spent several years in solicitors' offices in his native town and in Dorchester, and from 1823 to 1835 he taught school at Mere, Wiltshire, and from 1835 until 1862 at Dorchester. He received ordination from the Bishop of Salisbury, in 1847, and was given the curacy of Whitcombe, which he resigned in 1852. In 1862 he was made rector of Winterbourne Came. He then gave up his school, and for the rest of his life devoted himself to this parish. He published his first volume of poems in the Dorset dialect in 1844, and in 1846 "Poems of Rural Life" in national English. "Hwomely Rhymes," a second collection of Dorset dialect poems, was published in 1850, and in 1863 a third volume appeared. In 1879 these three volumes were published in a collected form as "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect." He also published a number on philological subjects, among them, "A Philological Grammar;" "Tiw, or a View of the Roots and Stems of English;" "Outline of English Speech-craft;" and a "Glossary of Dorset Speech." He contributed many papers on various subjects to "Macmillan's," "Fraser's," "The Gentleman's Magazine," and other leading periodicals.

The Geäte a-vallèn to.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.")

In the zunsheen of our summers
Wi' the hay time now a-come,
How busy wer' we out a-vield
Wi' vew a-left at hwome,
When wagons rumbled out ov yard
Red wheeled, wi' body blue,
And back behind 'em loudly slamm'd
The geäte a-vallèn to.

"In the zunsheen of our summers
Wi' the hay time now a-come"

Drough day sheen for how many years
The geäte ha' now a-swung,
Behind the veet o' vull-grown men
And vootsteps of the young,
Drough years o' days it swung to us
Behind each little shoe,
As we tripped lightly on avore
The geäte a-vallèn to.

In evenen time o' starry night
How mother zot at hwome,
And kept her blazing vire bright
Till father should ha' come,
And how she quickened up and smiled,
And stirred her vire anew,
To hear the trampèn hosses' steps
And geäte a-vallèn to.

There 's moonsheen now in nights o' Fall
When leaves be brown vrom green,
When to the slammèn of the geäte
Our Jenny's ears be keen,
When the wold dog do wag his tail,
And Jeän could tell to who,
As he do come in drough the geäte,
The geäte a-vallèn to.

The Woodland Home.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in Common English.")

My woodland home, where hillocks swell
With flow'ry sides, above the dell,
And sedge's hanging ribbons gleam
By meadow withies in the stream,
And elms with ground-beglooming shades
Stand high upon the sloping glades,
When toilsome day at evening fades,
And trials agitate my breast,
By fancy brought
I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

I left thy woody fields that lay
So fair below my boyhood's play,
To toil in busy life that fills
The world with strife of wayward wills;

Where mortals in their little day
Of pride, disown their brother clay.
But when my soul can steal away
From such turmoil, with greater zest,
By fancy brought
I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

For I behold thee fresh and fair
In summer light and summer air,
As when I rambled, pulling low
The hazel bough, that when let go
Flew back, with high-toss'd head upright,
To rock again in airy light;
Where brown-stem'd elms and ashes white
Rose tall upon the flow'ry breast
Of some green mound
With timber crown'd,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

And there my fancy will not find
The loveless heart or selfish mind,
Nor scowling hatred, mutt'ring aught
To break my heart-entrancing thought;
But manly souls above deceit,
The bright'ning eyes they love to meet,
The fairest in their looks, and best
In heart I found
On thy lov'd ground,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

The Mother's Dream.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in Common English.")

I 'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep:
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,

Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

The Ruose that Decked her Breast.

(*Dorsetshire Dialect.*)

Poor Jenny wer her Roberd's bride
Two happy years, an' then 'e died;
An' zoo the wold voke made her come,
Varsiaken, to her mâiden huome.
But Jenny's merry tongue wer dum;
An' roun' her comely neck she wore
A moorneen kerchif, wher avore
The ruose did deck her breast.

She waked aluone wi' eyeballs wet,
To zee the flow'rs that she 'd a-zet;
The lilies, white 's her mâiden frocks,
The spik, to put 'ithin her box,
Wi' columbines an' hollyhocks;
The jilliflower an' noddin' pink,
An' ruose that touched her soul to think
O' thik that decked her breast.

Var at her weddin' jist avore
Her mâiden han' had yeet a-wore
A wife's goold ring, wi' hangin' head
She waked along thik flower bed,
Wher bloodywâ'iors, stained wi' red,
And miarygoolds did skirt the wa'k,
And gathered vrom the ruose's sta'k
A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud;
But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
'T is piale 's the milk-white jessamine.
But Roberd 'ave a-left behine
A little biaby wi' his fiace,
To smile an' nessle in the pliace
Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

To the Water-Crowfoot.

O small-feäc'd flow'r that now dost bloom,
To stud wi' white the shallow Frome,
An' leäve the clote[1] to spread his flow'r
On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
When sof'ly-rizèn airs do cool
The water in the sheenèn pool,
Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
So feäir upon the sky-blue stream,
As whitest clouds, a-hangèn high
Avore the blueness of the sky.

Zummer an' Winter.

When I led by zummer streams
The pride o' Lea, as naïghbors thought her,
While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
Did cast our sheädes athirt the water:
Winds a-blowèn,
Streams a-flowèn,
Skies a-glowèn,
Tokens ov my jay zoo fleetèn,
Heightened it, that happy meetèn.

Then, when maïd and man took pleäces,
Gay in winter's Chris'mas dances,
Showèn in their merry feäces
Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances:
Stars a-winkèn,
Days a-shrinkèn,
Sheädes a-zinkèn,
Brought anew the happy meetèn,
That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

[1] The yellow water-lily.

FRANCES COURTENAY BARNUM.

Barnum, Mrs. Frances Courtenay (Baylor), an American novelist; born in Arkansas, 1848. Her home is in Savannah. She has written: "On Both Sides," an international novel; "Behind the Blue Ridge;" "Juan and Juanita," a story for boys and girls; "Claudia Hyde." She has also been a frequent contributor to magazines, and a writer of short stories.

An American Cousin.[1]

(From "On Both Sides.")

Cousin Job was as good as his word. Before the girls were down next morning he went out for a walk on the Promenade, and came home to find his aunt enjoying the fashionable intelligence in the "Looker-On," in which, among the arrivals, figured the name of "Mr. *Joseph* Ketchum, United States." "Call that a newspaper!" said he indignantly when his attention was called to the interesting fact. He took it in his hand, flipped it scornfully with his thumb and middle finger, and, after careful examination, protested that it was not to be compared for one moment to the "Tecumseh Clarion." He was still talking about it when Kate came in and changed the current of his thoughts. "Well, you are all a lazy set here!" said he in greeting. "I have been up for two hours, and been pretty much all over the place, and I stopped at that store you told me about, and told the man to make me the finest suit he knew how to turn out, and to be quick about it. There was a chap there that smiled me in and smiled me out, and wanted me to buy everything on the shelves *bad*. He soft-sawdered me for half an hour, and offered to make me an overcoat like the one they had just sent the Prince of Wales, at 'living rates.' But I laid my fingers on my nose and told them I sabed all that, and that if he thought we were n't up to snuff in America he was mistaken, only it was General Grant's coat over there, and

[1] By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

that I was used to making up my own mind; if I wanted anything I would get it, and if I didn't he would have to get up very early in the morning to sell it to me. And he begged my pardon when he saw he had waked up the wrong passenger, and said that he had n't meant to try any tricks of trade; theirs was a most respectable house; only if I had any 'horders' they would be glad to execute them."

"What did you say to that, Job?" asked Kate.

"I told him if he would stick to that programme he might make something out of me yet; but that as the prince and I were n't running in the same fire-brigade, it did n't matter about our being dressed *exactly* alike."

Great was the amusement of the ladies as they thought of the interview, and they exchanged eloquent glances across the table, while Mr. Ketchum devoted himself alternately to his breakfast and a map of the town which was spread out beside him.

"Cards to the Benedicts' ball on the 21st, girls, and a very kind note from Sir Robert, to say that he means to get a ticket for Cousin Job," said Kate. "Is n't it nice of him? It is *the* ball of the season, you know, and if there were pasteboard admittance to heaven it could hardly be more coveted than cards to the Benedicts'."

"I am delighted!" cried Jenny and Lucy in a breath, both girls having known for some time of the coming event, and having dresses from Paris ordered for the occasion and worthy of it.

"But, Kate, I do so wish we could get a ticket for Mabel Vane and take her with us. Only think of it! she is eighteen, and as pretty as a pink, and has never been to a ball in her life! Such a frightful case of destitution in the upper classes has never come under my notice," said Jenny. "This is the way I came to know it. She was here yesterday, and was saying that she supposed we were very gay, and I asked if she was going to this ball, and she said, 'Oh, no! I can't afford it, even if there was a chance of my getting a ticket, which there is n't. Papa, you know, was a poor clergyman, and since his death mamma and I have always lived in lodgings, and we have no great friends, and can't entertain, and so we are quite out of the current. I often wonder how it would seem to be like other girls. Mamma says that there are five hundred girls here, and only one hundred men, and that if I could go out it would n't be

the least use, — that it would only be a great expense for nothing, I should never get an offer, and I am better as I am. But I don't care for that, and I do so long to go to *one* dance, even if I had to sit against the wall all the evening.' Poor child! her eyes were full of tears, and I felt so sorry for her, and yet her English way of putting it was so comical that I could hardly keep my countenance."

"It is a shame! It's perfectly abominable!" put in Lucy. "Why, if I have been to one party I've been to five hundred of various kinds; and Mabel says that she thinks herself awfully lucky to be asked in after dinner at a few houses, or occasionally to luncheon. And she is such a sweet little thing, and such a thorough lady."

"I wonder at it," said Mrs. Fletcher, senior, pensively. "I have heard that her father was a third-cousin of the Earl of Carsford, — or is it the Marquis of Wolhampton?"

But this nice genealogical point was never settled; for Cousin Job, who had been breaking three eggs into a tumbler and stirring them with the most unnecessary display of energy, while Walton, unable to bear the sight, had retired precipitately to the butler's pantry to avoid losing any portion of his specific gravity, now looked up and said, "I can't understand how girls can get so far below par in England. Buyers seem to be backward in bidding, and holders anxious to realize. The old lady in Threadneedle Street is carrying more petticoats than her trade will warrant. Now, about that young friend of yours, Kate. If money will do it, just get her a ticket, and we will take her along with us and see that she has a splendid time! Why, out West she 'd have eight or ten fellows haunting the house every night, and sending her bouquets, and serenading her, and ready to jump over the moon to please her."

"Money can't do it, but influence can, Cousin Job, and we will see what can be done," replied Kate. "She shall go if we can possibly manage it."

By what arts and machinations it was managed will never be known, but although a member of the Benedicts' Club had offered twenty pounds for a ticket that very morning, and failed to get it, Jenny, on the next afternoon, received from her friend the barrister, with Mr. Lindsay's compliments, a large square envelope containing an enclosure requesting the pleasure of Miss Vane's company on Wednesday the 21st at the Assembly Rooms. Putting on her bonnet, she rushed round to 38 Portarlington

Gardens and demanded Miss Vane so imperiously that the small "slavey" who opened the door asked "what ever was hup," lingering on the landing after ushering Jenny upstairs to catch if possible some hint of the news she scented. The whole house was "hup" when her errand became known. Mabel could hardly believe her senses, and was radiant with delight, Mrs. Vane equally fluttered and profuse in thanks. The question of raiment for this lily of the field coming up, Mrs. Botts, the landlady, who had once been maid to a countess, was called in, and gave her opinion at great length: the dress must be white tarlatan, she should say, over a silk slip, with a "top" cut low in the neck, a white satin sash and slippers to match, which was what her ladyship had worn on an even greater occasion, and it would set off Miss Mabel "wonderful."

Miss Marsh, an old lady on the second floor, who walked nine times round the square every day at the same hour, starting out for this cheerful tramp, was attracted by the sound of voices and looked in, heard what was going on, and, trotting back to her room, brought down a box of Roman pearls, which she said had belonged to a dead sister, and would Mabel do her the favor to wear them? Mabel would not, but thanked her as prettily as possible, and, it being generally agreed that the "stuff for the gown" must be bought at once, the two girls started off in high glee, and shopped so briskly and sensibly that in half an hour the foundation-stone of Mabel's palace of delights was safely laid: the dress, the gloves, the slippers, the satin. were being borne home in parcels that bulged delightfully and foretold to one pair of blue eyes at least a world of bliss!

The day of the ball arrived. Mr. Ketchum, when the arrangements for the evening were being discussed, insisted on getting a carriage and taking Mabel to the ball, and Kate had great difficulty in making him understand that it would positively shake Cheltenham to its centre and be flying in the face of all English conventionalities, that Mabel would n't go, and that it was not to be thought of. She had settled all that. Walton, who was perfectly trustworthy, should go for her in Mrs. Fletcher's carriage and bring her down to them; and, once under the wing of a chaperon, she would, with the other girls, be taken "properly" to the Assembly Rooms.

"And do you mean to tell me, Kate Fletcher, that they trust a girl over here with a footman sooner than with a gentleman?" he demanded hotly.

"Yes, I do. I can't help it, and I am sorry you are vexed, Job, but indeed it would n't do," said she, which set him off in one of his eager, emphatic orations, calling upon heaven and earth to witness the absurdity of such a social regulation, and winding up with, —

"Well, I shall send her a bouquet, anyway. I suppose that is n't a scandalous proceeding?"

"Oh, no! quite proper. It is n't often done, unless people are engaged; but still — "

"Oh, go along, Kate! You must have lost your senses!" he interrupted, and, clapping on his hat, left the house.

He had been gone some hours. The girls were in the drawing-room, entertaining the Heathcotes and Venables; and Kate, a little apart from the others in the bow-window, which commanded a view of the street and front steps, heard a ring. She bent forward to see who it was, and caught a glimpse of a man in a towering white beaver hat, and, even at that distance, with something queer about him. Another look, — a stranger *in full evening dress, at one o'clock in the day!* Another, — the stranger turns, and, — oh, horror! oh, "agony, rage, and despair!" — it is Cousin Job!

It may be an ignominious pang that rends her bosom, but Kate is a woman of the world; she feels it to be quite equal for the moment to battle, murder, or sudden death. In five minutes he will be in that room, and there is that odious young snob of a Heathcote, who is always sneering covertly at Cousin Job as it is, and does n't understand him at all, sitting opposite, immaculately arrayed, his hat held in his hand at an eminently correct angle, his offensive eye-glass screwed firmly in his eye! It is a perfectly unbearable situation, she thinks. There is nothing that can be done, and, with a crimson face, she sits still, waiting to hear the fatal step on the stair. It does n't come, and she glides out of the room and down as far as the first landing, where, looking down, she sees Walton and Cousin Job parleying near the front door.

"Who is upstairs?" asks Mr. Ketchum.

"The Miss Frynnes, sir, I believe; but cook answered the door."

Walton knows that Mr. Ketchum detests these estimable women for some reason, and takes his chance. Fixing his shrewd, gray eyes on him, he adds, after a pause, "The tailor sent home some things for you, sir, and would be greatly obliged

by your trying them on at once. His man will be back in 'arf an 'our to know if they suit."

Mr. Ketchum still hesitated, holding his hat in his hand and rubbing the nap energetically with his silk handkerchief. "Tell him to come back to-morrow," said he, and moved toward the stair.

"Oh! And, if you please, sir, I took a note up to your room, brought a moment since, which the maid from Portarlington Gardens said was to be give you as soon as you came in."

Mr. Ketchum stopped: for the life of him he could n't help blushing, and, to hide it, he turned brusquely away and walked off to his room.

Walton had gained the day, and, unconscious that he was being observed, leaned against the wall, and, throwing back his head, laughed the laugh of the successful diplomat, whose skilful evasion of some obstacle has enabled him to carry his point.

It was the first time Kate had ever seen the real Walton, and it gave her rather a startled and unpleasant sensation, — a feeling that he was too clever by half, thankful as she was to have the social calamity averted that she had so much dreaded. But the sensation was only momentary. "He is doubtless attached to the family, and knew we should be mortified. It was very nice of him. Really, Walton is a nonpareil among servants," she thought.

As she was making her way back, the drawing-room door opened; farewells were being exchanged, and in a few moments the guests were safely out of the house, and she was relating the agonizing experience of the last half-hour to the girls.

Jenny laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks: "Oh! to think of his putting it on at the shop and wearing it home! And with a white hat!" she cried.

"And that awful green cravat! My dear, it is my belief that he means to be *buried* in that cravat," said Kate. "It was a fearfully narrow escape!"

"Why did n't you let him come up? It would have been such a crucial test of the breeding of those people. Sir Robert and the Venables would have been a shade nicer than ever; but can't you fancy the galvanic shock it would have been to young Heathcote? But no, Kate. Seriously speaking, I would n't for the world have had Mr. Ketchum put in such a disagreeable position before that horrid man. He is a kind, generous, splen-

did fellow, and worth a dozen of such people ; but all the same he would have looked exquisitely ludicrous, and we should have been obliged to go about *à l'Anglaise* and tell people that he was a little mad, and we hoped they did n't mind. It is the drollest thing I ever heard of. You are such a worldling, Kate, that I wonder there is a particle of coloring-matter left in a single tube of your hairs."

"I shall tell him that he may break all the Commandments, and blow up the House of Parliament, and set fire to Windsor Castle, and trample on the union jack, and throw vitriol in the face of the Princess of Wales, if he likes, but that he is *never*, NEVER to put on a dress-suit before nightfall in England, on pain of *death*," said Kate. "I know he has grown up out of the world, on the frontier; but, still, how could he do such a thing?"

No spectator was present at the interview that ensued, of which Kate only reported that she said very little, and that Cousin Job took it in good part.

When nine o'clock came, Mabel appeared, looking too quaint and pretty for anything. Her dress was cut in the fashion of a very remote period, with what was known then as a "baby-waist," and queer half-long sleeves. She was sitting bolt upright on the edge of the sofa when Kate came down, evidently afraid of crushing her dress and soiling her gloves. Her eyes shone with pleasure, and a more charming picture of youth and innocence it would be impossible to find. She was as fair and simple as an English daisy, Kate thought, as she came forward with an air of modest self-possession and her usual charming little blush: "Do you like me? Mamma says that I do very well, but that no one will notice me among so many splendid people in Worth gowns and all that, and that I had better give over thinking of myself at all and make up my mind to enjoy looking on."

Kate noticed that she had on a white carnelian necklace, shamed into looking almost blue by the white, lovely neck, and said, "Come here, dear, and let me see," gave a disapproving frown to the English overskirt, which she found fearfully and wonderfully looped, sent for some pins, and rearranged it tastefully in a twinkling, pinned a charming bunch of natural flowers in her dress, insisted on giving her a little silver châtelaine, turned her about, giving any number of those mysterious touches which produce such an effect when given by a woman with a genius for dress, and at last pronounced her "an ideal *ingénue*,"

and assured her that if she lacked anything it was rouge, pinching the girl's rosy cheek. She then went off to tie Mr. Ketchum's cravat, and that gentleman presently returned with her, looking extremely well, and protesting that she had tried to get him to wax his moustache and part his hair in the middle, but that this was against the constitution and by-laws of the State of Michigan, and that he was "quite enough of a Tussaud wax figger" as it was.

Jenny and Lucy, coming in resplendent in Paris dresses, walked up and down to give the family a private view of these artistic constructions; much osculation followed between the girls, everybody suddenly discovered that it was very late, and, after much muffling and shawling, they all rolled away at last to the ball.

The ball had the three great requisites for such an entertainment, — good music, a capital floor, and a supper calculated to compensate all the heavy dowagers and sleepy papas for their sufferings as chaperons. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated, the orchestra from London was fiddling away in the gallery, the dancers were spinning and whirling at a tremendous rate in the circles chalked off on the floor, the master of ceremonies, who was nearly as imposing as Walton (and no earthly dignitary could be more so), stood near the door. Our party advanced. Sir Robert stepped out from a mob of gentlemen and offered his arm to Mrs. Fletcher, senior, and Jenny had already taken that of a certain young barrister (in preference to Mr. Heathcote, who consoled himself with Lucy), and a stout clergyman, who had just finished waltzing what he called the "*troy temps*," offered to escort Kate. Mabel slipped a timid hand under Mr. Ketchum's awkwardly-proffered elbow, and they all made for the benches on the upper side of the room, where they cast anchor. Jenny looked about her, and felt as an actress does when she gets a whiff from the footlights; Mabel was terrified by the glare and the crush and the crowd, and felt herself morally a grain of mustard-seed and the least of all these birds of Paradise; Kate began to scan the toilets; Mrs. Fletcher to look up the great ones of the company; Mr. Ketchum remarked that it was the biggest fandango he had seen, and that the Assembly Rooms compared favorably with any hall that he knew "on the other side of the pond." Kate offered to introduce him to some of the girls, but he declined for the present, and stood behind Mabel, looking down admiringly upon the fair

head bent every now and then over his huge bouquet, which had already created a sensation at Portarlington Gardens.

Jenny, as a belle and beauty of recognized position, was soon surrounded by men, and, generously intent upon "Mabel's having a good time," brought them all up and presented them in turn, having previously interested them in her *protégée*. The consequence was that Mabel's programme was soon half filled up. Out of the twenty-three dances she was engaged for twelve, and Mr. Ketchum, who was already down for four of them, was begging for a fifth, when her first partner arrived, and she tripped off joyously with him and joined the dancers. Job saw her making vain efforts to catch his step (with small success), her pretty face wearing its most anxious expression. He seemed to combine in his own person the worst traits of all three classes of bad dancers, — the teetotums, the wobblers, and the go-aheads. When he ought to have gone ahead, he spun around for five minutes, as if his operations were confined to a hearth-rug; when he ought to have temporized for lack of space, he dashed madly ahead; and whenever called upon to guide his partner decisively in any direction, he wobbled infuriatingly first to the right and then to the left in an embarrassing series of false starts, very trying to a novice. Job was secretly delighted. Like most Americans, he could use his feet with the same dexterity as a French actress does her hands, and he waited impatiently for his turn to come, which it did very soon.

Mabel came back to her chaperon looking flushed and harassed, made a meek little speech expressive of her regret at not being able "to quite catch his step" (skips would have been nearer the mark for a performance which was a mixture of waltz, polka, mazourka, Highland fling, and Irish jig), and, with a "Now-then!" expression of triumphant satisfaction, Mr. Ketchum had taken his place. At what "fandangos" he had graduated in the graceful art is not known, but he danced beautifully, and Mabel, who had taken lessons and had moreover been practising the "American reverse" for a week before a dingy old pier-glass at her lodgings, felt herself borne along in an inspired whirl, forgot that she was dancing at all, in the technical sense, and did not stop until the last strains of the "Morgenblätter" had died away. In all her experience, confined hitherto to a lonely Welsh curacy and Portarlington Gardens, there had been nothing like it, and she was radiant.

Meanwhile Jenny had taken several turns, and was resting

for a while in a little bower of ferns and foliage-plants that opened into the ball-room. She was with her friend the barrister, who was commenting upon the scene before him. "Who is that girl there in yellow?" he asked.

"Where? Oh, in the corner. Smythe is her name, I believe. Pretty, is n't she?"

"No. Not according to my ideas. She looks as though she did n't tub. Dash of the tar-brush there, I should say."

"Oh, no! Impossible! You should not say such things, really. Besides, she is n't so dark at all."

"It is n't her skin only: her hair has got that awful kink. I hate it. One of my aunts went out to New Zealand in the early days and got carried off by a Maori chief; and I often wonder what I should do if a lot of blackamoor cousins turned up in the Park on some sunny day in the height of the season and laid claim to me. Awful lark it would be, would n't it?"

Jenny burst out laughing, and agreed that it would certainly not be pleasant: "I have never heard you mention any of your relatives before. Have you a mother and sisters?"

"I 've got the usual supply of mother, and shoals of sisters. My mother came down from town to-day with one of them,— Edith, the eldest."

"Did she?" replied Jenny, with animation. "Why did n't you bring her with you to-night? But I suppose it was too late to get a card."

"Oh, she never goes to balls. She is on the shady side of forty, and never goes in for anything in the shape of amusement, except penny readings for the deserving poor and those awful parish tea and harvest-home things. She got me to one of them *once*, but I don't think she will ever do it a second time. She is a district visitor, and has a soup-kitchen and all that: she really is an excellent creature, but she 'll never get a husband in the world."

"What are the others like?" asked Jenny, delighted with this brief biographical sketch.

"The next one is named Gertrude, and she is quite *passée*, too, and rather like Edith: curates, and croquet, and that kind of thing, you know. She is awfully plain, poor thing! and makes herself no end of a frump by the way she dresses. The third one is very pretty, and is married to a fellow in the Carbineers; and the fourth was thought the best-looking girl that was presented the season she came out. She is down in

the country now, though she hates it most awfully. It is a confounded shame to keep her there; but the governor says she has had two seasons, and played her cards very badly, — going and getting engaged to a missionary, — and can't have any more. I dare say he will take her up, though, when he comes round. I wrote her to-day to give the old chap his head and not oppose him, and it would all come right."

"And is that all?" asked Jenny, hoping that it was a large family. "How very sad for your sister! People can't always control such things, and I suppose she had forgotten that Cupid has sovereigns for wings nowadays and always perches near the Bank of England."

"I am sorry for her, too. She is my favorite sister, and she was awfully cut up about it. But what was the use? There is another, Caroline, just out of the school-room, and disgustingly slangy and horsey and doggy. I'd like to shake it all out of her, but she is the governor's favorite, and does exactly as she pleases. The three others are still in the nursery, thank heaven!"

"What a lot of you!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Do you think so? We don't consider ourselves a large family at all. The mater was one of sixteen."

A pause followed this statement, and then Jenny began again.

"Is yours a pretty part of England? Not that I need ask, for it is all lovely, so far as I can see."

"Pretty well. Good hunting country, but rather flat. I don't like it. I prefer London fifteen months out of the year. I have just got myself a tiny little bandbox of a house in May Fair, and shall get myself a cat or a dog and settle down as a selfish old bachelor. I can't marry: I've nothing but a beggarly allowance and a confiding tailor while the governor lives, which will be forever. I went to see his medical man not long ago, and he told me he was good for fifty years yet. I went off then and signed the lease for my house. There will be a capital town-house, and all that, when I come into the property; but I am tired of the life I have been leading, and want a den of my own, where I can be as much of a bear as I choose."

"How long is your lease?"

"Seventy years."

"Why, what possessed you to lease a house for seventy years?" asked Jenny, in utter surprise.

"Oh, I thought I might get used to it and want to stay; and I was n't going to be bundled into the streets any day."

Jenny could not conceal the amusement afforded her by this idea: "An American would as soon think of flying. I never heard anything so absurd. Why, you are thirty years old now! May I ask if you expect to live to be a hundred?"

"I don't know. One of my great-aunts got to ninety-nine, and her physician said he could have made it an even century if she had n't eaten a Welsh-rarebit for supper one night. He was awfully savage about it. You see, she lived at Bath, and it would have given him a tremendous boost with all the other old women there, if he could have managed it."

Just then a couple whisked past the door, and Jenny remarked, —

"That Miss Porter is lovely, and dances better than any girl here, I think."

"If I tell you something, will you be vexed?"

"No; certainly not."

"I am afraid you will."

"Not unless you are very rude; and I am sure you won't be that."

"Are you sure you won't mind a bit of criticism?"

"Of course not," she replied much puzzled.

"Well, then, you dance beautifully, but you don't kick out your legs enough at the back."

At this perfectly unlooked-for and astounding remark Jenny turned into a peony. Quite misunderstanding her furious blush, he said, —

"There now! You are angry! I said you would be vexed! I 'm always putting my foot into it. What I meant was that I admired Lady Florence Foster's way of dancing. Look at her. Here she comes, now."

Jenny looked, and saw a huge blonde girl with a pronounced attack of "Grecian bend" (which was *à la mode* then), who certainly was making lively play with her heels, her body bent forward at a most extraordinary angle. When she could utter anything in answer to his penitent apologies for having "vexed" her, she said that she was "not angry, exactly, but — "

"What! You don't like her dancing?" he asked.

"No; I think it frightful!" she declared, and was spared further argument, for at that moment a tall, fair, languid man, who had been introduced that evening, approached her. When

immediately in front of her, he stopped, glanced at his programme and then at her, and said pensively, —

"I think I'll give you No. 10."

"I beg your pardon, but I don't think you will," she replied, angry indeed now. (Jenny, who had had an embarrassment of riches in the matter of partners ever since she went to dancing-school, a belle in white frocks and a blue sash! — Jenny, who had been in the habit at home of dividing her dances between two or three eager aspirants, and had always been made to feel that she conferred an honor on the object of even this temporary preference!) Outwardly civil, there was something in the ring of her voice that made him glance with interest at the fierce little thing looking up at him with such a flash of scorn in her brilliant eyes.

"No. 11, then?" he said.

"I am engaged," she replied curtly, without referring to her programme.

"No. 12, say, or 13, then," he perseveringly suggested.

"My card is quite full," she answered, with no conventional regrets.

"A supper-dance, then," he stupidly insisted.

"I must definitely decline the honor." And, rising, she bestowed upon him the faintest inclination that ever did duty for a bow, and, taking Mr. Lindsay's arm, moved away. "It takes my breath away, quite," she said to him. "Did you ever hear of such a piece of impertinence? I rage when I think of it! He'll give me No. 10, forsooth! Good heavens! Do you mean to say that English girls put up with that sort of thing?"

"No; of course not. At least, nice girls don't. Some girls might. It is they who make themselves cheap, and they ought not to complain. But the fellow's a cad; anybody can see that. Don't mind him. He is an awful ass."

He seemed much annoyed by the episode, and, seeing this, she dropped the subject. Some time afterward she heard that the mirror of chivalry, whom she had so roundly snubbed, felt very sore on the subject, and had spoken of her to the Venables as "a spiteful little Yankee."

That night was a memorable one for Jenny in many ways. For one thing, Mr. Heathcote, who, as an eligible *parti*, had undergone agonies of mind first, misled by her gay and gracious manner, lest she should marry him, and next, when he better understood her, lest she should not, having come to the con-

clusion that she was essential to his happiness, plucked up his courage, proposed, and was "definitely" refused as a partner for life.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ketchum had been making a brilliant record for himself. The good-natured fellow took out at least a dozen of the young ladies who sat round the room in long and melancholy rows, fair, fresh, stout-looking girls most of them, in pink and blue and green and white, — a partnerless generation, rather heavy all round, it must be confessed, with, in consequence, only a few names here and there on their programme, and awful gaps (and gapes, indeed) between. It was a dismal business for many of them; and why they went at all to such a harrowing form of entertainment was a mystery to our Americans. They were quite grateful for Mr. Ketchum's politeness, and it may be safely averred that he lost nothing by it with the mammas, to whom he was likewise most attentive, taking relays of them up to supper, and rendering them a thousand good offices, with his usual amiability and unselfishness. He even forgot his dislike to Miss Frynne when he saw her sitting neglected and forlorn in a corner, carried her off to the supper-room, got her a liberal supply of oysters and *pâté de foie gras*, ordered a bottle of champagne, — to which she did full justice, he thought, accustomed as he was to the abstemiousness of his countrywomen, — and, on her stating that she wished to go home, took her to the cloak-room and put her into her modest cab.

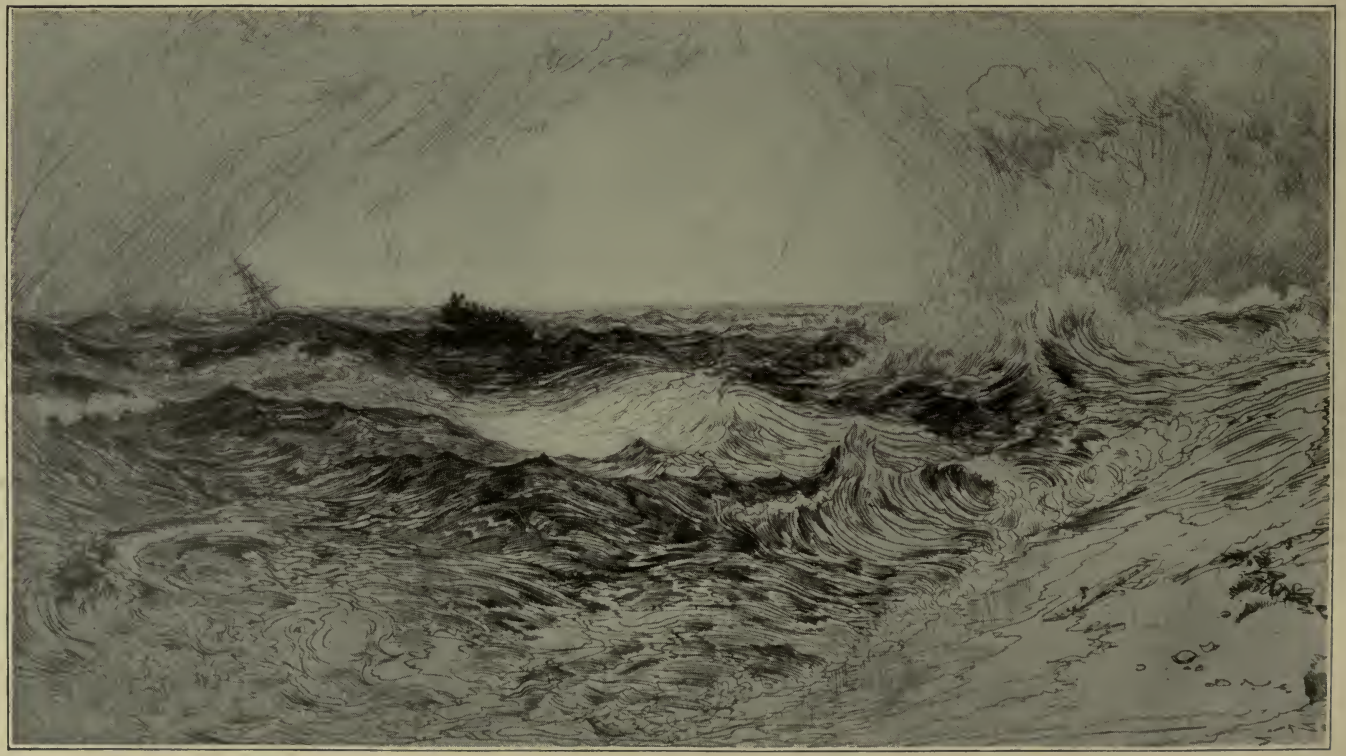
When Mrs. Fletcher, senior, was quite worn out, and the feat of collecting the girls for the third time had been accomplished, after Lucy had begged for the inevitable "one more," which Mr. Ketchum had taken for granted, and was spinning out with Mabel, the party followed Miss Frynne's example.

While waiting for their carriage in the passage, Mabel met an old lady whom she knew. "Has n't it been a delicious ball?" she cried. "Only to think of it! I have danced every dance. I have n't sat out one. Mamma will never believe it."

"Yes, yes, my dear. I saw you. It was all very fine. I only hope it will last," said the matron, severely, shaking her head dubiously by way of farewell.

When they got home, Walton had a blazing fire for them and a nice little supper, over which they lingered for some time, Mabel having been dropped at Portarlington Gardens *en route*.

"Six dances with Mabel, Mr. Ketchum! Take care, or you



WRECK OF THE SOLON

will have to put on your explanation-coat. The affections of the British virgin are not to be trifled with in this reckless way. You are not in America now, where men devote themselves to every pretty face they fancy and girls pride themselves on being engaged six deep," said Kate, as she rose from the table and shook a finger warningly at her husband's cousin.

Love will Find out the Way.

Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest, —
Love will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she whom love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the East;
The lioness ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover, —
He will find out his way.

Anonymous.

AMELIA EDITH BARR.

Barr, Amelia Edith (Huddleston), an English novelist, daughter of the Rev. William Huddleston, was born in Ulverston, Lancashire, March 29, 1831. She was educated at the Glasgow High School, and in 1850 married Robert Barr, a Scotch minister's son. In 1854 they came to the United States and settled in Texas, residing in Austin and in or near Galveston, where, in 1867, her husband and three sons died with yellow fever. In 1869 she removed to New York City and began teaching, and soon after writing for the periodicals. Her first story was published in "The Christian Union" in 1871. Her best known works are: "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," "Master of His Fate," "Remember the Alamo," and "Feet of Clay." Among her latest books are: "Friend Olivia," "A Sister to Esau," "The Beads of Tasmer," "She Loved a Sailor," "The Preacher's Daughter," "Love for an Hour is Love Forever," "The Mate of the 'Easter Bell,'" "Between Two Loves," "Border Shepherdess," "Christopher and Other Stories," "Cluny MacPherson," "Hallam Succession," "Household of McNeil," "Last of the Macallisters," "Lost Silver of Briffault," "Lone House," "Paul and Christina," "Singer from the Sea," "Squire of Sandal-Side," "Michael and Theodora," and "Rose of a Hundred Leaves." Since 1869 Mrs. Barr has resided in New York City or at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Lancelot's Departure.

(From "Love for an Hour is Love Forever.")

In the meantime Lancelot was nearing Liverpool. The bark he was to sail in was nearly ready for sea; he had only to make a few purchases and write farewell to Francesca. He delayed this letter until the last hour. He had granted himself this privilege — not to give her up while he remained in England. As he went to the ship, he posted the letter. A middle-aged woman noticed the handsome youth drop it into the irrevocable box, and she pitied the look of misery with which he walked

away. She comprehended his despair, and said a soft "God help the lad!" as he passed out of her sight. Lancelot would have been comforted by her prayer and pity, had he known it; but it is one of the misfortunes of existence that society compels us to restrain sympathy unless we have a bond and right to offer it. Every one is thus poorer by many a kindly wish and many an honest prayer.

Driven like a blind man before his sorrowful destiny, Lancelot reached the ship and crossed the narrow plank, and felt himself already adrift from every hope and joy that had made his youth so blessed; and he could not avoid a passion of regret for those past years. Amid falling shades and a wind like the Banshee they were driven down the Mersey. The thick-coated murmur of the river blending with the great complaining of the distant sea came through the darkness, and the hoarse, melancholy voices of the sailors went with it. He was utterly wretched, bruised in heart and brain, but an act so vulgar and cowardly as suicide never occurred to him. The vestal fires of conscience, of pure love, of honor and integrity, still burned within him.

Sitting alone on the edge of his rough berth he told himself that, even if his life should be a tragedy of never-fulfilled desires, he could at least make it a noble tragedy. So, though he knew it not, he was receiving the grandest education of which humanity is capable — the education that comes by reverence and by sorrow; for these are the teachers greater than Gamaliel, and blessed are they who can sit at their feet.

Jan Vedder's Wife.[1]

SHIPWRECK.

No man set more nakedly side by side the clay and spirit of his double nature than Jan Vedder. No man wished so much and willed so little. Long before he returned from his first voyage, be became sorry for the deception he had practised upon his wife, and determined to acknowledge to her his fault, as far as he saw it to be a fault. He was so little fond of money, that it was impossible for him to understand the full extent of Margaret's distress; but he knew, at least, that she would be deeply grieved, and he was quite willing to promise her, that as soon as "The Solan" was clear of debt, he would begin to repay her the money she prized so much.

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Her first voyage was highly successful, and he was, as usual, sanguine beyond all reasonable probabilities; quite sure, indeed, that Tulloch and Margaret could both be easily paid off in two years. Surely two years was a very short time for a wife to trust her husband with £600. Arguing, then, from his own good intentions, and his own hopes and calculations, he had persuaded himself before he reached Lerwick again that the forced loan was really nothing to make any fuss about, that it would doubtless be a very excellent thing, and that Margaret would be sure to see it as he did.

"The Solan" touched Lerwick in the afternoon. Jan sent a message to Tulloch, and hastened to his home. Even at a distance the lonely air of the place struck him unpleasantly. There was no smoke from the chimneys, the windows were all closed. At first he thought, "Margaret is gone for a day's visit somewhere—it is unlucky then." But as he reached the closed gate other changes made themselves apparent. His Newfoundland dog, that had always known his step afar off, and came bounding to meet him, did not answer his whistle. Though he called Brenda, his pet seal, repeatedly, she came not; she, that had always met him with an almost human affection. He perceived before his feet touched the threshold how it was: Margaret had gone to her father's, or the animals and poultry would have been in the yard.

His first impulse was to follow her there and bring her home, and he felt in his pocket for the golden chain and locket he had brought her as a peace-offering. Then he reflected that by the time he could reach Peter's house it would be the tea-hour, and he did not intend to discuss the differences between Margaret and himself in Peter's presence. Thora's good influence he could count upon; but he knew it would be useless either to reason with or propitiate Peter. For fully five minutes he stood at his bolted door wondering what to do. He felt his position a cruel one; just home from a prosperous voyage, and no one to say a kind word. Yes, he could go to Torr's; he would find a welcome there. But the idea of the noisy room and inquisitive men was disagreeable to him. Snorro he could not see for some hours. He determined at last that the quiet of his own lonely home was the best place in which to consider this new phase of affairs between him and his wife, and while doing so he could make a cup of tea, and wash and refresh himself before the interview.

He unfastened the kitchen shutter and leaped in. Then the

sense of his utter desolation smote him. Mechanically he walked through the despoiled, dusty, melancholy rooms. Not a stool left on which he could sit down. He laughed aloud — that wretched laugh of reckless sorrow, that is far more pitiful than weeping. Then he went to Torr's. People had seen him on the way to his home, and no one had been kind enough to prevent his taking the useless, wretched journey. He felt deeply wounded and indignant. There were not half a dozen men or women in Lerwick whose position in regard to Jan would have excused their interference, but of that he did not think. Every man and woman knew his shame and wrong. Some one might have warned him. Torr shook his head sympathetically at Jan's complaints, and gave him plenty of liquor, and in an hour he had forgotten his grief in a drunken stupor.

The next morning he went to Peter's house to see his wife. Peter knew of his arrival, and he had informed himself of all that had happened in Torr's room. Jan had, of course, spoken hastily and passionately, and had drunk deeply, and none of his faults had been kept from Margaret. She had expected him to come at once for her, to be in a passion probably, and to say some hard things, but she also had certainly thought he would say them to her, and not to strangers. Hour after hour she watched, sick with longing and fear and anger, hour after hour, until Peter came in, stern and dour, and said: —

"Get thee to thy bed, Margaret. Jan Vedder has said words of thee this night that are not to be forgiven, and he is now fathoms deep in Torr's liquor. See thou speak not with him — good nor bad," and Peter struck the table so angrily, that both women were frightened into a silence, which he took for consent.

So when Jan asked to see his wife, Thora stood in the door, and in her sad, still way told him that Peter had left strict orders against his entering the house.

"But thou, mother, wilt ask Margaret to come out here and speak to me? Yes, thou wilt do that," and he eagerly pressed in Thora's hand the little present he had brought. "Give her this, and tell her I wait here for her."

After ten minutes' delay, Thora returned and gave him the trinket back. Margaret wanted her £600 and not a gold locket, and Jan had not even sent her a message about it. His return had brought back the memory of her loss in all its first vividness. She had had a dim hope that Jan would bring her money with him, that he had only taken it to frighten her; to lose this

hope was to live over again her first keen sorrow. In this mood it was easy for her to say that she would not see him, or speak to him, or accept his gift; let him give her back her £600, that was the whole burden of her answer.

Jan put the unfortunate peace-offering in his pocket, and walked away without a word. "He will trouble thee no more, Margaret," said Thora, quietly. Margaret fancied there was a tone of reproach or regret in the voice. It angered her anew, and she answered, "It is well; it were better if he had never come at all." But in her heart she expected Jan to come, and come again, until she pardoned him. She had no intention of finally casting him off. She meant that he should suffer sufficiently to insure his future good behavior. She had to suffer with him, and she regarded this as the hardest and most unjust part of the discipline. She, who had always done her duty in all things.

It is true she had permitted her father to dismantle their home, but she had had a distinct reason for that, and one which she intended to have told Jan had he come back under circumstances to warrant the confidence. In fact she had begun to dislike the house very much. It was too small, too far away from her mother, and from the town; besides which, Peter had the very house she longed for vacant, and she hoped so to manage her father, as to make the exchange she wished. Perhaps, too, she was a little bit superstitious. No one had ever been lucky in the house in which she and Jan had lived. She sometimes felt angry at her father for thrusting it upon them. Even Elga Skade's love affairs had all gone wrong there, and the girl was sure some malicious sprite had power within its walls to meddle and make trouble. Elga had left her, influenced entirely by this superstition, and Margaret had brooded upon it, until it had obtained some influence over her; otherwise, she would not have permitted her father to dismantle the unhappy home without a protest.

As it was, with all its faults she was beginning to miss the independence it gave her. No married woman ever goes back to the best of homes, and takes the place of her maidenhood. Her new servant, Trolla Bork, had warned her often of this. "When Bork was drowned," she said, "I went back to my parents, but I did not go back to my home. No, indeed! There is a difference, even where there is no unkindness. Thy own home is a full cup. Weep, if thou must weep, at thy own fireside."

After Margaret's refusal to see Jan, he went back to his

boat, and employed himself all day about her cargo, and in settling accounts with Tulloch. It was very late when he went to see Snorro. But Snorro was waiting for him. Now that things had come to a crisis he was ready to hear all Jan's complaints; he believed him in all things to have done right.

"Thou has asked her once, Jan," he said; "that was well and right. Thou shalt not go again. No, indeed! Let her come and tell thee she is sorry. Then thou can show her a man's heart, and forgive her freely, without yea or nay in the matter. What right had she to pull thy house to pieces without thy knowledge? Come, now, and I will show thee the place I have made for thee when thou art in Lerwick."

There was a big loft over Peter's store, with a narrow ladder-like stair to it. It was full of the lumber of thirty years and tenanted by a colony of Norway rats, who were on the most familiar terms with Snorro. Many of them answered to their names, none were afraid to eat from his hand; one old shrewd fellow, gray with age, often crept into Snorro's bosom, and in the warmth, lay hour after hour, watching with wise, weird eyes the quiet face it trusted as it bent over a book.

There was a corner in this garret with a window looking seaward, and here Snorro had cleared a small space, and boarded it up like a room. A bed of down and feathers, with a cover of sealskins, occupied one side; two rude seats, a big goods-box turned up for a table, and some shelves full of the books Jan had brought him, completed its furniture.

"See here, Jan, I have been fifteen years with Peter Fae, and no feet but mine have ever entered this loft. Here thou canst be at peace. My dear Jan, lie thee down, and sleep now."

Jan was glad to do it. He put the gold locket on Snorro's table, and said, "Thou keep it. I bought it for her, and she sent it back to me."

"Some day she will be glad of it. Be thou sure of that."

During the summer Jan made short and quick voyages, and so he spent many an hour in this little retreat talking with Snorro, for he had much to annoy and trouble him. We do not get over living sorrows as easily as dead ones. Margaret in her grave would have lost the power to wound him, and he would gradually have ceased to lament her. But Margaret weeping in her father's house; Margaret praying in the kirk for strength to bear his neglect and injustice; Margaret throwing open the Bluebeard chamber of their home, and discussing its tragedy

with his enemies; this was a sorrow there was no forgetting. On his return from every voyage he sent her the money he had made, and some little token of his love with it. She always sent both back without a word. She understood from them that Jan would come no more in person, and that she would have to make the next advance, either by voice or letter. Many times she had declared she would never do this, and the declaration even in her tenderest hours, bound her to her self-inflicted loneliness and grief. So on Snorro's rude table the pretty womanly trinkets accumulated, and Snorro looked at them with constantly gathering anger.

One morning in October he heard a thing that made his heart leap. The physician of the town hurried into the store, and cried, "Peter Fae, here hath come a little man to thy house. A handsome lad he is, indeed. Now then, go and see him."

"What of my daughter, doctor?"

"She will do well enough."

Snorro lifted never an eyelash, but his face glowed like fire. Jan, then, had a son! Jan's son! Already he loved the child. Surely he would be the peacemaker. Now the mother and father must meet. He had almost forgiven Margaret. How he longed for Jan to come back. Alas! when he did, Margaret was said to be dying; Peter had not been at his store for three days.

The double news met Jan as soon as he put his foot on the quay. "Thou hast a son, Jan." "Thy wife is dying." Jan was nearly distraught. With all a man's strength of feeling, he had emotions as fervent and vivid as a woman: he forgot in a moment every angry feeling, and hastened to his wife. Peter opened the door; when he saw Jan, he could have struck him. He did what was more cruel, he shut the door in his face, and drew the bolt passionately across it.

Jan, however, would not leave the vicinity. He stopped the doctor, and every one that came and went. In a few hours this became intolerable to Peter. He ordered him to go away, but Jan sat on a large stone by the gate, with his head in his hands, and answered him never a word. Then he sent Thora to him. In vain Jan tried to soften her heart. "Margaret is unconscious, yet she mourns constantly for thee. Thou art my child's murderer," she said sternly. "Go thy ways before I curse thee."

He turned away then and went down to the seaside, and threw himself, in an agony of despair, upon the sand and the

yellow tangle. Hour after hour passed; physical exhaustion and mental grief produced at length a kind of lethargy, that oblivion, rather than sleep, which comes to souls which have felt till they can feel no longer.

Just at dark some one touched him, and asked sternly, "Art thou drunk, Jan Vedder, to-day? to-day, when thy wife is dying?"

"It is with sorrow I am drunk." Then he opened his eyes and saw the minister standing over him. Slowly he rose to his feet, and stood stunned and trembling before him.

"Jan! Go to thy wife. She is very ill. At the last she may want thee and only thee."

"They will not let me see her. Do thou speak to Peter Fae for me."

"Hast thou not seen her — or thy son?"

"I have not been within the door. Oh, do thou speak for me!"

"Come with me."

Together they went back to Peter's house. The door was locked, and the minister knocked.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, and Jan Vedder. Peter, unbolt the door."

"Thou art God's minister and ever welcome; but I will not let Jan Vedder across my doorstone."

"Thou wilt let us both in. Indeed thou wilt. I am amazed at thee, Peter. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Art thou going to strive against God? I say to thee, unbolt the door, unbolt it quick, lest thou be too late. If thou suffer not mercy to pass through it, I tell thee there are those who will pass through it, the door being shut."

Then Peter drew the bolt and set the door wide, but his face was hard as iron, and black as midnight.

"Jan," said the minister, "thy wife and child are in the next room. Go and see them, it will be good for thee. Peter, well may the Lord Christ say, 'I come as a thief in the night;' and be sure of this, he will break down the bars and burst open the doors of those who rise not willingly to let him in."

In Shetland at that day, and indeed at the present day, the minister has almost a papal authority. Peter took the reproof in silence. Doctor Balloch was, however, a man who in any circumstances would have had influence and authority among those brought in contact with him, for though he spared not the rod in the way of his ministry, he was in all minor matters

full of gentleness and human kindness. Old and young had long ago made their hearts over to him. Besides, his great learning and his acquaintance with the tongues of antiquity were regarded as a great credit to the town.

While Jan was in his wife's presence, Doctor Balloch stood silent, looking into the fire. Peter gazed out of the window. Neither spoke until Jan returned. Then the minister turned and looked at the young man. It was plain that he was on the verge of insensibility again. He took his arm and led him to a couch. "Lie down, Jan;" then turning to Peter he said, "Thy son has had no food to-day. He is faint and suffering. Let thy women make him some tea, and bring him some bread and meat."

"I have said that he shall not eat bread in my house."

"Then thou hast said an evil and uncharitable thing. Unsay it, Peter. See, the lad is fainting!"

"I can not mend that. He shall not break bread in my house."

"Then I say this to thee. Thou shalt not break bread at thy Lord's supper in His house. No, thou shalt not, for thou would be doing it unworthily, and eating damnation to thyself. What saith thy Lord Christ? If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Now, then, order the bread and tea for Jan Vedder."

Peter called a woman servant and gave the order. Then, almost in a passion, he faced the minister, and said, "Oh, sir, if thou knew the evil this man hath done me and mine!"

"In such a case Christ's instructions are very plain — 'Overcome evil with good.' Now, thou knowest thy duty. If thou sin, I have warned thee — the sin is on thy own head."

Jan heard nothing of this conversation. The voices of the two men were only like spent waves breaking on the shores of his consciousness. But very soon a woman brought him a basin of hot tea, and he drank it and ate a few mouthfuls. It gave him a little strength, he gathered himself together, opened the door, and without speaking went out into the night. The minister followed, watching him carefully, until he saw Michael Snorro take him in his big arms, and carry him to a pile of sealskins. Then he knew that he was in good hands.

Poor Jan! He was utterly spent and miserable. The few minutes he had passed at Margaret's side, had brought him no comfort. He heard her constantly muttering his name, but it was in the awful, far-distant voice of a soul speaking through a

dream. She was unconscious of his presence; he trembled in hers. Just for a moment Thora had allowed him to lift his son, and to press the tiny face against his own. Then all was darkness, and a numb, aching sorrow, until he found himself in Snorro's arms.

Many days Margaret Vedder lay between life and death, but at length there was hope, and Jan sailed again. He went away very miserable, though he had fully determined it should be his last voyage if Margaret wished it so. He would see her on his return, he would tell her how sorry he was, he would sell "The Solan" and give back the £600; he would even humble himself to Peter, and go back to the store, if there were no other way to make peace with Margaret. He felt that no personal sacrifice would be too great, if by it he could win back his home, and wife, and son. The babe had softened his heart. He told himself — oh, so often — "Thou art a father;" and no man could have had a sweeter, stronger sense of the obligations the new relation imposed. He was so sure of himself that he could not help feeling equally sure of Margaret, and also of Peter. "For the child's sake, they will forgive me, Snorro, and I 'll do well, yes, I will do well for the future."

Snorro had many fears, but he could not bear to throw cold water on Jan's hopes and plans for reformation. He did not believe that his unconditional surrender would be a good foundation for future happiness. He did not like Jan's taking the whole blame. He did not like his giving up "The Solan" at Margaret's word. Neither Peter Fae, nor his daughter, were likely to exalt any one who humbled himself.

"It is money in the hand that wins," said Snorro, gloomily, "and my counsel is, that thou bear thyself bravely, and show her how well 'The Solan' hath done already, and how likely she is to clear herself and pay back that weariful £600 before two years have gone away. If she will have it, let her have it. Jan, how could she give thee up for £600! Did she love thee?"

"I do believe she did — and does yet, Snorro."

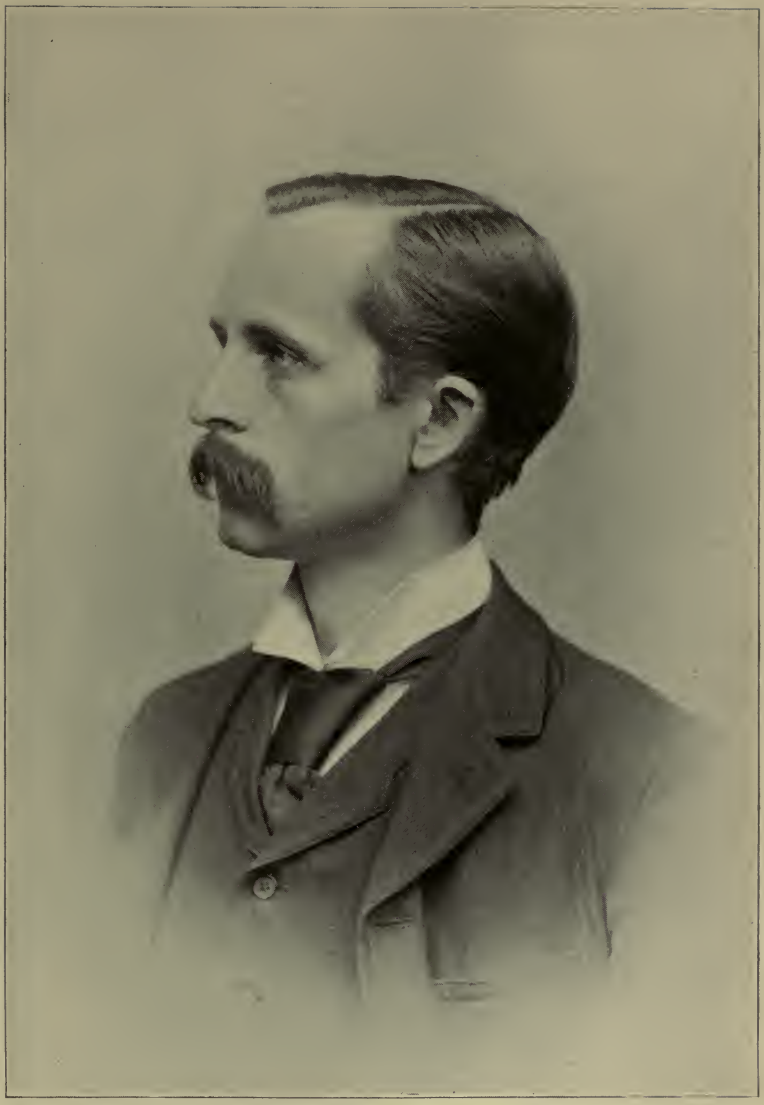
"Only God, then, understands women. But while thou art away, think well of this and that, and of the things likely to follow, for still I see that forethought spares afterthought and after-sorrow."

With words like these ringing in his ears, Jan again sailed "The Solan" out of Lerwick. He intended to make a coasting

voyage only, but he expected delay, for with November had come storm and cold, fierce winds and roaring seas. Edging along from port to port, taking advantage of every tide and favorable breeze, and lying to, when sailing was impossible, six weeks were gone before he reached Kirkwall in the Orkneys. Here he intended to take in his last cargo before steering for home. A boat leaving Kirkwall as he entered, carried the news of "The Solan's" arrival to Lerwick, and then Snorro watched anxiously every tide for Jan's arrival.

But day after day passed and "The Solan" came not. No one but Snorro was uneasy. In the winter, in that tempestuous latitude, boats were often delayed for weeks. They ran from shelter to shelter in constant peril of shipwreck, and with a full cargo a good skipper was bound to be prudent. But Snorro had a presentiment of danger and trouble. He watched night after night for Jan, until even his strength gave way, and he fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened by Jan's voice. In a moment he opened the door and let him in.

Alas! Alas, poor Jan! It was sorrow upon sorrow for him. "The Solan" had been driven upon the Quarr rocks, and she was a total wreck. Nothing had been saved but Jan's life, even that barely. He had been so bruised and injured that he had been compelled to rest in the solitary hut of a coast-guardsman many days. He gave the facts to Snorro in an apathy. The man was shipwrecked as well as the boat. It was not only that he had lost everything, that he had not a penny left in the world, he had lost hope, lost all faith in himself, lost even the will to fight his ill fortune any longer.



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

Barrie, James Matthew, a Scottish author, born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, May 9, 1860. From the Dumfries Academy he entered the University of Edinburgh, graduated in 1883, and soon afterward engaged in editorial work on "The Nottingham Journal." While thus employed he contributed sketches and other articles to various London newspapers. In the spring of 1885 he went to London seeking a wider field, and in the autumn of that year published his first "Auld Licht Idyls," in "The St. James's Gazette." His first volume, "Better Dead," appeared in 1887. "When a Man's Single" and "Auld Licht Idyls" followed in 1888; "An Edinburgh Eleven" and "A Window in Thrums" in 1889; "My Lady Nicotine" and "A Holiday in Bed" in 1890; "The Little Minister" in 1891; "A Tillyloss Scandal" in 1892; and "An Auld Licht Manse" and "Two of Them" in 1893; "Sentimental Tommy" (1896); "Margaret Ogilvy" (1896), a biography of his mother. He has also written numerous short sketches and three comedies: "Walker, London" (1892); "Jane Annie" (1893); and "The Professor's Love Story." Thrums, the scene of many of his sketches, is Kirriemuir, painted with a loving hand. His peculiar talent for depicting Scottish village life and rustic characters with fidelity, pathos, humor, and poetic charm, has brought him fame.

The Auld Lichts.

COURTSHIPS.

With the severe Auld Lichts the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road; Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty [resiny] roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes. This ceremony was common to all; but here divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his high-backed arm-

chair by the hearth, Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress" in hand, occasionally lapsing into slumber. But — though, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk — there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dandered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysteriously of women.

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Cœlebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the townhouse clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, taking in the situation, slowly wend his way home. On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lichts being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keep as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents; but they were generally on the brink of twenty before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance — filling a maid's water pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some heartburning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom loitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark.

A month ago, passing through the shabby familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders; and though Auld Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not immediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervent lover whom I had the right to call my friend.

Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a moonlight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Craigiebuckle. Buxom were Craigiebuckle's "dochters," and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. It was a muddy road through damp grass, and we picked our way silently over its ruts and pools. "I 'm thinkin'," Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, "that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty." Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the alloted span of life, the "poors-house" will never know them. As for bonny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lichts groaned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tammas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, too, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Betsy Munn, who vouches for the truth of the story) graciously asked her to come up to the manse on Thursday, at 4 P.M., and drink a dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of course begged modestly to be excused; but a coolness arose over the invitation between her and Janet — who felt slighted — that was only made up at the laying-out of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy nicht, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles.

Thus the courtship began — often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she "fittit" a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny's grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell's prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father's peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks' eggs on which Bell's clockin hen was to sit, performing some sleight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell's light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have "seen him to the door," and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good night. The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, "Will ye hae 's, Bell?" would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, "Ay," with her thumb in her mouth. "Guid nicht to ye, Bell," would be the next remark — "Guid nicht to ye, Jeames," the answer; the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lichts, a man can draw back in certain circumstances without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Lichts lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie's brother looked softly into Easie Tamson's eyes and whispered, "Do you swite [sweat]?" Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie's eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he had to be told of it.

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lichts that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jinny Whamond took, sought to sew the seeds of strife by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and I remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he best kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lichts were only ignorant of the grieve's lass' theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims, too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joey Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and hastily donning her black mutch, received Willie on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but he had come with the compliments of Tibbie's mother, requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterwards Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I

elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women, and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess' head showed on the window blind, and Andra hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lichts by showers of ha'pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen, seethed in front, and making a bolt for it to the "Sosh," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first," the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening wynd.

The guests were packed hot and solemn in Johnny Allardice's "room": the men anxious to surrender their seats to the ladies who happened to be standing, but too bashful to propose it; the ham and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hissing out every now and then to let all whom it might concern know that Janet Craik was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never lived; but oh, the hypocrisy of the face that beamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but politely show them in, and gasped next moment with upraised arms, over what was nearly a fall in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spleet new" merino dress fell, to the pulling of a string, over her homemade petticoat, like the drop scene in a theatre, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotlessness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lichts was on all occasions as sombre as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lichts congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols; but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at curls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed

into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eyes closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings, the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshipping him (though he never hesitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union; the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoying; and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice, our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty tea. Mr. Dishart presided, with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marvelled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."

Sam'l's station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lichts sprung than the penny wedding, where the only revellers that were not out of pocket by it were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an

adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus' sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board; but though fowls were plentiful, and even white bread too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled, — without exception, so far as my memory carries me, — the guidwife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whiskey and water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry, with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn, the more their host smiled and rubbed his hands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at his penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other.

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding chariots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lichts being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tea over, we formed in couples, and — the best man with the bride, the bridegroom with the best maid, leading the way — marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibbie's new home, between lines of hoarse and eager onlookers. An attempt was made by an itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abhorrent to sound Auld Lichts, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the

ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bareheaded and solemn, into the newly married couple's house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous arm, in a dishevelled sleeve, pounding a pair of urchins who had got between her and a muddy ha'penny.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lichts took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas' request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whiskey and refused it, the others, as if pained even at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dying fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

When an election day comes round now, it takes me back to the time of 1832. I would be eight or ten year old at that time. James Strachan was at the door by five o'clock in the morning in his Sabbath clothes, by arrangement. We was to go up to the hill to see them building the bonfire. Moreover, there was word that Mr. Scrimgour was to be there tossing pennies, just like at a marriage. I was wakened before that by my mother at the pans and bowls. I have always associated elections since that time with jelly making; for just as my mother would fill the cups and tankers and bowls with jelly to save cans, she was emptying the pots and pans to make way for the ale and porter. James and me was to help to carry it home from the square — him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, because I was silly for my age and not strong in the arms.

It was a very blowy morning, though the rain kept off, and what part of the bonfire had been built already was found scattered to the winds. Before we rose a great mass of folk was

getting the barrels and things together again; but some of them was never recovered, and suspicion pointed to William Geddes, it being well known that William would not hesitate to carry off anything if unobserved. More by token Chirsty Lamby had seen him rolling home a barrowful of firewood early in the morning, her having risen to hold cold water in her mouth, being down with the toothache. When we got up to the hill everybody was making for the quarry, which being more sheltered was now thought to be a better place for the bonfire. The masons had struck work, it being a general holiday in the whole country side. There was a great commotion of people, all fine dressed and mostly with glengarry bonnets; and me and James was well acquaint with them, though mostly weavers and the like and not my father's equal. Mr. Scrimgour was not there himself; but there was a small active body in his room as tossed the money for him fair enough; though not so liberally as was expected, being mostly ha'pence where pennies was looked for. Such was not my father's opinion, and him and a few others only had a vote. He considered it was a waste of money giving to them that had no vote and so taking out of other folks' mouths, but the little man said it kept everybody in good humor and made Mr. Scrimgour popular. He was an extraordinary affable man and very spirity, running about to waste no time in walking, and gave me a shilling, saying to me to be a truthful boy and tell my father. He did not give James anything, him being an orphan, but clapped his head and said he was a fine boy.

The Captain was to vote for the Bill if he got in, the which he did. It was the Captain was to give the ale and porter in the square like a true gentleman. My father gave a kind of laugh when I let him see my shilling, and said he would keep care of it for me; and sorry I was I let him get it, me never seeing the face of it again to this day. Me and James was much annoyed with women, especially Kitty Davie, always pushing in when there was tossing, and tearing the very ha'pence out of our hands: us not caring so much about the money, but humiliated to see women mixing up in politics. By the time the topmost barrel was on the bonfire there was a great smell of whiskey in the quarry, it being a confined place. My father had been against the bonfire being in the quarry, arguing that the wind on the hill would have carried off the smell of the whiskey; but Peter Tosh said they did not want the smell car-

ried off, — it would be agreeable to the masons for weeks to come. Except among the women there was no fighting nor wrangling at the quarry but all in fine spirits.

I misremember now whether it was Mr. Scrimgour or the Captain that took the fancy to my father's pigs; but it was this day, at any rate, that the Captain sent him the gamecock. Whichever one it was that fancied the litter of pigs, nothing would content him but to buy them, which he did at thirty shillings each, being the best bargain ever my father made. Nevertheless I 'm thinking he was windier of the cock. The Captain, who was a local man when not with his regiment, had the grandest collection of fighting cocks in the county, and sometimes came into the town to try them against the town cocks. I mind well the large wicker cage in which they were conveyed from place to place, and never without the Captain near at hand. My father had a cock that beat all the other town cocks at the cockfight at our school, which was superintended by the elder of the kirk to see fair play; but the which died of its wounds the next day but one. This was a great grief to my father, it having been challenged to fight the Captain's cock. Therefore it was very considerate of the Captain to make my father a present of his bird; father, in compliment to him, changing its name from the "Deil" to the "Captain."

During the forenoon, and I think until well on in the day, James and me was busy with the pitcher and the flagon. The proceedings in the square, however, was not so well conducted as in the quarry, many of the folk there assembled showing a mean and grasping spirit. The Captain had given orders that there was to be no stint of ale and porter, and neither there was; but much of it lost through hastiness. Great barrels was hurled into the middle of the square, where the country wives sat with their eggs and butter on market day, and was quickly stove in with an axe or paving stone or whatever came handy. Sometimes they would break into the barrel at different points; and then, when they tilted it up to get the ale out at one hole, it gushed out at the bottom till the square was flooded. My mother was fair disgusted when told by me and James of the waste of good liquor. It is gospel truth I speak when I say I mind well of seeing Singer Davie catching the porter in a pan as it ran down the sire, and, when the pan was full to overflowing, putting his mouth to the stream and drinking till he was as full as the pan. Most of the men, however, stuck to

the barrels, the drink running in the street being ale and porter mixed, and left it to the women and the young folk to do the carrying. Susy M'Queen brought as many pans as she could collect on a barrow, and was filling them all with porter, rejecting the ale; but indignation was aroused against her, and as fast as she filled, the others emptied.

My father scorned to go to the square to drink ale and porter with the crowd, having the election on his mind and him to vote. Nevertheless he instructed me and James to keep up a brisk trade with the pans, and run back across the gardens in case we met dishonest folk in the streets who might drink the ale. Also, said my father, we was to let the excesses of our neighbors be a warning in sobriety to us; enough being as good as a feast, except when you can store it up for the winter. By and by my mother thought it was not safe me being in the streets with so many wild men about, and would have sent James himself, him being an orphan and hardier; but this I did not like, but, running out, did not come back for long enough. There is no doubt that the music was to blame for firing the men's blood, and the result most disgraceful fighting with no object in view. There was three fiddlers and two at the flute, most of them blind, but not the less dangerous on that account; and they kept the town in a ferment, even playing the countryfolk home to the farms, followed by bands of townsfolk. They were a quarrelsome set, the ploughmen and others; and it was generally admitted in the town that their overbearing behavior was responsible for the fights. I mind them being driven out of the square, stones flying thick; also some stand-up fights with sticks, and others fair enough with fists. The worst fight I did not see. It took place in a field. At first it was only between two who had been miscalling one another; but there was many looking on, and when the town man was like getting the worst of it the others set to, and a most heathenish fray with no sense in it ensued. One man had his arm broken. I mind Hobart the bellman going about ringing his bell and telling all persons to get within doors; but little attention was paid to him, it being notorious that Snecky had had a fight earlier in the day himself.

When James was fighting in the field, according to his own account, I had the honor of dining with the electors who voted for the Captain, him paying all expenses. It was a lucky accident my mother sending me to the townhouse, where the dinner

came off, to try to get my father home at a decent hour, me having a remarkable power over him when in liquor but at no other time. They were very jolly, however, and insisted on my drinking the Captain's health and eating more than was safe. My father got it next day from my mother for this; and so would I myself, but it was several days before I left my bed, completely knocked up as I was with the excitement and one thing or another. The bonfire, which was built to celebrate the election of Mr. Scrimgour, was set ablaze, though I did not see it, in honor of the election of the Captain; it being thought a pity to lose it, as no doubt it would have been. That is about all I remember of the celebrated election of '32 when the Reform Bill was passed.

From "A Window in Thrums."

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart tracks until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it 's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's, and be a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandered about it)

for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place to-day?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarrelled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm — Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Ay, I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle 't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in 't. I 'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she 'll let me aff. Yes, I 'll put it to her plain."

"You 're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Ay; oh, there 's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case there 's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we 'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel and

guid; and if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin gave his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterwards Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, and so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Ay, mony a pirn has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The queistion is, will ye come wi' me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Ay," said the stone breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round, to clear the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Ay, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death" (here he addressed me), "Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I 've done."

"But what aboot Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Ay, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up, "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Ay, then, what made me say that was, 'at in a clink (flash) I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "and what is 't?"

"Oh, it 's this, there 's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daur say there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I 'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had haen my laugh —"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye 're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter (beat) the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded, —

"Gavin wanted me to tak' paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na, I 'll tak' paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for ther' 'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too: so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?'"

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quietlike, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'

"'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

"'Ye mean Jean Luke,' says Mag.

"'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straitforrard.

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'"

"'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

"'Nae, my mind 's made up,' said she.

"'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earnestly.

"'Hoo do I ken that?' she spiers, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men 's no sae easy to get.

"'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'for ye 're bonny to look at, an' weel-kent for bein' a guid body.'

"'Ay,' says Mag, 'I 'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak' me.'"

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loth to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye 're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be? — Marget Lownie,' he goes on, 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reglar deevil!'"

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg (frighten) her?"

"Juist so, but he didna manage 't; for Mag says, 'We a' hae oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye 're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'yer father 's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel to look after him. I 'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak' ye awa frae him.'"

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her favorite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father 's fine willin' to spare me!'"

"An' that ended it?"

"Ay, that ended it."

"Did ye tak' it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his

snuff mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They 're to tak' a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It 's to let."

A HOME FOR GENIUSES.

From hints he had let drop at odd times I knew that Tammas Haggart had a scheme for geniuses, but not until the evening after Jamie's arrival did I get it out of him. Hendry was with Jamie at the fishing, and it came about that Tammas and I had the pigsty to ourselves.

"Of course," he said, when we had got a grip of the subject, "I dount pretend as my ideas is to be followed withoot deeviation, but ondootedly something should be done for geniuses, them bein' aboot the only class as we do naething for. Yet they 're fowk to be prood o', an' we shouldna let them overdo the thing, nor run into debt; na, na. There was Robbie Burns, noo, as real a genius as ever — "

At the pigsty, where we liked to have more than one topic, we had frequently to tempt Tammas away from Burns.

"Your scheme," I interposed, "is for living geniuses, of course ? "

"Ay," he said thoughtfully, "them 'at 's gone canna be brocht back. Weel, my idea is 'at a Home should be built for geniuses at the public expense, whaur they could all live thegither, an' be decently looked after. Na, no in London; that 's no my plan, but I would hae 't within an hour's distance o' London, say five mile frae the market place, an' standin' in a bit garden, whaur the geniuses could walk aboot arm in arm, composin' their minds."

"You would have the grounds walled in, I suppose, so that the public could not intrude ? "

"Weel, there 's a difficulty there, because, ye 'll observe, as the public would support the institootion, they would hae a kind o' richt to look in. How-some-ever, I daur say we could arrange to fling the grounds open to the public once a week on condition 'at they didna speak to the geniuses. I 'm thinkin' 'at if there was a small chairge for admission the Home could be made self-supportin'. Losh ! to think 'at if there had been sic an institootion in his time a man micht hae sat on the bit dike and watched Robbie Burns danderin' roond the — "

"You would divide the Home into suites of rooms, so that every inmate would have his own apartments?"

"Not by no means; na, na. The mair I read aboot geniuses the mair clearly I see as their wy o' living alane ower muckle is ane o' the things as breaks doon their health, and makes them meeserable. I' the Home they would hae a bedroom apiece, but the parlor an' the other sittin' rooms would be for all, so as they could enjoy ane another's company. The management? Oh, that 's aisy. The superintendent would be a medical man appointed by Parliament, and he would hae menservants to do his biddin'."

"Not all menservants, surely?"

"Every one o' them. Man, geniuses is no to be trusted wi' womenfolk. No, even Robbie Bu —"

"So he did; but would the inmates have to put themselves entirely in the superintendent's hands?"

"Nae doubt; an' they would see it was the wisest thing they could do. He would be careful o' their health, an' send them early to bed as weel as hae them up at eight sharp. Geniuses' healths is always breakin' doon because of late hours, as in the case o' the lad wha used often to begin his immortal writin's at twal o'clock at nicht, a thing 'at would ruin ony constitootion. But the superintendent would see as they had a tasty supper at nine o'clock — something as agreed wi' them. Then for half an hour they would quiet their brains readin' oot aloud, time about, frae sic a book as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an' the gas would be turned aff at ten precisely."

"When would you have them up in the morning?"

"At sax in summer an' seven in winter. The superintendent would see as they were all properly bathed every mornin', cleanliness bein' most important for the preservation o' health."

"This sounds well; but suppose a genius broke the rules — lay in bed, for instance, reading by the light of a candle after hours, or refused to take his bath in the morning?"

"The superintendent would hae to punish him. The genius would be sent back to his bed, maybe. An' if he lay lang i' the mornin' he would hae to gang withoot his breakfast."

"That would be all very well where the inmate only broke the regulations once in a way; but suppose he were to refuse to take his bath day after day (and, you know, geniuses are

said to be eccentric in that particular), what would be done? You could not starve him; geniuses are too scarce."

"Na, na; in a case like that he would hae to be reported to the public. The thing would hae to come afore the Hoose of Commons. Ay, the superintendent would get a member o' the Opposeetion to ask a queistion such as 'Can the honorable gentleman, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, inform the Hoose whether it is a fac that Mr. Sic-a-one, the well-known genius, at present resident in the Home for Geniuses, has, contrairy to regulations, perseestently and obstinately refused to change his linen; and, if so, whether the Government proposes to tak' ony steps in the matter?' The newspapers would report the discussion next mornin', an' so it would be made public withoot onnecessary ootlay."

"In a general way, however, you would give the geniuses perfect freedom? They could work when they liked, and come and go when they liked?"

"Not so. The superintendent would fix the hours o' wark, an' they would all write, or whatever it was, thegither in one large room. Man, man, it would mak' a grand draw for a painter chield, that room, wi' all the geniuses working awa' thegither."

"But when the labors of the day were over the genius would be at liberty to make calls by himself or to run up, say, to London for an hour or two?"

"Hoots no, that would spoil everything. It 's the drink, ye see, as does for a terrible lot o' geniuses. Even Rob —"

"Alas! yes. But would you have them all teetotalers?"

"What do ye tak' me for? Na, na; the superintendent would allow them one glass o' toddy every nicht, an' mix it himsel; but he would never let the keys o' the press, whaur he kept the drink, oot o' his hands. They would never be allowed oot o' the gairden either, withoot a man to look after them; an' I wouldna burthen them wi' ower muckle pocket money. Saxpence in the week would be suffeecient."

"How about their clothes?"

"They would get twa suits a year, wi' the letter G sewed on the shoulders, so as if they were lost they could be recognized and brocht back."

"Certainly it is a scheme deserving consideration, and I have no doubt our geniuses would jump at it; but you must remember that some of them would have wives."

"Ay, an' some o' them would hae husbands. I 've been thinkin' that oot, an' I daur say the best plan would be to partition aff a pairt o' the Home for female geniuses."

"Would Parliament elect the members?"

"I wouldna trust them. The election would hae to be by competitive examination. Na, I canna say wha would draw up the queistions. The scheme 's juist growin' i' my mind, but the mair I think o' 't the better I like it."

Hide and Seek.

I HIDE myself behind a tree;
Wilhelm seeks his little dove —
Seeks in vain, then gayly cries,
"Where art thou hidden, darling?"

I give no answer: on he goes,
Searching every leafy bush —
Seeks in vain, then gravely cries,
"Where art thou hidden, Esther?"

Still no answer: now he fumes,
Will no longer seek for me —
"Nay, if thou wilt not show thyself,
I 'll leave thee, foolish maiden!"

Then he marches off in scorn:
Out I creep and follow him,
Mimicking his stately steps,
And smiling at his answer.

Now he stops and looks behind,
Sees me, clasps me to his breast —
Foolish maiden now no more,
Nor Esther, but sweet darling!

Anonymous.

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS.

Barrows, Samuel June, an American clergyman, journalist, and Congressman; born of English parentage in New York City, May 26, 1845. His early education was secured at a night school, and after serving as city editor of the New York "World," he became private secretary to William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, a position which he held for some four years. At twenty-five he entered the Divinity School of Harvard University and after he graduated studied for a year at Leipsic. From 1876 to 1880 he was pastor of the First Parish (Unitarian) of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and from 1881 to 1897 was editor of the "Christian Register," the leading weekly journal of American Unitarianism. In 1897 he entered Congress as a Representative from the Tenth Massachusetts District, but failed of re-election in 1898. His published books include "The Doom of the Majority" (1883); "A Baptist Meeting-House: The Staircase of the Old Faith, the Open Door to the New" (1885); "The Straybacks in Camp" (with Mrs. Barrows) 1887; "The Isles and Shrines of Greece" (1890).

The Modern Siege of Troy.[1]

(From "The Isles and Shrines of Greece.")

It was Schliemann who began the modern siege of Troy. How he was laughed at for making the attempt! As if there were anything in Homer but pure fiction! His faith, enthusiasm and perseverance were based on a settled consciousness of historic elements in Homer. In spite of the wonderful imaginative drapery in which the Homeric story was invested, Schliemann could feel the force and pressure of the reality beneath. Perhaps if he had been more critical and less trustful, he would not have felt it; but he believed that a real Troy, just as a real Greece, was the foundation of the story of the Iliad. So, in his ardent faith he went to the spot where tradition said that Troy used to be. With indomitable perseverance, Schliemann began

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with his spade to uncover the city. His discoveries were at first ridiculed. Then people began to smile another way when he brought forth the treasures he had unearthed, the relics of a prehistoric age. Afterward, when he had published his two books on Troy, the great value of his find was recognized by archæologists; but it was said, and said rightly, that the civilization of the Troy he had found did not correspond with the Troy described in Homer. Schliemann had gone further back into the past than he had known. He had dug down clear below the foundation of the Homeric Troy into still older strata.

The excavations at Tiryns and Mycenæ threw a search-light upon the Homeric age. If the relation of the Epic with the Mycenæan age cannot be established in all points, we can at least see the identity of the outline and the historic connection. The material of the Mycenæan age thus furnished criteria with which to determine the relative age of the discoveries at Troy. We were compelled to face the fact that the civilization indicated by the vases, ornaments, and pottery which were found in the second city must have been centuries older than that of the Mycenæan age.

In 1890 Dr. Schliemann returned to Troy with Dr. Dörpfeld and renewed excavations. Instead of the seven cities, first assumed by Schliemann, nine were distinguished. In the sixth city, counting from the bottom, were found Mycenæan masonry and pottery. Only a small portion of the sixth stratum was uncovered; part of it had been removed in digging to the lowest stratum, but still more was destroyed by the Roman Ilium, the ninth city, whose foundations had been set far down in the sixth city below. The death of Dr. Schliemann put a stop to excavations, on the very threshold of new discovery. Mrs. Schliemann was devoted to her husband during his life. She had shared his faith, his labors, and his rewards. She alone was present with him when they uncovered the Great Treasure in the second city of Troy. What better way to perpetuate his memory than to complete his work at Troy? Through her generosity, supplemented by that of the German Government, the excavations were renewed under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld in the spring of 1893. It was in June of that year that I joined Dr. Dörpfeld at Hissarlik.

Schliemann had dug deeply; the new task was to dig widely, to uncover laterally the stratum of the sixth city, and see how

far this outcropping of Mycenæan masonry would lead. The work had already been in progress for two weeks when I arrived on the ground, and was able to see it carried to most important and fascinating results.

My first impression at Hissarlik was that of utter bewilderment. Though used by this time to the general aspect of excavations, I had never seen any in which the strata seemed at first so hopelessly mixed. The problem at Olympia was comparatively simple; all the buildings were essentially on the same level. But here at Troy city after city had been built on different levels, the foundation stones of one commingling with the walls below. They seemed to be dovetailed in inextricable confusion. No temples, colonnades or theatres, as at Delos, no columns, capitals, triglyphs or statues, save in the Græco-Roman city on the top, gave any indication of former beauty and glory. Hissarlik seemed but a curious pile of stones, dust, and ashes, and, had I been alone, half a day would have sated my curiosity, — and the puzzle would have been unsolved. After four days of study under Dr. Dörpfeld's guidance, with fresh daily revelations by industrious spades, the confusion became less confounded, the different strata became more familiar, and what seemed to be unmistakably the Homeric city gradually took shape and definition.

The general situation of Hissarlik furnishes topographically the essential conditions suggested by the Iliad. It is not, like Tiryns, an island in the plain; it is rather the end of a long ridge projected upon the plain and capable of being strongly fortified. In the broad valley below we may trace the channel of two rivers, one to the right and another to the left. The island of Tenedos lies out in the sea. Rivers, like politicians, change their course. I have seen the Upper Missouri make a new channel in a few weeks. It is not surprising, then, that the Scamander and its tributary the Simois should have left their ancient beds. How great a part the river plays in the story of the Iliad is seen in the twenty-first book, when Achilles does battle not only with the Trojans at the Scamander, but with the river itself. Objection was made to Hissarlik as the site of Troy because the Scamander is not where one might expect it to be. But the old river-bed is there, and there are signs of the old ford and of the point where the Simois flowed into it, corresponding closely with the description of Homer.

When the Greeks fight, the battlefield is between the river and the sea, so that when the Trojans are driven back they must pass through the ford at a certain place or else be cut off by the river behind them. The plain stretching from Hissarlik to the sea, with the ancient river-bed, furnishes just such conditions.

Desirous as I was of getting a good general idea of the whole topography of the Trojan plain and surrounding hills, I was glad that it was possible to make a trip to Bounarbashi and back. Our party was made up of Dr. Dörpfeld, Dr. Wolters, a quartet of German students, the Turkish representative at the excavations, a Turkish cavalryman, an attendant with pack-horse, and the writer. It may not have been Homeric to go on horseback; but there were no chariots that could possibly go where we were going. We set out in the fresh cool morning; the wind was blowing over the bending grain, which bowed and swayed on the plain just as it does in the rhythmic lines of the epic. In less than an hour from Hissarlik we reached Hanai-Tepeh, an artificial mound, explored by Mr. Frank Calvert and Dr. Schliemann in 1878–79. Mr. Calvert found here the remains of numerous skeletons which had been carefully interred. Not far from this place, however, we passed the site of a great crematory, where the beds of ashes were five and six feet deep, with occasional protruding skulls and bones. Here the Trojans may have burnt their dead.

Our next point was Eski-Hissarlik on the Scamander opposite Bounarbashi. It is clear that the divine river which had such a mighty tussle with Achilles, and but for the interference of Hephæstus would have engulfed not only the vulnerable heel of his swift foot but the rest of his divinely descended body, is still a formidable stream when its pride is swollen. It would easily have been able to carry out its threat of covering the Grecian hero with such a pile of sand that no one — not even Schliemann — would have known where to find his body. The river can only be crossed at certain fords, and when running high only by boat. As we forded it the water was up to the breasts of our horses. The fine view which rewarded us from Eski-Hissarlik was repeated from the height of Bounarbashi. It was this place which Lechevalier, who visited it in 1785–86, assumed to be the site of the old acropolis of Troy. Influenced doubtless by the commanding character of the height and its great value from a military standpoint, von Moltke and

others accepted this view. This place with the hill opposite would make an almost impregnable position, but its site does not correspond with that of the city described in Homer. It is too far from the sea, — nearly twelve miles, — there is no plain for the battlefield, and the river flows directly under the city.

From the summit of Ujek-Tepeh the whole Trojan plain and the Ægean spread out like a map. We could see how broad the plain of Troy is, and what a magnificent theatre the poet had in rendering the battle scenes of the Iliad. "Fair-flowing," "divine," "deep-flowing, silver-eddying" Scamander winds below. The broad plain ranges to the north, bound by the blue ribbon of the Hellespont. Mount Ida, capped with clouds, rises grandly in the southeast; while to the south in the Ægean is the island of Lesbos, nestling under the chin of the Troad. Westward and close to the shore is Tenedos, which, because it is in the beginning of the Iliad instead of at the end, every schoolboy knows was ruled with might by the god of the silver bow. It is a long low island with a high headland at the north.

Beyond the island of Imbros to the northwest is the bold rugged outline of Samothrace, with its lofty mountain rising 5,240 feet above the sea. It was here that Poseidon, "the mighty Earth-shaker, held no blind watch, but sat and marvelled on the war and strife, high on the topmost crest of wooded Samothrace; for thence all Ida was plain to see, and plain to see were the city of Priam and the ships of the Achaians." It was no blind Homer who wrote that passage, and he did not invent his map. Schliemann made excavations on Ujek-Tepeh, but found nothing of importance.

We lunched at a village below Bounarbashi. The drum-beat in the village announced a Turkish wedding, but it was solemn enough for a funeral. Crossing the Scamander again at another ford, and later a stout arm of the same stream, we reached Schliemannville by evening, feeling more confidence than ever in the tradition that Hissarlik was the site of the Homeric Troy. To accept that tradition is to settle the question laterally, but not vertically. Dickens wrote a tale of two cities; Dörpfeld was deciphering a tale of nine. Which of them was the Homeric Troy?

It is an interesting sight to see forty or fifty men working hard with spades, picks, shovels, and barrows, not for gold and silver

or precious stones, — though not a little gold has been found at Troy, — but simply in mining the buried ore of history. The hill has been cut and channelled in every direction. The only inhabitants, except the birds that light here, are lizards, worms, and crickets. Two Turkish soldiers, armed with breech loading rifles, guard the excavations. Most of the workmen are Greeks, dressed in Turkish blouse and trousers. Without the slightest sentiment about Helen they are repeating the victory of their fathers in recapturing the city. The old Greeks took one Ilios; the modern Greeks are taking nine. You hear the clank of shovels and of picks against the stone. These men are turning stones into bread. They get two francs a day for about eleven hours' work. They begin at five in the morning and quit at seven at night; but they have a rest at eight o'clock, and three hours in the afternoon in the heat of the day. As fast as it is loosened the *débris* is carried off in wheelbarrows and hand-cars, and dumped on the plain. As it is more interesting to see a fire burning than to see the charred remains after it is over, so in one sense it is more fascinating to see the work of excavation going on, and to take a hand now and then with the shovel, than to see only the remains of former digging. At Troy we had the stimulus which results may give to expectation.

"Who knows," I said to Dr. Dörpfeld one morning as we were sitting at breakfast, "but we may find to-day the temple to which Helen went to bear her offerings to Athene." Up to that time no building laid bare showed any traces of a column, though foundations of *megara* — which might have been palaces or temples — had been found. It was singular that that very morning, on the stratum of the Mycenæan or sixth city, should have been found the remains of a column in place, and on the other side of the cut the marks where other columns had stood. So that it was possible by the next day, in spite of all that had been unfortunately cut away in previous excavations, to describe the plan of a large *megaron* which was either a palace or a temple.

In his early excavations Schliemann, as already said, distinguished the successive strata of seven different cities, and regarded the third city, the "Burnt City," as the Homeric Ilios. The latest examinations show that not only are there nine strata of as many cities on the hill of Hissarlik, but that one of these has been rebuilt thrice on the original levels, so that very likely a dozen different cities have stood on that hill. This in itself proves that from the remotest time successive settlements existed on

this spot. That it is the same site as the Roman Ilium or Novum Ilium, which was supposed to rest on the Homeric Ilios, can hardly be doubted. The nine successive strata may be distinguished, beginning at the bottom, as follows : —

I. A primitive settlement built of small stones and clay.

II. Primitive fortress ; large brick buildings, much monochrome pottery, and objects of bronze, silver, and gold found by Schliemann. This city was destroyed several times.

III., IV., V. Three successive village settlements built on the ruins of the second city, the houses of small stones and sun-dried brick, the villages sometimes with fortified walls.

VI. A walled city with fortress and towers of the Mycenæan age, great buildings of dressed stone, and Mycenæan and local pottery.

VII., VIII. Hellenic village settlements on the ruins of the sixth city.

IX. A Græco-Roman city, with temple of Athene, Boulé, and marble buildings.

The characteristics of these cities are determined not merely from their masonry, but from the pottery and implements found in them. In the first prehistoric city the pottery was of primitive character, and the idols were rude and barbaric.

In the second city, the gold and silver objects and monochrome pottery were also very ancient. The doorways, the fortress, the broad paved street, and the fact that this city met the fate ascribed to Troy and was consumed in a terrible conflagration, all favored Schliemann's conclusion. But, as already said, the second city was too old for the Homeric Troy in the character of its civilization. Furthermore, it was a city of small extent, and the hill at that level was too low for the Trojan acropolis.

The brilliant result of the excavations of 1893 is the essential identification, in a large way at least, of the sixth city with the Mycenæan period, and the finding of walls, towers, gateways, palaces and possibly a temple which identify it at once with the Homeric age. This does not discount any of the great results of Schliemann's work. By digging deep he revealed to us a civilization far more primitive than the Homeric ; while Dörpfeld, by broadening out the excavations of the sixth city, has uncovered the Homeric city, and given us an acropolis of ample extent, with buildings even greater in size than those of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The area of this sixth city was equal to that of Tiryns, and but little smaller than that of Athens. " Without any hesi-

MYCENÆ

tation," says Dr. Dörpfeld, "we may now draw on the ruins of the sixth city of Troy when we have to describe the buildings and culture of the age which Homer celebrates."[1] As Dr. Dörpfeld shows in the same work, the descriptions, and very often the special language of Homer, exactly fit the houses of Troy, the circuit wall and its towers.

The infinite pains, skill, and labor by which these superimposed cities at Troy were distinguished can hardly be conceived by those who have not been there. The original strata were not all perfectly level, and ran up and down so that the walls crossed each other. To distinguish the Mycenæan from the Roman walls let down into the same level is not difficult for the expert. Many of the Roman blocks, of which there were seventeen layers, were marked with letters, perhaps the stone mark of the contractor.

The identification of the Mycenæan period furnishes us a new basis for estimating the age of the sixth city and those below it. Putting the Roman Ilium at the beginning of the Christian era, we may date the sixth city anywhere from one thousand to fifteen hundred years before Christ; the fifth, fourth, and third cities may range from 1500 to 2000 B. C.; the second, from 2000 to 2500 B. C.; and the third from 2500 to 3000 B. C. But these are only relative and approximate dates; the primitive city might easily be a thousand years older.

I have spoken of the different layers of history as they were suggested on the Acropolis of Athens. But nowhere can one pass so rapidly from one age to another by slight changes of level as at Troy. As we mounted and descended through the different strata it seemed as if we were going up and down the ladders of time. How young seemed the Hellenic city, with its beautiful marble capitals and columns, compared with the primitive villages built on the basic rock below! One day, as we were digging in the third or fourth city, we came on several large jars or *pithoi* containing about a bushel of peas. They had been there probably four thousand years, and still preserved their form without their vitality. Some of these jars found at different levels were five feet or more in height. They were set in the ground, as shown in the illustration, and served to hold grain or wine. But in some cases the mice had gnawed through and devoured their contents.

No bricks were found in the Mycenæan period, and the

[1] Introduction to "Mycenæan Age," by Tsountas and Manatt. Boston, 1897.

dressed stones are peculiar to Troy. I have lying before me, however, a piece of brick which came out of the second city. It was originally sun-dried, but it has passed through a terrible fire. The outer part, where it was in close contact with wood, has been melted till it is nothing but a cinder. What was the inner part still retains the semblance of clay, and is friable. Running through it you can see the marks and the mould of the straw laid into it; for it tells of a time when bricks were not made without straw. After the Boston fire one could find many evidences of the terrible heat, but no piece of brick just like this. When this brick was burned neither Chicago nor Boston was known or thought of; the Pilgrims had not landed at Plymouth; the United States was a far-off event; Columbus had not set sail for the new world; the art of printing was unknown; neither England nor France had a national existence; Mahomet was not born; Paris had not been made the seat of the Frankish monarchy; Italy had not been conquered by Theodoric; Jesus had not come, and the marvellous results of his life were undreamed of; Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Cicero, Darius, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, and Æschylus were unborn. I have a few fragments of clear charcoal made from the beams set in the wall. It was just where these beams were that the fire raged hottest and the adjacent brick was almost melted. It seems remarkable that the delicate piece of straw laid in this brick should have imprinted on the clay the lines of the fibre of which it was composed. Think of a wisp of straw leaving its signature on a piece of brick made four thousand years ago! In a burnt wall at Troy, where a beam had lain, a knot in the wood was stamped in the clay.

The full results of the final excavations of Troy, which I shall always consider it a rare event in my life to have witnessed, will not be known, perhaps, until the sources and relations of its culture have been more fully established. While holding that the sixth city of Troy is contemporaneous with Tiryns and Mycenæ, and noting the influence of Mycenæan culture as seen in the vases (undoubtedly imported) of that period, Dr. Dörpfeld recognizes the difference between the culture of Troy and Mycenæ. The decoration of the former is distinctly simpler than that of the Argive palaces. It was left to Dr. A. Körte of Bonn to show that the predominant culture at Troy was Phrygian with points of contact with the Mycenæan.

When I went to Troy my chief fear was that some of the poetry of the Iliad might vanish in the ruins of Hissarlik. There are scenes which are beautiful in the glow of a sunset which are not beautiful in the glare of noon. I was not sure that the Homeric Ilios could stand so much publicity. And if my conception of it had been confined to that of the second city, I should have felt that the fact fell too far below the poem. But the uncovering of the Mycenæan city, with its great walls, towers, and battlements, strengthened the sense of reality. It might have been on just such a tower that Helen stood looking over the plain of Troy when she won from the Trojan elders the greatest compliment ever paid to the beauty of a woman. But in Troy, as in Ithaca, site and scene are but the warp and woof of which the immortal picture is woven. We need not press the correspondence too far between fact and fancy. Over mountains, islands, sea, and plain the poet has spread his canvas, and like a beautiful sunset in the Ægean has suffused the scene with the bright glow of his imagination. And when the last stone of Troy shall have crumbled into dust, the unfading pictures of the immortal epic will remain. With Alpheus of Mytelene we can sing:

> Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρῆνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην
> δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην
> καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στιφάνη τε πόληος
> ἕκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἕκτορα συρόμενον,
> Μαιονίδεω διὰ Μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατρὶς ἀοιδὸν
> κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

> Still sad Andromache's low wail we hear;
> Still see all Troy from her foundations fall:
> The might of Ajax, lifeless Hector bound
> And ruthless dragged beneath the city's wall —
> This, through the muse of Homer, bard renowned,
> Whose fame not one alone, but many shores revere.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

Barry, Michael Joseph, Irish poet and patriot. He spent a large part of his life in Cork, and was a frequent contributor to the "Nation." Comparatively little is known of his life, but his poems are still popular and serve in keeping up the flame of patriotism among his compatriots.

The Place to Die.

How little recks it where men lie,
  When once the moment 's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
  Has looked on earth its last, —
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
  The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
  Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,
  As different men may hold,
And at his summons each must go,
  The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
  Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
  Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
  Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war steeds gallop wild
  Above the mangled slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
  Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free
  Has soared aloft to God?

. . . . .

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes,
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upwards by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere.
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

The Wexford Massacre.

1649.

They knelt around the Cross divine —
The matron and the maid;
They bowed before redemption's sign,
And fervently they prayed:
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
Whose crime was this alone —
Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain —
The Saxon won the fight,
And Irish corses strewed the plain
Where Valor slept with Right.
And now that man of demon guilt
To fated Wexford flew —
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there — the young, the old,
The maiden, and the wife:
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for *them* the strife.
They prayed for mercy — God on high!
Before *thy* cross they prayed,
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell — the stifled prayer
Was quenched in woman's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it, too!

ARLO BATES.

BATES, ARLO, an American author; born in East Machias, Maine, December 16, 1850. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1876, when he engaged in literary work in Boston. He is now professor of English literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is author of poems and novels, including: "The Pagans" (New York, 1884); "A Lad's Love"; "The Wheel of Fire" (1885); "The Philistines" (1888); "Berries of the Brier" (1886), poems; "Patty's Perversities" (1881); "In the Bundle of Time" (1893); "Book o' Ninetales;" "Sonnets in Shadow," (1887); "A Poet and His Self;" "Told in the Gate;" "The Torch Bearers;" "Talks on Writing English;" and "Talks on the Study of Literature" (1897); "The Puritans" (1898).

THE SHOT OF ACCIDENT.[1]

(From "The Puritans.")

"I KNEW that she was to send me tickets," Maurice Wynne said, standing with an open note in his hand. "She insisted upon that; but why should she send parlor-car checks too?"

"It is all part of your temptation," Mrs. Staggchase responded, smiling. "Of course if you go as the representative of Mrs. Wilson it is fitting that you go in state. If you were to represent the church now" —

"If I don't go as a representative of the church," he responded, as she paused with a significant smile, "I go as nothing."

"Oh, I thought that it was Elsie that was sending you. However, it's no matter. The point is that you are becoming acquainted with the luxuries of life. You are being tried by the insidious softness of the world."

He regarded her with some inward irritation. He had a half-defined conviction that she was mocking him, and that her words were more than mere badinage. He was not without a suspicion that his cousin was sometimes histrionic, and that many things which she said were to be regarded as stage talk. He did not know how far to take her seriously, and this gave

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

him a feeling at once confused and uncomfortable. To be played with as if he were not of discernment ripe enough to perceive her raillery, or as if he were not of consequence sufficient to be taken seriously, offended his vanity; and the man whom the devil cannot conquer through his vanity is invulnerable. Wynne had no answer now for the words of Mrs. Staggchase. He contented himself with a glance not entirely free from resentment, at which she laughed.

"I wonder, Cousin Maurice," she said, "if you realize how completely you have changed in the ten days you have been here. It is like bringing into light a plant that has been sprouting in the dark."

He did not answer for a moment, trying to find it possible to deny the charge.

"The fact that you know me better makes me seem different," he answered evasively.

"How much has the fact that you don't know yourself so well to do with it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, anything you like. I merely suspect that you are not so sure of your vocation as you were in the Clergy House. Even a deacon is human, I suppose; and if life is alluring, he can't help feeling it. Are you still sure that the clergy should be celibate, for instance?"

He felt her eyes piercing him as if his secret thoughts were open to her, and he knew that he was flushing to his very hair. He hastened to answer, not only that he might not think, but that she might not perceive that he had admitted any doubt to his heart.

"More than ever," he responded. "It is impossible not to see that a clergyman who is married must have his thoughts distracted from his sacred calling."

Mrs. Staggchase leaned back in her chair and regarded him with the smile which he found always so puzzling and so disconcerting.

"You did that very well," she said, "only you should n't have put in the word 'sacred.' That made it all sound conventional. However, you probably meant it. She is distracting."

The hot blood leaped into his face so that he knew that it was utterly impossible to conceal his confusion.

"I don't know what you mean," he stammered.

Instantly his conscience reproached him with not speaking

the truth. He responded to his conscience that it was impossible in circumstances like these to say the whole, and what he had said was not untrue. He could not know what his cousin meant by her pronoun, and if the thought of Miss Morison had come instantly into his mind, it by no means followed that it was she of whom Mrs. Staggchase was thinking. Life seemed suddenly more complex than he had ever dreamed it possible; and before this remark the unsophisticated deacon became so completely confused that for an instant it was his instinctive wish to be once more safely within the sheltering walls of the Clergy House, protected from the temptations and vexations of the world. He was after all of a nature which did not yield readily, however, and the next thought was one of defiance. He would not yield up his secret, and he defied the world to drag it from him. His companion smiled upon him with the baffling look which her husband called her Mona Lisa expression, and then she laughed outright.

"My dear boy," she said, "you are no more a priest than I am; and you are as transparent as a piece of crystal. Well, I am fond of you, and I 'm glad to have a hand in proving to you that you are not meant for the priesthood before it 's too late."

"But it has n't been proved to me," he cried, not without some sternness.

"Oh, bless you, it 's in train, and that 's the same thing. 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the east' could put you to sleep again in the dream you had in the Clergy House. It will take you a little longer to find yourself out, but the thing is done, nevertheless."

As she spoke, a servant came to the door to announce the carriage. Mrs. Staggchase held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said, as Maurice rose, and came forward to take it. "I hope that we shall see you again in a couple of days. I have still a good deal to show you."

He had recovered his self-possession a little, and answered her with a smile: —

"You make it so delightful for me here that I am not sure you are not right in saying that you are my temptation."

"Oh, I 've already given up the office of tempter," she responded quickly. "I found a rival, and that I never could endure. You 'll have your temptation with you."

It seemed to Maurice when he came to take his seat in the parlor car that his cousin was little short of a witch. In the

chair next to his own sat Berenice Morison. She greeted him with a friendly nod and smile.

"Mrs. Wilson told me that you were going on this train," she said, "and she got a chair for you next to mine so that you should take care of me."

He bowed rather confusedly, but with his heart full of delight.

"I shall be glad to do anything I can for you," he answered, vexed that he had not a better reply at command.

He saw the dapper young man across the aisle regard him curiously, and a feeling of dissatisfaction came over him as he reflected upon the singularity of his garb, and the incongruity between the clerical dress and the squiring of dames. Religious fervor is nourished by martyrdom, but it is seldom proof against ridicule. It is not impossible that the faint shade of amusement which Maurice fancied he detected in the eyes of the stranger opposite was a more effective cause for discontent with his calling than any of the influences to which he had been exposed under the auspices of Mrs. Staggchase.

He could not help feeling, moreover, that there was a gleam of fun in the clear dark eyes of Miss Morison. She was so completely at ease, so entirely mistress of the situation, that Wynne, little accustomed to the society of women, and secretly a little disconcerted by the surprise, felt himself at a disadvantage. It touched his vanity that he should be smiled at by the trimly appointed dandy opposite, and that he should be in experience and self-possession inferior to the girl beside him. He began vaguely to wonder what he had been doing all his life; he reflected that he had not in his old college days been so ill at ease, and it annoyed him to think that two years in the Clergy House should have put him so out of touch with the simplest matters of life. He said to himself scornfully that he was a monk already; and the thought, which would once have given him satisfaction, was now fraught with nothing but vexation and self-contempt. He had a subtile inclination to give himself up to the impulse of the moment. He felt the intoxication of the presence of Miss Morison, and he yielded to it with frank unscrupulousness. He resolved that he would repent afterward; yet instantly demanded of himself if this were really a sin. He was, after all, a man, if he had chosen the ecclesiastic calling. If, indeed, he were transgressing, he told himself, half-contemptuously, that as he did penance

doubly, once that imposed by his own spiritual director, and, again, that set by the Catholic at the North End, he might be held to expiate, amply, the pleasure of this hour. He at least was determined to forget for the once that he was a priest, and to remember only that he was a man, and that he loved this beautiful creature beside him. He noted the curve of her clear cheek and shell-like ear; the sweep of her eyelashes and the liquid deeps of her dark eyes. He let his glance follow the line of her neck below the rounded chin, and became suddenly conscious that he was fascinated by the soft swell of her bosom. The blood came into his cheeks, and he looked hastily out of the window.

The train was already clear of the city, and was speeding through the suburbs, rattling gayly and noisily past the ostentatious stations and the scattered houses. Maurice felt that his companion was secretly observing him, although she was apparently looking at the landscape which slid precipitately past. He wished to say something, and desired that it should not be clerical in tone. He would fain have spoken, not as a deacon, but as a man of the world.

"Are you going to New York?" he asked.

"I shall not have the pleasure of your company so far," she returned, with a smile.

"No," he responded naively. "I am going only to Springfield."

"Ah," she said, smiling again; and too late he realized that she had meant that she was not going through.

He was the more vexed with himself because he was sure that his confusion was so plain that she could not but see it, and that it was with a kind intention of relieving his embarrassment that she spoke again.

"I am going to visit my grandmother in Brookfield."

He replied by some sort of an unintelligible murmur, and was doubly angry with himself for being so shy and awkward. He glanced furtively at the trim young man opposite, and was relieved to find that that individual was reading, and giving no heed. He wondered why he should be so completely thrown out of his usual self-possession by this girl, so that when he talked to her, and was most anxious to appear at his best, he was most surely at his worst. There came, whimsically, into his head a thought of the wisdom of training the clergy to the social gifts and graces, and he remembered the flippant speech

of Mrs. Wilson about the need of their being able to pay compliments.

"I seem to be specially stupid when I try to talk to you," he said with boyish frankness.

Miss Morison looked at him curiously.

"Am I to take that as a compliment or the reverse?" she asked.

"It must be a compliment, I suppose, for it shows how much power you have over me."

He was reassured by her smile, and felt that this was not so badly said.

"The power to make you stupid, I think you intimated."

"Oh, no," he responded, with more eagerness than the occasion called for; "I did n't mean that."

She smiled again, a smile which seemed to him nothing less than adorable, and yet which teased him a little, although he could not tell why. She took up the novel which lay in her lap.

"Have you read this?" she inquired.

He shook his head.

"You forget," he answered, "that I am a deacon. At the Clergy House we do not read novels."

"How little you must know of life," returned she.

There was a silence of some moments. The train rushed on, past fields desolate under patches of snow, and stark, leafless trees; over rivers dotted with cakes of grimy ice; between banks of frost-gnawed rock. The landscape in the dim January afternoon was gray and gloomy; and as day declined everything became more lorn and forbidding. Maurice turned away from the window, and sighed.

"How disconsolate the country looks!" said he. "I am country bred, and I don't know that I ever thought of the sadness of it; but now, if I see the country in winter, it makes me sigh for the people who have to live there all the year round."

"But they don't notice it any more than you did when you lived in it."

"Perhaps not; but it seems to me as if they must. At any rate, they must feel the effects of it, whether they are conscious of it or not."

Miss Morison looked out at the dull, sodden fields and stark trees.

"I am afraid that you were never a true lover of the

country," said she thoughtfully. "You should know my grandmother. She is almost ninety, but she is as young as a girl in her teens. She has lived in the finest cities in the world, — London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and, of course, our American cities. Now she is happiest in the country, and can hardly be persuaded to stay in town. She says that she loves the sound of the wind and the rain better than the noise of the street-cars."

"That I can understand," he answered; "but I am interested in men. I don't like to be away from them. There is something intoxicating in the presence of masses of human beings, in the mere sense that so many people are alive about you."

She looked at him with more interest than he had ever seen in her eyes.

"But I don't understand," she began hesitatingly, "why —"

"Why what?" he asked as she paused.

"I don't know that I ought to say it, but having begun I may as well finish. I was going to say that I could not understand how one so interested in men and so sensitive to humanity could be content to choose a profession which cuts him off from so much of active life."

"It was from interest in men, I suppose, that I chose it. I wanted to reach them, to do something for them. Although," Maurice concluded, flushing, "I don't think that I realized at that time the feeling of being carried away by the mere presence of crowds of living beings."

There was another interval of silence, during which they both looked out at the cold landscape, blotted and marred by patches of snow tawny from a recent thaw.

"I doubt if you have got the whole of it," Miss Morison said thoughtfully, turning toward him. "Dear old grandmother is as deeply interested in the human as anybody can be. She always makes me feel that my life in the midst of folk is very thin and poor as compared to hers. She has known almost everybody worth knowing. Grandfather was minister to England and Russia, and she of course was with him. Yet she 's content and happy off here in Brookfield."

"Perhaps," Wynne returned hesitatingly, "there 's something the matter with the age. I don't suppose that at her time of life she has anything of this generation's restless — "

He broke off abruptly.

"Well?" his companion said curiously.

He smiled and sighed. "I don't know why I am talking to you so frankly," replied he. "As a matter of fact, I find that I 'm more frank with you than I am with myself. I 've always refused to own to myself that there was anything restless in my feeling toward life; yet here I am saying it to you."

"One often thinks things out in that way. Has n't that been your experience?"

"Yes," he responded thoughtfully; "although I don't know that I ever realized it before. I see now that I 've often reasoned out things that bothered me simply by trying to tell them to my friend, Mr. Ashe."

"Is he your bosom friend and confidant? It is usually supposed to be a woman in such a case."

"Oh, no," was his somewhat too eager rejoinder; "I never talked like this to a woman. I never wanted to before."

A look which passed over her face seemed to tell him that the talk was taking a tone more confidential than she liked. He was keyed up to a pitch of excitement and of sensitiveness; and a thrill of disappointment pierced him. He became at once silent; and then he fancied that she glanced at him as if in question why his mood had changed so suddenly. The train rolled into the station at Worcester, and he went out to walk a moment on the platform, and to try to collect his thoughts. He had forgotten now to question his right to be enjoying the companionship of Miss Morison; he gloated over her friendly looks and words, thinking of how he might have said this and that, and thus have appeared to better advantage, and resolving to be more self-controlled for the remainder of the ride. The open air was refreshing; and a great sense of joyousness filled him to overflowing. When again he took his seat in the car he could have laughed from simple pleasure.

The chat of the latter part of the journey was more easy and unconstrained than at the beginning. It was not clear to Wynne what the change was, but he was aware that he was somehow talking less self-consciously than before. They spoke of one thing and another, and it teased the young man somewhat that when now and then his companion mentioned a book he had seldom seen it. The things which he had read of late years he knew without asking that she would not have seen. Even the names of current writers of fiction were hardly known to him, and an allusion to what they had written was beyond

him. In spite of a word which now and again brought out the difference between his world and hers, however, Maurice thoroughly enjoyed the talk. Now and then he would reflect in a sort of sub-consciousness that the delight of this hour was to be dearly paid for with penance and repentance, but this provoked in him rather the determination at least to enjoy it to the full while it lasted, than any inclination to deny himself the present gratification.

It has been remarked that the ecclesiastical temper is histrionic; and Wynne was not without a share of this spirit. He would have gone to the stake for a conviction, and made a beautifully effective death-scene for the edification of men and angels, not for a moment aware that there was anything artificial in what he was doing. Now he was not without a consciousness that he was playing the rôle of a lover and a prodigal, sincere in his love and devotion; yet none the less subtly aware how much more interesting is repentance when there is genuine human passion to repent, is renunciation when there is real love to sacrifice; or how much more effective is saintliness set off against a background of transgression. It was a real if somewhat childish joy to be able to sin actually, yet without going beyond hope; of being dramatically false to his vows without crossing the line of possible pardon.

"We shall be in Brookfield in ten minutes," Miss Morison said, beginning to look about for her belongings. "We pass the New York express just here."

Hardly had she spoken, when suddenly, and without warning, there was an outburst of shrieks from the whistle of the engine, answered and blended with that of another. Before Maurice could realize what the outburst meant, there followed a horrible shock which seemed to dislocate every joint in his body. Berenice was thrown violently into his arms, flung as a dead weight, and shrieking as she fell against his breast. Instinctively he clasped her, and in the terror of the moment it was for a brief instant no more to him that his embrace enfolded her than if she had been the veriest stranger. A hideous din of yells, of crashing wood and rending iron, of shivering glass, of escaping steam, of indescribable sounds which had no resemblance to anything which he had ever heard or dreamed of, and which seemed to beat upon his ears and his brain like blows of bludgeons wielded by the hands of infuriate giants. The end of the car before him was beaten in; splin-

ters of wood and fragments of glass flew about him like hail; it was like being, without warning, exposed to the fiercest fire of batteries of an implacable enemy. A woman was dashed at his very feet, torn and bleeding, her face mangled so that he grew sick and faint at the sight; pinned against the seat opposite, transfixed by a long splinter as with a javelin, was the dapper young man, horribly writhing and mowing, and then stark dead in an instant, staring with wide open eyes and distorted face like a ghastly mask. Moans and shrieks, grindings and roarings, howlings and babbling cries that were human, yet were piercingly inarticulate, filled the air with an inhuman din which drove him to a frenzy. It seemed as if the world had been torn into fragments.

Yet all this was within the space of a second. Indeed, although all these things happened, and he saw and heard them clearly, there was no pause between the first alarming whistle and the overturning of the car which now came. He was lifted up; he saw the whole car sway with a dizzy, sickening motion, and then plunge violently over. Fortunately it so turned that he and Miss Morison were on the upper side. He fell across the aisle, striking the chair opposite, but somehow instinctively managing to protect Berenice from the force of the concussion. She no longer cried out, but she clung convulsively about his neck, and as they swayed for the fall he saw in her eyes a look of wild and desperate appeal. He forgot, then, everything but her. The desire to protect and save her, the feeling that he belonged absolutely to her, and that even to the death he would serve her, swallowed up every other feeling. As they went over a vise-like grip caught his arm, and amid all the infernal confusion he somehow connected that despairing clutch with a succession of shrill and piercing shrieks which rang in his ear, seeming to be close to him. He remembered that in the chair behind his had been a young girl, and he felt a pity for her that choked him like a hand at his throat. Then as they went down he instinctively but vainly tried to shake off the hold, which was as that of a trap. It was like being in the actual grip of death.

All sorts of loose articles fell with them from the upturned side of the car to the other; they were part of a cataract of falling bodies, involved as in a crushing avalanche. Wynne found himself in this falling shower, crumpled up between two chairs, one of his feet evidently thrust through a broken win-

dow, and his arm still held by that convulsive clasp. Miss Morison was half above him, partly supported by a chair which still held by its fastenings to the floor. He could not see her face, and his body was so twisted that he could not move his head with freedom. Berenice was evidently insensible, but whether stunned from the shock or more seriously hurt he could not tell. He struggled fiercely to free himself, straining her to his breast. There were still movements in the car after it had overturned. It rocked and settled; for some time small articles continued to fall. He drew the face of the unconscious girl more closely into his bosom to protect it. As he did so he was aware that his arm was hurt. A burning, biting pain singled itself out from all the aches of blows and contusions. He seemed to remember that a long time ago, some hours nearer the beginning of this catastrophe, which had lasted but a moment, he had felt something rip and tear the flesh; but he had been so absorbed in the attempt to shield Berenice that he had not heeded. Now the anguish was so great that it seemed impossible to endure it. He set his teeth together, determined not to cry out lest she should hear him and think that he lacked courage. Then it seemed to him that he was swooning. He struggled against the feeling; and for what seemed to him an interminable time, he wavered between consciousness and insensibility. It was either growing darker, or he was losing the power to see. He could not distinguish clearly any longer that human hand, smeared with blood, sticking ludicrously in the air from amid a pile of bags, coats, and all sorts of things thrown together just where the position of his head constrained him to look. He had been seeing that hand for a long time, it seemed to him, and only now, that the darkness had so increased as to cut it off from his sight, did he realize what it was and what it must mean.

He still retained a consciousness of the face of Berenice, warm against his bosom, and with each wave of faintness he struggled to keep his senses that he might protect her. The din of noises seemed far away, the cries somewhere at a distance ever increasing. The moans that had seemed to him those of the girl who clutched his arm grew fainter, until they were lost in the buzz and whirr of a hundred other sounds. Then the clasp which held him relaxed as suddenly as if a rope had been cut away. It came into his mind with a wave of horror that the girl who had held him was dead. The thought

that Berenice might be dead also followed like a flash, and aroused his benumbed senses. He spoke to her; he tried to move; to release her from her position. He seemed buried under a mound of débris, and she gave no sign of life. He exhausted himself in frantic attempts to escape; to get his arms free; to turn his head far enough to see her face; to thrust back the rubbish which had fallen against them. The anguish to his arm was so great that he could not continue; he could do nothing but suffer whatever fate had in store for him. He tried to pray; but his prayers were broken and confused ejaculations.

All at once he distinguished amid the chaos of noises roaring and singing in his ears something which made his heart stand still; which pierced to his dulled consciousness like a stab. It was the cry of "Fire!" He had once seen a servant with her hair in flames, and instantly arose before him the picture of her shriveling locks and the terror of her face. He seemed to see the dear head on his bosom — The thought was more than he could bear, and for the first time he cried out, shouting for help in a transport of frenzied fear. He was so absorbed in his thought of Berenice that he had forgotten himself; but the realization of his own peril revived as a waft of smoke came over him, choking and bewildering. He was, then, to die here, stifled or wrapped in the torture of flame. Then the wild and desperate thought sprang up that at least if he must die he should die with her on his bosom, clasped in his arms. He might give himself up to the delirium of that joy, since there was no more of earth to contaminate it. But the horror of it! The anguish for her as well as for him! Not by fire! His thoughts whirled in his brain like sparks caught in a hurricane. He scarcely knew where he was or what had happened to him. Only he was acutely aware of the acrid smoke, of how it increased, constantly more dense and stifling.

However the mind may for a moment be turned aside from its usual way by circumstances, habit is quick to reassert itself. The habitual constrains men even in the midst of events the most startling. The mind of Wynne had been too long bred in priestly forms not to turn to the religious view here in the face of death. His conscience cried out that he might be responsible for the peril and disaster which had come upon them. With the unconscious egotism of the devotee, he felt that heaven had been avenging the impiousness of his sin. He had

dared to trifle with his sacred calling, to look back to the loves of the world and of the flesh, and swift destruction had overtaken him. And Berenice had been crushed by the divine vengeance which had so deservedly fallen on him. He groaned in anguish, seeming to see how she had perished through the blight of his passion. Not by fire, O God! Not by fire! How long would it be possible to breathe in this stifling reek, heavy with unspeakable odors? It was his crime that had brought her to this death. He, a man set apart and consecrated to the work of God, had turned from heaven to earth, and heaven had smitten with one blow him and the woman who had been unwittingly his temptation. And she so innocent, so pure, so sacred! Through his distraught mind rushed a pang of hatred against the power that could do this. He was willing to suffer for his sin, but where was the justice of involving her in his ruin? It was because this was what would hurt him most! It was the work of a devil! Then this thought seemed to him a new transgression, which might lessen the chances of his being able to save her, and he tried to forget it in prayer, to atone by penitence. He offered his own life amid whatever tortures would propitiate the offended deity, but he prayed that she might be spared.

All this time — and whether the time were long or short he could not tell — he had heard continued cries and groans. He had now and then been dully aware of a change in the noises. Now it would seem as if all else was swallowed up in the sound of tremendous blows, as if the car were being struck again and again by a mighty battering-ram. Then a chorus of shouting went roaring up, as if an army cried. Noise and physical sensation were too intimately blended to be separated; his brain struggled in confusion, emerging now and then for a moment of consecutive thought and sinking back into semi-unconsciousness as a spent swimmer goes down, fighting wildly for life. He knew that a light had come into the car. He saw it amid the smoke, and his first thought was that it was flame. Dulled and half asphyxiated, he said to himself now almost with indifference that the end had come. Then with a thrill which for a moment aroused all his energies he recognized that it was the glow of a lantern. He was aware that rescuers were close above him, climbing down through the windows over his very head. He cried to them in a paroxysm of appeal: —

"Save her! Save her!"

Whether he was heeded amid the babble of cries, and all the noises which seemed to swell to drown his voice, he could not tell, but in another instant he felt that friendly hands had seized Miss Morison, and were endeavoring to lift her insensible form. He strove to loosen his hold, but the effort gave him agony so intolerable that he could do nothing. A thousand points seemed to rend and tear him as he tried to move, and when a voice somewhere above him shouted: "We 'll have to try to lift them together!" he experienced a strange sort of double consciousness as if he stood outside of himself and heard others talking of him. He felt himself grasped under the arms, and the pain of being moved was too horrible to be endured. He shrieked in mortal agony, and then in a whirl of dizzying circles seemed to go down in a tide of blackness sparkling with millions of sharp scintillations.

Phillida Flouts Me.

Oh what a plague is love!
  I cannot bear it.
She will inconstant prove,
  I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind
  That my heart faileth.
She wavers with the wind
  As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way:
Alack and well-a-day!
  Phillida flouts me.

. . . . .

Which way soe'er I go,
  She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
  Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
  With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
  Like any shadow:
Since 't will no better be,
I 'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
  Phillida flouts me.

Anonymous.

CHARLES PIERRE BAUDELAIRE.

Baudelaire, Charles Pierre, a French poet and critic, was born at Paris, April 9, 1821; and died there August 31, 1867. In his youth he travelled extensively, visiting India, Mauritius, and Madagascar. In 1857 he published his volume of poems entitled "Fleurs du Mal," which by its entire disregard of moral distinctions, and its extreme frankness of style, became the subject of a legal prosecution and was suppressed on the score of immorality, an expurgated edition following in 1861. "Les Paradis Artificiels, Opium et Haschich," issued in 1860, is partly original and partly made up of translations from Poe and De Quincey. "L'Art Romantique" is a collection of essays remarkable for subtlety of criticism and finish of style. "Petits Poëmes en Prose" are exquisitely written, and their beauty of thought is equal to the charm of their language. The poet himself is said to have strongly resembled in many respects our own Edgar Allan Poe. Brooding melancholy, curiously tinctured with irony, inspires the solemn music and dreamlike imagery of his best verses.

Beauty.

(Translated by Lucy Fountain.)

Beautiful am I as a dream in stone,
And for my breast, where each falls bruised in turn,
The poet with an endless love must yearn —
Endless as matter, silent and alone.

A sphinx unguessed, enthroned in azure skies,
White as the swan, my heart is cold as snow;
No hated motion breaks my lines' pure flow,
Nor tears nor laughter ever dim mine eyes.

Poets, before the attitudes sublime
I seem to steal from proudest monuments,
In austere studies waste the lingr'ing time,
For I possess, to charm my lover's sight,
Mirrors wherein all things are fair and bright —
My eyes, my large eyes of eternal light.

The Enemy.

(Translated by Lucy Fountain.)

My youth swept by in storm and cloudy gloom,
  Lit here and there by glimpses of the sun;
  But in my garden, now the storm is done,
Few fruits are left to gather purple bloom.

Here have I touched the autumn of the mind,
  And now the careful spade to labor comes,
Smoothing the earth torn by the waves and wind,
  Full of great holes, like open mouths of tombs.

And who knows if the flowers whereof I dream
Shall find, beneath this soil washed by the stream,
The force that bids them into beauty start?
  O grief! O grief! Time eats our life away,
And the dark Enemy that gnaws our heart
  Grows with the ebbing life-blood of his prey.

Flowers of Evil.

I.

I adore thee as much as the vaults of night,
O vase full of grief, taciturnity great,
And I love thee the more because of thy flight.
It seemeth, my night's beautifier, that you
Still heap up those leagues — yes! ironically heap! —
That divide from my arms the immensity blue.

I advance to attack, I climb to assault,
Like a choir of young worms at a corpse in the vault;
Thy coldness, oh cruel, implacable beast!
Yet heightens thy beauty, on which my eyes feast!

II.

Two warriors come running, to fight they begin,
With gleaming and blood they bespatter the air;
These games, and this clatter of arms, is the din
Of youth that 's a prey to the surgings of love.

The rapiers are broken! and so is our youth,
But the dagger 's avenged, dear! and so is the sword,
By the nail that is steeled and the hardened tooth.
Oh, the fury of hearts aged and ulcered by love!

In the ditch, where the ounce and the pard have their lair,
Our heroes have rolled in an angry embrace:
Their skin blooms on brambles that erewhile were bare.
That ravine is a fiend-inhabited hell!
Then let us roll in, oh woman inhuman,
To immortalize hatred that nothing can quell!

Music.

Sweet music sweeps me like the sea
Toward my pale star,
Whether the clouds be there or all the air be free
I sail afar.
With front outspread and swelling breasts,
On swifter sail
I bound through the steep waves' foamy crests
Under night's veil.
Vibrate within me I feel all the passions that lash
A bark in distress:
By the blast I am lulled — by the tempest's wild crash
On the salt wilderness.
Then comes the dead calm — mirrored there
I behold my despair.

The Broken Bell.

Bitter and sweet, when wintry evenings fall
Across the quivering, smoking hearth, to hear
Old memory's notes sway softly far and near,
While ring the chimes across the gray fog's pall.

Thrice blessed bell, that, to time insolent,
Still calls afar its old and pious song,
Responding faithfully in accents strong,
Like some old sentinel before his tent.

I too — my soul is shattered; — when at times
It would beguile the wintry nights with rhymes
Of old, its weak old voice at moments seems
Like gasps some poor, forgotten soldier heaves
Beside the blood-pools — 'neath the human sheaves
Gasping in anguish toward their fixèd dreams.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Baxter, Richard, an English Non-conformist divine, born at Rowton, Shropshire, November 12, 1615; died December 8, 1691. He was ordained in 1638, and became master of the free school at Dudley. From 1641 to 1642 he was pastor at Kidderminster. During the civil war he took sides with the Parliament, and was a chaplain in the army. His health having become impaired, he resigned his army chaplainship, and again became pastor at Kidderminster. Here in 1650 he wrote his famous treatise on "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." On the restoration of the monarchy, in 1660, Baxter was named as one of the royal chaplains, and the bishopric of Hereford was offered to him, but was declined. The Act of Uniformity (1662) practically forced him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he passed ten years of quiet, during which period he wrote several of his most esteemed works. In 1685 he put forth his "Paraphrase on the New Testament." Certain passages in this work were held to be seditious, and Baxter was brought to trial before Judge Jeffreys. This trial is among the most noted in English annals. Baxter was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks, to be imprisoned until this was paid, and to give bonds for good behavior for seven years. At the intercession of Lord Powis, a Roman Catholic nobleman, the fine was remitted, and Baxter was set at liberty, after an imprisonment which had lasted eighteen months. He was now fully seventy years old, and passed the remaining five years of his life without being molested by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities. Among his most notable works are: "The Saints' Rest" (1650); "Reasons for the Christian Religion" (1657); "Call to the Unconverted (1657); "Life of Faith (1670); "Christian Directory" (1673); "Catholic Theology" (1675); "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ (1681); "Paraphrase on the New Testament" (1685); and "Narrative of the Most Remarkable Passages of my Life and Times," published (1696) five years after his death.

Upon His Own Writings.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well-studied and polished, had been

better. But the reader, who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and the circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest* I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine. But for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings; but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived. And when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasion or other extorted all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I. But those that were far off, and felt not these nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness than I once believed there had been. I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have

met with divers of obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet and blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observations. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Theological Controversies.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what Fathers and Schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world. Experience, since the year 1643, till this year 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, slidings and censuring of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavors have not been in vain, in that ministers of the country where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavors of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

On the Credit Due to History.

I am much more cautelous in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men — ungodly men and partial men. Though an ungodly heathen, of no religion, may be believed where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian,

besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy, heavenly life; and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe.

The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppressed. As long as men have the liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained.

Yet in these cases I can freely believe history: (1.) If the person show that he is acquainted with what he saith. (2.) And if he show you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. (3.) If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie; but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable, impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . .

Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitudes of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false as you would think that the sense of their honor, at least, should have made it impossible for such

men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false. And therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and candor.

Sunday Sports.

I CANNOT forget that in my youth, in those late times when we lost the labors of some of our conformably godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together; and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechize, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than do as they did; though there was no savor of non-conformity in our family. And when the people by the Book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their plays again.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

HE was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech, which any

man had to make for himself; the pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression; and one of the greatest honors of his majesty's government; for with some other upright judges, he upheld the honor of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him. He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge who, for nothing, followed the work, and by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger — that he might not be suspected to be the man — to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the Lord Chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he had rated him out of the room. — *Autobiography.*

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

Disraeli, Benjamin (created Earl of Beaconsfield, in 1877), an English statesman and novelist; born in London, December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli. In 1826–27 he produced a novel, "Vivian Grey," which was well received in England, and was translated into several languages. "The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla" followed in 1828. The young author then travelled for two years in Europe, Syria, and Egypt. On his return he published "The Young Duke" (1831), and "Contarini Fleming" (1832), the latter of which was highly praised by Heine, Goethe, and Beckford. An Oriental romance, "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," another "The Rise of Iskander," and "Ixion in Heaven," were published in 1833. "The Revolutionary Epic" (1834), a series of political letters in the London "Times," under the signature of "Runnymede," and a novel, "Henrietta Temple," appeared in 1836, and "Venetia," in 1837. Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament. He was finally successful as a representative of the borough of Maidstone. A tragedy, "Alcaros" (1839), was his next literary effort. In this year he married the wealthy widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. "Coningsby" (1844), and "Sibyl, or the Two Nations" (1845), two semi-political novels, are intended to portray the public men of the time, and the English people during the Chartist agitation. "Tancred, or the New Crusade" (1847), takes its hero to the Holy Land, relates his adventures and records his soliloquies and conversations. Disraeli was now recognized as a leader in the House of Commons. His only literary productions for many years were the "Life of Isaac Disraeli" (1849), and "Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography" (1852). In 1852 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he again held in 1858 and in 1865. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, and was offered a peerage. This he declined for himself, but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. He now reappeared as a novelist, in "Lothair" (1870). In 1874 he again became Prime Minister, and in 1877 he took his seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield. His last literary work, "Endymion," was published in 1880.

The Fête at the Pavilion.

(From "The Young Duke.")

The fête at "the Pavilion," such was the title of the Twickenham Villa, though the subject of universal interest, was anticipated by no one with more eager anxiety than by Sir Lucius Grafton; for that day, he determined, should decide the fate of the Duke of St. James. He was sanguine as to the result, nor without reason. For the last month he had, by his dark machinery, played desperately upon the feelings of Lady Aphrodite; and more than once had she dispatched rapid notes to her admirer for counsel and for consolation. The Duke was more skilful in soothing her griefs than in devising expedients for their removal. He treated the threatened as a distant evil! and wiped away her tears in a manner which is almost an encouragement to weep.

At last the eventful morn arrived, and a scorching sun made those exult to whom the barge and the awning promised a progress equally calm and cool. Woe to the dusty britzska! woe to the molten furnace of the crimson cabriolet!

They came, as the stars come out from the heavens, what time the sun is in his first repose: now a single hero, brilliant as a planet; now a splendid party, clustering like a constellation. Music is on the waters and perfume on the land; each moment a bark glides up with its cymbals, each moment a cavalcade bright with bouquets!

Ah, gathering of brightness! ah, meeting of lustre! why, why are you to be celebrated by one so obscure and dull as I am? Ye Lady Carolines and ye Lady Franceses, ye Lady Barbaras and ye Lady Blanches, is it my fault?

O, graceful Lord Francis, why, why have you left us; why, why have you exchanged your Ionian lyre for an Irish harp? You were not made for politics; leave them to clerks. Fly, fly back to pleasure, to frolic, and fun! Confess, now, that you sometimes do feel a little queer. We say nothing of the difference between May Fair and Donnybrook.

And thou, too, Luttrell, gayest bard that ever threw off a triplet amid the clattering of cabs and the chattering of clubs, art thou, too, mute? Where, where dost thou linger? Is our Druid among the oaks of Ampthill; or, like a truant Etonian, is he lurking among the beeches of Burnham? What! has

the immortal letter, unlike all other good advice, absolutely not been thrown away ? or is the jade incorrigible ? Whichever be the case, you need not be silent. There is yet enough to do, and yet enough to instruct. Teach us that wealth is not elegance ; that profusion is not magnificence ; and that splendor is not beauty. Teach us that taste is a talisman which can do greater wonders than the millions of the loanmonger. Teach us that to vie is not to rival, and to imitate not to invent. Teach us that pretension is a bore. Teach us that wit is excessively good-natured, and, like champagne, not only sparkles, but is sweet. Teach us the vulgarity of malignity. Teach us that envy spoils our complexions, and that anxiety destroys our figure. Catch the fleeting colors of that sly chameleon, Cant, and show what excessive trouble we are ever taking to make ourselves miserable and silly. Teach us all this, and Aglaia shall stop a crow in its course, and present you with a pen, Thalia hold the golden fluid in a Sevres vase, and Euphrosyne support the violet-colored scroll.

The four hosts greeted the arrivals and assisted the disembarkations, like the famous four sons of Aymon. They were all dressed alike, and their costume excited great attention. At first it was to have been very plain, black and white and a single rose ; but it was settled that simplicity had been overdone, and, like a country girl after her first season, had turned into a most affected baggage, so they agreed to be regal ; and fancy uniforms, worthy of the court of Oberon, were the order of the day. We shall not describe them, for the description of costume is the most inventive province of our historical novelists, and we never like to be unfair, or trench upon our neighbor's lands or rights ; but the Alhambra button indicated a mystical confederacy, and made the women quite frantic with curiosity.

The guests wandered through the gardens, always various, and now a paradise of novelty. There were four brothers, fresh from the wildest recesses of the Carpathian Mount, who threw out such woodnotes wild that all the artists stared ; and it was universally agreed that, had they not been French chorus-singers, they would have been quite a miracle. But the Lapland sisters were the true prodigy, who danced the Mazurka in the national style. There was also a fire-eater ; but some said he would never set the river in flames, though he had an antidote against all poisons ! But then our Mithridates always

tried its virtues on a stuffed poodle, whose bark evinced its vitality. There also was a giant in the wildest part of the shrubbery, and a dwarf, on whom the ladies showered their sugar-plums, and who, in return, offered them tobacco. But it was not true that the giant sported stilts, or that the dwarf was a sucking-babe. Some people are so suspicious. Then a bell rang, and assembled them in the concert-room; and the Bird of Paradise who to-day was consigned to the cavaliership of Peacock Pigott, condescended to favor them with a new song, which no one had ever heard, and which, consequently, made them feel more intensely all the sublimity of exclusiveness. Shall we forget the panniers of shoes which Melnotte had placed in every quarter of the gardens? We will say nothing of Maradan's cases of caps, because, for this incident, Lord Bagshot is our authority.

On a sudden, it seemed that a thousand bugles broke the blue air, and they were summoned to a déjeûner in four crimson tents worthy of Sardanapalus. Over each waved the scutcheon of the president. Glittering were the glories of the hundred quarterings of the house of Darrell. "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*," was the motto. Lord Darrell's grandfather had been a successful lawyer. Lord Squib's emblazonry was a satire on its owner. "*Holdfast*" was the motto of a man who had let loose. Annesley's simple shield spoke of the Conquest; but all paled before the banner of the House of Hauteville, for it indicated an alliance with royalty. The attendants of each pavilion wore the livery of its lord.

Shall we attempt to describe the delicacy of this banquet, where imagination had been racked for novel luxury? Through the centre of each table ran a rivulet of rose-water, and gold and silver fish glanced in its unrivalled course. The bouquets were exchanged every half-hour, and music soft and subdued, but constant and thrilling, wound them up by exquisite gradations to that pitch of refined excitement which is so strange a union of delicacy and voluptuousness, when the soul, as it were, becomes sensual, and the body, as it were, dissolves into spirit. And in this choice assembly, where all was youth, and elegance, and beauty, was it not right that every sound should be melody, every sight a sight of loveliness, and every thought a thought of pleasure?

They arose and re-assembled on the lawn, where they found, to their surprise, had arisen in their absence a Dutch Fair.

Numerous were the booths, innumerable were the contents. The first artists had arranged the picture and the costumes; the first artists had made the trinkets and the toys. And what a very agreeable fair, where all might suit their fancy without the permission of that sulky tyrant, a purse! All were in excellent humor, and no false shame prevented them from plundering the stalls. The noble proprietors set the example. Annesley offered a bouquet of precious stones to Charlotte Bloomerly, and it was accepted, and the Duke of St. James showered a sack of whimsical breloques among a scrambling crowd of laughing beauties. Among them was Miss Dacre. He had not observed her. Their eyes met, and she smiled. It seemed that he had never felt happiness before.

Ere the humors of the fair could be exhausted they were summoned to the margin of the river, where four painted and gilded galleys, which might have sailed down the Cydnus, and each owning its peculiar chief, prepared to struggle for pre-eminence in speed. All betted; and the Duke, encouraged by the smile, hastened to Miss Dacre to try to win back some of his Doncaster losses, but Arundel Dacre had her arm in his, and she was evidently delighted with his discourse. His Grace's blood turned, and he walked away.

It was sunset when they returned to the lawn, and then the ball-room presented itself; but the twilight was long, and the night was warm; there were no hateful dews, no odious mists, and therefore a great number danced on the lawn. The fair was illuminated, and all the little marchandes and their lusty porters walked about in their costume.

The Duke again rallied his courage, and seeing Arundel Dacre with Mrs. Dallington Vere, he absolutely asked Miss Dacre to dance. She was engaged. He doubted, and walked into the house disconsolate; yet, if he had waited one moment, he would have seen Sir Lucius Grafton rejoin her, and lead her to the cotillon that was forming on the turf. The Duke sauntered to Lady Aphrodite, but she would not dance; yet she did not yield his arm, and proposed a stroll. They wandered away to the extremity of the grounds. Fainter and fainter grew the bursts of the revellers, yet neither of them spoke much, for both were dull.

Yet at length her Ladyship did speak, and amply made up for her previous silence. All former scenes, to this, were but as the preface to the book. All she knew and all she dreaded,

all her suspicions, all her certainties, all her fears, were poured forth in painful profusion. This night was to decide her fate. She threw herself on his mercy, if he had forgotten his love. Out dashed all those arguments, all those appeals, all those assertions, which they say are usual under these circumstances. She was a woman; he was a man. She had staked her happiness on this venture; he had a thousand cards to play. Love, and first love, with her, as with all women, was everything; he and all men, at the worst, had a thousand resources. He might plunge into politics, he might game, he might fight, he might ruin himself in innumerable ways, but she could only ruin herself in one. Miserable woman! Miserable sex! She had given him her all. She knew it was little: would she had more! She knew she was unworthy of him; would she were not! She did not ask him to sacrifice himself to her: she could not expect it; she did not even desire it. Only, she thought he ought to know exactly the state of affairs and of consequences, and that certainly if they were parted, which assuredly they would be, most decidedly she would droop and fade, and die. She wept, she sobbed; his entreaties alone seemed to prevent hysterics.

These scenes are painful at all times, and even the callous, they say, have a twinge; but when the actress is really beautiful and pure, as this lady was, and the actor young and inexperienced and amiable, as this actor was, the consequences are more serious than is usual. The Duke of St. James was unhappy, he was discontented, he was dissatisfied with himself. He did not love this lady, if love were the passion which he entertained for Miss Dacre, but she loved him. He knew that she was beautiful, and he was convinced that she was excellent. The world is malicious, but the world had agreed that Lady Aphrodite was an unblemished pearl: yet this jewel was reserved for him! Intense gratitude almost amounted to love. In short, he had no idea at this moment that feelings are not in our power. His were captive, even if entrapped. It was a great responsibility to desert this creature, the only one from whom he had experienced devotion. To conclude: a season of extraordinary dissipation, to use no harsher phrase, had somewhat exhausted the nervous powers of our hero; his energies were deserting him; he had not heart or heartlessness enough to extricate himself from this dilemma. It seemed that, if this being to whom he was indebted for so much joy were miserable, he must be unhappy; that if she died,

life ought to have, could have, no charms for him. He kissed away her tears, he pledged his faith, and Lady Aphrodite Grafton was his betrothed!

She wonderfully recovered. Her deep but silent joy seemed to repay him even for this bitter sacrifice. Compared with the late racking of his feelings, the present calm, which was merely the result of suspense being destroyed, seemed happiness. His conscience whispered approbation, and he felt that, for once, he had sacrificed himself to another.

They re-entered the villa, and he took the first opportunity of wandering alone to the least frequented parts of the grounds: his mind demanded solitude, and his soul required soliloquy.

"So the game is up! truly a most lame and impotent conclusion! And this, then, is the result of all my high fancies and indefinite aspirations! Verily, I am a very distinguished hero, and have not abused my unrivalled advantages in the least. What! am I bitter on myself? There will be enough to sing my praises without myself joining in this chorus of congratulation. O! fool! fool! Now I know what folly is. But barely fifteen months since I stepped upon these shores, full of hope and full of pride; and now I leave them; how? O! my dishonored fathers! Even my posterity, which God grant I may not have, will look on my memory with hatred, and on hers with scorn!

"Well, I suppose we must live for ourselves. We both of us know the world; and Heaven can bear witness that we should not be haunted by any uneasy hankering after what has brought us such a heartache. If it were for love, if it were for — but away! I will not profane her name; if it were for her that I was thus sacrificing myself, I could bear it, I could welcome it. I can imagine perfect and everlasting bliss in the sole society of one single being, but she is not that being. Let me not conceal it; let me wrestle with this bitter conviction!

"And am I, indeed, bound to close my career thus; to throw away all hope, all chance of felicity, at my age, for a point of honor? No, no; it is not that. After all, I have experienced that with her, and from her, which I have with no other woman; and she is so good, so gentle, and, all agree, so lovely! How infinitely worse would her situation be if deserted, than mine is as her perpetual companion! The very thought makes my heart bleed. Yes! amiable, devoted, dearest Afy, I throw aside these morbid feelings; you shall never repent having placed

your trust in me. I will be proud and happy of such a friend, and you shall be mine forever!"

A shriek broke on the air: he started. It was near: he hastened after the sound. He entered into a small green glade surrounded by shrubs, where had been erected a fanciful hermitage. There he found Sir Lucius Grafton on his knees, grasping the hand of the indignant but terrified Miss Dacre. The Duke rushed forward; Miss Dacre ran to meet him; Sir Lucius rose.

"This lady, Sir Lucius Grafton, is under my protection," said the young Duke, with a flashing eye but a calm voice. She clung to his arm; he bore her away. The whole was the affair of an instant.

The Duke and his companion proceeded in silence. She tried to hasten, but he felt her limbs shake upon his arm. He stopped: no one, not even a servant, was near. He could not leave her for an instant. There she stood trembling, her head bent down, and one hand clasping the other, which rested on his arm. Terrible was her struggle, but she would not faint, and at length succeeded in repressing her emotions. They were yet a considerable way from the house. She motioned with her left hand to advance; but still she did not speak. On they walked, though more slowly, for she was exhausted, and occasionally stopped for breath or strength.

At length she said, in a faint voice, "I cannot join the party. I must go home directly. How can it be done?"

"Your companions?" said the Duke.

"Are of course engaged, or not to be found; but surely somebody I know is departing. Manage it: say I am ill."

"O, Miss Dacre! if you knew the agony of my mind!"

"Do not speak; for Heaven's sake, do not speak!"

He turned off from the lawn, and approached by a small circuit the gate of the ground. Suddenly he perceived a carriage on the point of going off. It was the Duchess of Shropshire's.

"There is the Duchess of Shropshire! You know her; but not a minute is to be lost. There is such a noise, they will not hear. Are you afraid to stop here one instant by yourself? I shall not be out of sight, and not away a second. I run very quick."

"No, no, I am not afraid. Go, go!"

Away rushed the Duke of St. James as if his life were on his

speed. He stopped the carriage, spoke, and was back in an instant.

"Lean, lean on me with all your strength. I have told everything necessary to Lady Shropshire. Nobody will speak a word, because they believe you have a terrible headache. I will say everything necessary to Mrs. Dallington and your cousin. Do not give yourself a moment's uneasiness. And, oh! Miss Dacre! if I might say one word!"

She did not stop him.

"If," continued he, "it be your wish that the outrage of to-night should be known only to myself and him, I pledge my word it shall be so; though willingly, if I were authorized, I would act a different part in this affair."

"It is my wish." She spoke in a low voice, with her eyes still upon the ground. "And I thank you for this, and for all."

They had now joined the Shropshires; but it was now discovered Miss Dacre had no shawl: and sundry other articles were wanting, to the evident dismay of the Ladies Wrekin. They offered theirs, but their visitor refused, and would not allow the Duke to fetch her own. Off they drove; but when they had proceeded above half a mile, a continued shout on the road, which the fat coachman for a long time would not hear, stopped them, and up came the Duke of St. James, covered with dust, and panting like a racer, with Miss Dacre's shawl.

So much time was occupied by this adventure of the shawl, and by making requisite explanations to Mrs. Dallington Vere, that almost the whole of the guests had retired, when the Duke found himself again in the saloon. His brother-hosts, too, were off with various parties, to which they had attached themselves. He found the Fitz-pompeys and a few still lingering for their carriages, and Arundel Dacre and his fair admirer. His Grace had promised to return with Lady Afy, and was devising some scheme by which he might free himself from this, now not very suitable, engagement, when she claimed his arm. She was leaning on it, and talking to Lady Fitz-pompey, when Sir Lucius approached, and, with his usual tone, put a note into the Duke's hand, saying at the same time, "This appears to belong to you. I shall go to town with Piggott;" and then he walked away.

With the wife leaning on his arm, the young Duke had the pleasure of reading the following lines, written with the pencil of the husband:—

"After what has just occurred, only one more meeting can take place between us, and the sooner that takes place the better for all parties. This is no time for etiquette. I shall be in Kensington Gardens, in the grove on the right side of the summer-house, at half-past six to-morrow morning, and shall doubtless find you there."

Sir Lucius was not out of sight when the Duke had finished reading his cartel. Making some confused excuse to Lady Afy, which was not expected, he ran after the Baronet, and soon reached him.

"Grafton, I shall be punctual: but there is one point on which I wish to speak to you at once. The cause of this meeting may be kept, I hope, a secret?"

"So far as I am concerned, an inviolable one," bowed the Baronet, stiffly; and they parted.

The Duke returned satisfied, for Sir Lucius Grafton ever observed his word, to say nothing of the great interest which he surely had this time in maintaining his pledge.

Our hero thought that he never should reach London. The journey seemed a day; and the effort to amuse Lady Afy, and to prevent her from suspecting, by his conduct, that anything had occurred, was most painful. Silent, however, he at last became; but her mind, too, was engaged, and she supposed that her admirer was quiet only because, like herself, he was happy. At length they reached her house, but he excused himself from entering, and drove on immediately to Annesley. He was at Lady Bloomerly's. Lord Darrell had not returned, and his servant did not expect him. Lord Squib was never to be found. The Duke put on a great-coat over his uniform and drove to White's; it was really a wilderness. Never had he seen fewer men there in his life, and there were none of his set. The only young-looking man was old Colonel Carlisle, who, with his skilfully enamelled cheek, flowing auburn locks, shining teeth, and tinted whiskers, might have been mistaken for gay twenty-seven, instead of gray seventy-two; but the Colonel had the gout, to say nothing of any other objections.

The Duke took up the "Courier" and read three or four advertisements of quack medicines, but nobody entered. It was nearly midnight: he got nervous. Somebody came in; Lord Hounslow for his rubber. Even his favored child, Bagshot, would be better than nobody. The Duke protested that the next acquaintance who entered should be his second, old or

young. His vow had scarcely been registered when Arundel Dacre came in alone. He was the last man to whom the Duke wished to address himself, but Fate seemed to have decided it, and the Duke walked up to him.

"Mr. Dacre, I am about to ask of you a favor to which I have no claim."

Mr. Dacre looked a little confused, and murmured his willingness to do anything.

"To be explicit, I am engaged in an affair of honor of an urgent nature. Will you be my friend?"

"Willingly." He spoke with more ease. "May I ask the name of the other party, the — the cause of the meeting?"

"The other party is Sir Lucius Grafton."

"Hum!" said Arundel Dacre, as if he were no longer curious about the cause. "When do you meet?"

"At half-past six, in Kensington Gardens, to-morrow; I believe I should say this morning."

"Your Grace must be wearied," said Arundel, with unusual ease and animation. "Now follow my advice. Go home at once and get some rest. Give yourself no trouble about preparations; leave everything to me. I will call upon you at half-past five precisely, with a chaise and post-horses, which will divert suspicion. Now, good night!"

"But really, your rest must be considered; and then all this trouble!"

"Oh! I have been in the habit of sitting up all night. Do not think of me; nor am I quite inexperienced in these matters, in too many of which I have unfortunately been engaged in Germany."

The young men shook hands, and the Duke hastened home. Fortunately the Bird of Paradise was at her own establishment in Baker Street, a bureau where her secretary, in her behalf, transacted business with the various courts of Europe and the numerous cities of Great Britain. Here many a negotiation was carried on for opera engagements at Vienna, or Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg. Here many a diplomatic correspondence conducted the fate of the musical festivals of York, or Norwich, or Exeter.

Let us return to Sir Lucius Grafton. He is as mad as any man must be who feels that the imprudence of a moment has dashed to the ground all the plans, and all the hopes, and all the great results, over which he had so often pondered. The

great day from which he had expected so much had passed, nor was it possible for four-and-twenty hours more completely to have reversed all his feelings and all his prospects. Miss Dacre had shared the innocent but unusual and excessive gayety which had properly become a scene of festivity at once so agreeable, so various, and so novel. Sir Lucius Grafton had not been insensible to the excitement. On the contrary, his impetuous passions seemed to recall the former and more fervent days of his career, and his voluptuous mind dangerously sympathized with the beautiful and luxurious scene. He was elated, too, with the thought that his freedom would perhaps be sealed this evening, and still more by his almost constant attendance on his fascinating companion. As the particular friend of the Dacre family, and as the secret ally of Mrs. Dallington Vere, he in some manner contrived always to be at Miss Dacre's side. With the laughing but insidious pretence that he was now almost too grave and staid a personage for such scenes, he conversed with few others, and humorously maintaining that his "dancing days were over," danced with none but her. Even when her attention was engaged by a third person, he lingered about, and with his consummate knowledge of the world, easy wit, and constant resources, generally succeeded in not only sliding into the conversation, but engrossing it. Arundel Dacre, too, although that young gentleman had not departed from his usual coldness in favor of Sir Lucius Grafton, the Baronet would most provokingly consider as his particular friend; never seemed to be conscious that his reserved companion was most punctilious in his address to him; but, on the contrary, called him in return "Dacre," and sometimes "Arundel." In vain young Dacre struggled to maintain his position. His manner was no match for that of Sir Lucius Grafton. Annoyed with himself, he felt confused, and often quitted his cousin that he might be free of his friend. Thus Sir Lucius Grafton contrived never to permit Miss Dacre to be alone with Arundel, and to her he was so courteous, so agreeable, and so useful, that his absence seemed always a blank, or a period in which something ever went wrong.

The triumphant day rolled on, and each moment Sir Lucius felt more sanguine and more excited. We will not dwell upon the advancing confidence of his desperate mind. Hope expanded into certainty, certainty burst into impatience. In a desperate moment he breathed his passion.

May Dacre was the last girl to feel at a loss in such a situa-

tion. No one would have rung him out of a saloon with an air of more contemptuous majesty. But the shock, the solitary strangeness of the scene, the fear, for the first time, that none were near, and perhaps, also, her exhausted energy, frightened her, and she shrieked. One only had heard that shriek, yet that one was legion. Sooner might the whole world know the worst than this person suspect the least. Sir Lucius was left silent with rage, mad with passion, desperate with hate.

He gasped for breath. Now his brow burnt, now the cold dew ran off his countenance in streams. He clenched his fist, he stamped with agony, he found at length his voice, and he blasphemed to the unconscious woods.

His quick brain flew to the results like lightning. The Duke had escaped from his mesh ; his madness had done more to win this boy Miss Dacre's heart than an age of courtship. He had lost the idol of his passion ; he was fixed forever with the creature of his hate. He loathed the idea. He tottered into the hermitage, and buried his face in his hands.

Something must be done. Some monstrous act of energy must repair this fatal blunder. He appealed to the mind which had never deserted him. The oracle was mute. Yet vengeance might even slightly redeem the bitterness of despair. This fellow should die ; and his girl, for already he hated Miss Dacre, should not triumph in her minion. He tore a leaf from his tablets, and wrote the lines we have already read.

The young Duke reached home. You expect, of course, that he sat up all night making his will and answering letters. By no means. The first object that caught his eye was an enormous ottoman. He threw himself upon it without undressing, and without speaking a word to Luigi, and in a moment was fast asleep. He was fairly exhausted. Luigi stared, and called Spiridion to consult. They agreed that they dare not go to bed, and must not leave their lord ; so they played écarté, till at last they quarrelled and fought with the candles over the table. But even this did not wake their unreasonable master ; so Spiridion threw down a few chairs by accident ; but all in vain. At half-past five there was a knocking at the gate, and they hurried away.

Arundel Dacre entered with them, woke the Duke, and praised him for his punctuality. His Grace thought that he had only dozed a few minutes ; but time pressed ; five minutes arranged his toilet, and they were first on the field.

In a moment Sir Lucius and Mr. Piggott appeared. Arundel Dacre, on the way, had anxiously inquired as to the probability of reconciliation, but was told at once it was impossible, so now he measured the ground and loaded the pistols with a calmness which was admirable. They fired at once; the Duke in the air, and the Baronet in his friend's side. When Sir Lucius saw his Grace fall his hate vanished. He ran up with real anxiety and unfeigned anguish.

"Have I hit you, by h—ll!"

His Grace was magnanimous, but the case was urgent. A surgeon gave a favorable report, and extracted the ball on the spot. The Duke was carried back to his chaise, and in an hour was in the state bed, not of the Alhambra, but of his neglected mansion.

Arundel Dacre retired when he had seen his friend home, but gave urgent commands that he should be kept quiet. No sooner was the second out of sight than the principal ordered the room to be cleared, with the exception of Spiridion, and then, rising in his bed, wrote this note, which the page was secretly to deliver.

"—— House, ——, 182–.

"Dear Miss Dacre, — A very unimportant but somewhat disagreeable incident has occurred. I have been obliged to meet Sir Lucius Grafton, and our meeting has fortunately terminated without any serious consequences. Yet I wish that you should hear of this first from me, lest you might imagine that I had not redeemed my pledge of last night, and that I had placed for a moment my own feelings in competition with yours. This is not the case, and never shall be, dear Miss Dacre, with one whose greatest pride is to subscribe himself

"Your most obedient and faithful servant,

"St. James."

The world talked of nothing but the duel between the Duke of St. James and Sir Lucius Grafton. It was a thunderbolt; and the phenomenon was accounted for by every cause but the right one. Yet even those who most confidently solved the riddle were the most eagerly employed in investigating its true meaning. The seconds were of course applied to. Arundel Dacre was proverbially unpumpable; but Peacock Piggott, whose communicative temper was an adage, how came he on a sudden so diplomatic? Not a syllable oozed from a mouth which was ever open; not a hint from a countenance which never could

conceal its mind. He was not even mysterious, but really looked just as astonished and was just as curious as themselves. Fine times these for the "Universe" and "The New World"! All came out about Lady Afy; and they made up for their long and previous ignorance, or, as they now boldly blustered, their long and considerate forbearance. Sheets given away gratis, edition on Saturday night for the country, and woodcuts of the Pavilion fête: the when, the how, and the wherefore. A. The summer-house, and Lady Aphrodite meeting the young Duke. B. The hedge behind which Sir Lucius Grafton was concealed. C. Kensington Gardens, and a cloudy morning; and so on. Cruikshank did wonders.

But let us endeavor to ascertain the feelings of the principal agents in this odd affair. Sir Lucius now was cool, and, the mischief being done, took a calm review of the late mad hours. As was his custom, he began to inquire whether any good could be elicited from all this evil. He owed his late adversary sundry moneys, which he had never contemplated the possibility of repaying to the person who had eloped with his wife. Had he shot his creditor, the account would equally have been cleared; and this consideration, although it did not prompt, had not dissuaded, the late desperate deed. As it was, he now appeared still to enjoy the possession both of his wife and his debts, and had lost his friend. Bad generalship, Sir Lucy! Reconciliation was out of the question. The Duke's position was a good one. Strongly entrenched with a flesh wound, he had all the sympathy of society on his side; and, after having been confined for a few weeks, he could go to Paris for a few months, and then return, as if the Graftons had never crossed his eye, rid of a troublesome mistress and a troublesome friend. His position was certainly a good one; but Sir Lucius was astute, and he determined to turn this Shumla of his Grace. The quarrel must have been about her Ladyship. Who could assign any other cause for it? And the Duke must now be weak with loss of blood and anxiety, and totally unable to resist any appeal, particularly a personal one, to his feelings. He determined, therefore, to drive Lady Afy into his Grace's arms. If he could only get her into the house for an hour, the business would be settled.

These cunning plans were, however, nearly being crossed by a very simple incident. Annoyed at finding that her feelings could be consulted only by sacrificing those of another woman, Miss

Dacre, quite confident that, as Lady Aphrodite was innocent in the present instance, she must be immaculate, told everything to her father, and, stifling her tears, begged him to make all public; but Mr. Dacre, after due consideration, enjoined silence.

In the meantime the young Duke was not in so calm a mood as Sir Lucius. Rapidly the late extraordinary events dashed through his mind, and already those feelings which had prompted his soliloquy in the garden were no longer his. All forms, all images, all ideas, all memory, melted into Miss Dacre. He felt that he loved her with a perfect love: that she was to him what no other woman had been, even in the factitious delirium of early passion. A thought of her seemed to bring an entirely novel train of feelings, impressions, wishes, hopes. The world with her must be a totally different system, and his existence in her society a new and another life. Her very purity refined the passion which raged even in his exhausted mind. Gleams of virtue, morning streaks of duty, broke upon the horizon of his hitherto clouded soul; an obscure suspicion of the utter worthlessness of his life whispered in his hollow ear; he darkly felt that happiness was too philosophical a system to be the result or the reward of impulse, however unbounded, and that principle alone could create and could support that bliss which is our being's end and aim.

But when he turned to himself, he viewed his situation with horror, and yielded almost to despair. What, what could she think of the impure libertine who dared to adore her? If ever time could bleach his own soul and conciliate hers, what, what was to become of Aphrodite? Was his new career to commence by a new crime? Was he to desert this creature of his affections, and break a heart which beat only for him? It seemed that the only compensation he could offer for a life which had achieved no good would be to establish the felicity of the only being whose happiness seemed in his power. Yet what a prospect! If before he had trembled, now —

But his harrowed mind and exhausted body no longer allowed him even anxiety. Weak, yet excited, his senses fled; and when Arundel Dacre returned in the evening he found his friend delirious. He sat by his bed for hours. Suddenly the Duke speaks. Arundel Dacre rises: he leans over the sufferer's couch.

Ah! why turns the face of the listener so pale, and why gleam those eyes with terrible fire? The perspiration courses down his clear but sallow cheek: he throws his dark and clus-

tering curls aside, and passes his hand over his damp brow, as if to ask whether he, too, had lost his senses from this fray.

The Duke is agitated. He waves his arm in the air, and calls out in a tone of defiance and of hate. His voice sinks: it seems that he breathes a milder language, and speaks to some softer being. There is no sound, save the long-drawn breath of one on whose countenance is stamped infinite amazement. Arundel Dacre walks the room disturbed; often he pauses, plunged in deep thought. 'T is an hour past midnight, and he quits the bedside of the young Duke.

He pauses at the threshold, and seems to respire even the noisome air of the metropolis as if it were Eden. As he proceeds down Hill Street he stops, and gazes for a moment on the opposite house. What passes in his mind we know not. Perhaps he is reminded that in that mansion dwell beauty, wealth, and influence, and that all might be his. Perhaps love prompts that gaze, perhaps ambition. Is it passion, or is it power? or does one struggle with the other?

As he gazes the door opens, but without servants; and a man, deeply shrouded in his cloak, comes out. It was night, and the individual was disguised; but there are eyes which can pierce at all seasons and through all concealments, and Arundel Dacre marked with astonishment Sir Lucius Grafton.

When it was understood that the Duke of St. James had been delirious, public feeling reached what is called its height; that is to say, the curiosity and the ignorance of the world were about equal. Everybody was indignant, not so much because the young Duke had been shot, but because they did not know why. If the sympathy of the women could have consoled him, our hero might have been reconciled to his fate. Among these, no one appeared more anxious as to the result, and more ignorant as to the cause, than Mrs. Dallington Vere. Arundel Dacre called on her the morning ensuing his midnight observation, but understood that she had not seen Sir Lucius Grafton, who, they said, had quitted London, which she thought probable. Nevertheless Arundel thought proper to walk down Hill Street at the same hour, and, if not at the same minute, yet in due course of time, he discovered the absent man.

In two or three days the young Duke was declared out of immediate danger, though his attendants must say he remained exceedingly restless, and by no means in a satisfactory state; yet with their aid, they had a right to hope the best. At any rate, if he were to go off, his friends would have the satisfaction

of remembering that all had been done that could be; so saying, Dr. X. took his fee, and Surgeons Y. and Z. prevented his conduct from being singular.

Now began the operations on the Grafton side. A letter from Lady Aphrodite full of distraction. She was fairly mystified. What could have induced Lucy suddenly to act so, puzzled her, as well it might. Her despair, and yet her confidence in his Grace, seemed equally great. Some talk there was of going off to Cleve at once. Her husband, on the whole, maintained a rigid silence and studied coolness. Yet he had talked of Vienna and Florence, and even murmured something about public disgrace and public ridicule. In short, the poor lady was fairly worn out, and wished to terminate her harassing career at once by cutting the Gordian knot. In a word, she proposed coming on to her admirer and, as she supposed, her victim, and having the satisfaction of giving him his cooling draughts and arranging his bandages.

If the meeting between the young Duke and Sir Lucius Grafton had been occasioned by any other cause than the real one, it is difficult to say what might have been the fate of this proposition. Our own opinion is that this work would have been only in two volumes; for the requisite morality would have made out the present one; but, as it was, the image of Miss Dacre hovered above our hero as his guardian genius. He despaired of ever obtaining her; but yet he determined not wilfully to crush all hope. Some great effort must be made to right his position. Lady Aphrodite must not be deserted: the very thought increased his fever. He wrote, to gain time; but another billet, in immediate answer, only painted increased terrors, and described the growing urgency of her persecuted situation. He was driven into a corner, but even a stag at bay is awful: what, then, must be a young Duke, the most noble animal in existence?

Ill as he was, he wrote these lines, not to Lady Aphrodite, but to her husband: —

"My dear Grafton, — You will be surprised at hearing from me. Is it necessary for me to assure you that my interference on a late occasion was accidental? And can you, for a moment, maintain that, under the circumstances, I could have acted in a different manner? I regret the whole business; but most I regret that we were placed in collision.

"I am ready to cast all memory of it into oblivion; and, as I unintentionally offended, I indulge the hope that, in this conduct, you will bear me company.

"Surely, men like us are not to be dissuaded from following our inclinations by any fear of the opinion of the world. The whole affair is, at present, a mystery; and I think, with our united fancies, some explanation may be hit upon which will render the mystery quite impenetrable, while it professes to offer a satisfactory solution.

"I do not know whether this letter expresses my meaning, for my mind is somewhat agitated and my head not very clear; but, if you be inclined to understand it in the right spirit, it is sufficiently lucid. At any rate, my dear Grafton, I have once more the pleasure of subscribing myself, faithfully yours, St. James."

This letter was marked "immediate," consigned to the custody of Luigi, with positive orders to deliver it personally to Sir Lucius; and, if not at home, to follow till he found him.

He was not at home, and he was found at ——'s Clubhouse. Sullen, dissatisfied with himself, doubtful as to the result of his fresh manœuvres, and brooding over his infernal debts, Sir Lucius had stepped into ——, and passed the whole morning playing desperately with Lord Hounslow and Baron de Berghem. Never had he experienced such a smashing morning. He had long far exceeded his resources, and was proceeding with a vague idea that he should find money somehow or other, when this note was put into his hand, as it seemed to him by Providence. The signature of Semiramis could not have imparted more exquisite delight to a collector of autographs. Were his long views, his complicated objects and doubtful results to be put in competition a moment with so decided, so simple, and so certain a benefit? certainly not, by a gamester. He rose from the table, and with strange elation wrote these lines: —

"My dearest Friend, — You forgive me, but can I forgive myself? I am plunged in overwhelming grief. Shall I come on? Your mad but devoted friend, "Lucius Grafton.

"The Duke of St. James."

They met the same day. After a long consultation, it was settled that Peacock Piggott should be intrusted, in confidence, with the secret of the affair: merely a drunken squabble, "growing out" of the Bird of Paradise. Wine, jealousy, an artful woman, and headstrong youth will account for anything; they accounted for the present affair. The story was believed, because the world were always puzzled at Lady Aphrodite being

the cause. The Baronet proceeded with promptitude to make the version pass current: he indicted "The Universe" and "The New World;" he prosecuted the caricaturists; and was seen everywhere with his wife. "The Universe" and "The New World" revenged themselves on the Signora; and then she indicted them. They could not now even libel an opera singer with impunity; where was the boasted liberty of the Press?

In the meantime the young Duke, once more easy in his mind, wonderfully recovered; and on the eighth day after the Ball of Beauty he returned to the Pavilion, which had now resumed its usual calm character, for fresh air and soothing quiet.

Lothair Attains His Majority.

(From "Lothair.")

There can be little doubt, generally speaking, that it is more satisfactory to pass Sunday in the country than in town. There is something in the essential stillness of country life which blends harmoniously with the ordinance of the most divine of our divine laws. It is pleasant too, when the congregation breaks up, to greet one's neighbors; to say kind words to kind faces; to hear some rural news profitable to learn, which sometimes enables you to do some good, and sometimes prevents others from doing some harm. A quiet domestic walk too in the afternoon has its pleasures; and so numerous and so various are the sources of interest in the country, that, though it be Sunday, there is no reason why your walk should not have an object.

But Sunday in the country, with your house full of visitors, is too often an exception to this general truth. It is a trial. Your guests cannot always be at church, and, if they could, would not like it. There is nothing to interest or amuse them: no sport; no castles or factories to visit; no adventurous expeditions; no gay music in the morn, and no light dance in the evening. There is always danger of the day becoming a course of heavy meals and stupid walks, for the external scene and all its teeming circumstances, natural and human, though full of concern to you, are to your visitors an insipid blank.

How did Sunday go off at Muriel Towers?

In the first place there was a special train, which at an early hour took the Cardinal and his suite and the St. Jerome family,

to Grandchester, where they were awaited with profound expectation. But the Anglican portion of the guests were not without their share of ecclesiastical and spiritual excitement, for the Bishop was to preach this day in the chapel of the Towers, a fine and capacious sanctuary of florid Gothic, and his Lordship was a sacerdotal orator of repute.

It had been announced that the breakfast hour was to be somewhat earlier. The ladies in general were punctual, and seemed conscious of some great event impending. The Ladies Flora and Grizell entered with each in her hand a prayer book of purple velvet adorned with a decided cross, the gift of the Primus. Lord Culloden, at the request of Lady Corisande, had consented to their hearing the Bishop, which he would not do himself. He passed his morning in finally examining the guardians' accounts, the investigation of which he conducted and concluded during the rest of the day with Mr. Putney Giles. Mrs. Campian did not leave her room. Lord St. Aldegonde came down late, and looked about him with an uneasy, ill-humored air.

Whether from the absence of Theodora or from some other cause, he was brusque, ungracious, scowling, and silent, only nodding to the Bishop, who benignly saluted him, refusing every dish that was offered, then getting up and helping himself at the side table, making a great noise with the carving instruments, and flouncing down his plate when he resumed his seat. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen, though their usual morning dresses were sufficiently fantastic (trunk hose of every form, stockings bright as paroquets, wondrous shirts, and velvet coats of every tint), habited themselves to-day, both as regards form and color, in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. Lord St. Aldegonde had on his shooting-jacket of brown velvet and a pink shirt and no cravat, and his rich brown locks, always to a certain degree neglected, were peculiarly dishevelled.

Hugo Bohun, who was not afraid of him and was a high churchman, being in religion and in all other matters always on the side of the duchesses, said, "Well, St. Aldegonde, are you going to chapel in that dress?" But St. Aldegonde would not answer; he gave a snort and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the mantelpiece talking to the ladies, who were clustered round

him, the Archdeacon and the Chaplain and some other clergy a little in the background; Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his back to the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, assumed his usual position, and listened, as it were grimly, for a few moments to their talk; then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, "How I hate Sunday!"

"Granville!" exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder.

"I mean in a country house," said Lord St. Aldegonde. "Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it when alone, and I do not dislike it in London. But Sunday in a country house is infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Bishop, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed.

The service was choral and intoned; for although the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had not yet had time or opportunity, as was his intention, to form and train a choir from the household of the Towers, he had secured from his neighboring parish and other sources external and effective aid in that respect. The parts of the service were skilfully distributed, and rarely were a greater number of priests enlisted in a more imposing manner. A good organ was well played; the singing, as usual, a little too noisy; there was an anthem and an introit, but no incense, which was forbidden by the Bishop; and though there were candles on the altar, they were not permitted to be lighted.

The sermon was most successful; the ladies returned with elate and animated faces, quite enthusiastic and almost forgetting in their satisfaction the terrible outrage of Lord St. Aldegonde. He himself had by this time repented of what he had done and recovered his temper, and greeted his wife with a voice and look which indicated to her practised senses the favorable change.

"Bertha," he said, "you know I did not mean anything personal to the Bishop in what I said. I do not like bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore. Just put it right, Bertha. But I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot go to church here. Lord Culloden does not go, and he is a very religious man. He is the man I most agree with on these matters. I am a free churchman, and there is an end of it.

I cannot go this afternoon. I do not approve of the whole thing. It is altogether against my conscience. What I mean to do, if I can manage it, is to take a real long walk with the Campians."

Mrs. Campian appeared at luncheon. The Bishop was attentive to her, even cordial. He was resolved she should not feel he was annoyed by her not having been a member of his congregation in the morning. Lady Corisande too had said to him, "I wish so much you would talk to Mrs. Campian; she is a sweet, noble creature, and so clever! I feel that she might be brought to view things in the right light."

"I never know," said the Bishop, "how to deal with these American ladies. I never can make out what they believe, or what they disbelieve. It is a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and Barnum," he added with a twinkling eye.

The second service was late; the Dean preached. The lateness of the hour permitted the Lord Lieutenant and those guests who had arrived only the previous day to look over the castle, or ramble about the gardens. St. Aldegonde succeeded in his scheme of a real long walk with the Campians, which Lothair, bound to listen to the head of his college, was not permitted to share.

In the evening Signor Mardoni, who had arrived, and Madame Isola Bella favored them with what they called sacred music, — principally prayers from operas and a grand Stabat Mater.

Lord Culloden invited Lothair into a further saloon, where they might speak without disturbing the performers or the audience.

"I'll just take advantage, my dear boy," said Lord Culloden, in a tone of unusual tenderness, and of Doric accent, "of the absence of these gentlemen to have a little quiet conversation with you. Though I have not seen so much of you of late as in old days, I take a great interest in you, no doubt of that, and I was very pleased to see how good-natured you were to the girls. You have romped with them when they were little ones. Now, in a few hours, you will be master of a great inheritance, and I hope it will profit ye. I have been over the accounts with Mr. Giles, and I was pleased to hear that you had made yourself properly acquainted with them in detail. Never you sign any paper without reading it first, and knowing well what

it means. You may have to sign a release to us if you be satisfied, and that you may easily be. My poor brother-in-law left you as large an income as may be found on this side Trent, but I will be bound he would stare if he saw the total of the whole of your rent roll, Lothair. Your affairs have been well administered, though I say it who ought not. But it is not my management only, or principally, that has done it. It is the progress of the country, and you owe the country a good deal, and you should never forget you are born to be a protector of its liberties, civil and religious. And if the country sticks to free trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress.

"And here, my boy, I'll just say a word, in no disagreeable manner, about your religious principles. There are a great many stories about, and perhaps they are not true, and I am sure I hope they are not. If Popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censer pots, though I think them all superstitious, I 'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But Popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day; at least it is to be hoped so; and how will you like one of these Monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases, and where he pleases; and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours? There 's my girls, they are just two young geese, and they have a hankering after Popery, having had a Jesuit in the house. I do not know what has come to the women. They are for going into a convent, and they are quite right in that, for if they be Papists they will not find a husband easily in Scotland, I ween.

"And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is only just this and just that, and there 's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that if once you embrace the scarlet lady, you are a tainted corpse. You 'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying with your leave or by your leave."

The concert in time ceased; there was a stir in the room; the Rev. Dionysius Smylie moved about mysteriously, and ulti-

mately seemed to make an obeisance before the Bishop. It was time for prayers.

"Shall you go?" said Lord St. Aldegonde to Mrs. Campian, by whom he was sitting.

"I like to pray alone," she answered.

"As for that," said St. Aldegonde, "I am not clear we ought to pray at all, either in public or private. It seems very arrogant in us to dictate to an all-wise Creator what we desire."

"I believe in the efficacy of prayer," said Theodora.

"And I believe in you," said St. Aldegonde, after a momentary pause.

On the morrow the early celebration in the chapel was numerously attended. The Duchess and her daughters, Lady Agramont, and Mrs. Ardenne were among the faithful; but what encouraged and gratified the Bishop was that the laymen, on whom he less relied, were numerously represented. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carisbrooke, Lord Montairy, Bertram, and Hugo Bohun accompanied Lothair to the altar.

After the celebration, Lothair retired to his private apartments. It was arranged that he was to join his assembled friends at noon, when he would receive their congratulations, and some deputations from the county.

At noon, therefore, preparatively preceded by Mr. Putney Giles, whose thought was never asleep, and whose eye was on everything, the guardians, the Cardinal and the Earl of Culloden, waited on Lothair to accompany him to his assembled friends, and, as it were, launch him into the world.

They were assembled at one end of the chief gallery, and in a circle. Although the deputations would have to advance the whole length of the chamber, Lothair and his guardians entered from a side apartment. Even with this assistance he felt very nervous. There was no lack of feeling, and, among many, of deep feeling, on this occasion, but there was an equal and a genuine exhibition of ceremony.

The Lord Lieutenant was the first person who congratulated Lothair, though the High Sheriff had pushed forward for that purpose, but, in his awkward precipitation, he got involved with the train of the Honorable Lady Clotworthy, who bestowed on him such a withering glance, that he felt a routed man, and gave up the attempt. There were many kind and some earnest words. Even St. Aldegonde acknowledged the genius of the occasion. He was grave, graceful, and dignified, and address-

ing Lothair by his title he said, " that he hoped he would meet in life that happiness which he felt confident he deserved." Theodora said nothing, though her lips seemed once to move; but she retained for a moment Lothair's hand, and the expression of her countenance touched his innermost heart. Lady Corisande beamed with dazzling beauty. Her countenance was joyous, radiant; her mien imperial and triumphant. She gave her hand with graceful alacrity to Lothair, and said in a hushed tone, but every word of which reached his ear, " One of the happiest hours of my life was eight o'clock this morning."

The Lord Lieutenant and the county members then retired to the other end of the gallery, and ushered in the deputation of the magistracy of the county, congratulating their new brother, for Lothair had just been appointed to the bench, on his accession to his estates. The Lord Lieutenant himself read the address, to which Lothair replied with a propriety all acknowledged. Then came the address of the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, of which city Lothair was hereditary high steward; and then that of his tenantry, which was cordial and characteristic. And here many were under the impression that this portion of the proceedings would terminate; but it was not so. There had been some whispering between the Bishop and the Archdeacon, and the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had, after conference with his superiors, twice left the chamber. It seems that the clergy had thought fit to take this occasion of congratulating Lothair on his great accession, and the proportionate duties which it would fall on him to fulfil. The Bishop approached Lothair and addressed him in a whisper. Lothair seemed surprised and a little agitated, but apparently bowed assent. Then the Bishop and his staff proceeded to the end of the gallery and introduced a diocesan deputation, consisting of archdeacons and rural deans, who presented to Lothair a most uncompromising address, and begged his acceptance of a Bible and prayer book richly bound, and borne by the Rev. Dionysius Smylie on a cushion of velvet.

The habitual pallor of the Cardinal's countenance became unusually wan; the cheek of Clare Arundel was a crimson flush; Monsignore Catesby bit his lip; Theodora looked with curious seriousness as if she were observing the manners of a foreign country; St. Aldegonde snorted and pushed his hand through his hair, which had been arranged in unusual order. The great body of those present, unaware that this deputation was unexpected, were unmoved.

It was a trial for Lothair, and scarcely a fair one. He was not unequal to it, and what he said was esteemed at the moment by all parties as satisfactory; though the Archdeacon in secret conclave afterwards observed that he dwelt more on Religion than on the Church, and spoke of the Church of Christ and not of the Church of England. He thanked them for their present of volumes which all must reverence or respect.

While all this was taking place within the Towers, vast bodies of people were assembling without. Besides the notables of the county and his tenantry and their families, which drained all the neighboring villages, Lothair had forwarded several thousand tickets to the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, for distribution among their fellow-townsmen, who were invited to dine at Muriel and partake of the festivities of the day, and trains were hourly arriving with their eager and happy guests. The gardens were at once open for their unrestricted pleasure, but at two o'clock, according to the custom of the county under such circumstances, Lothair held what in fact was a levée, or rather a drawing-room, when every person who possessed a ticket was permitted, and even invited and expected, to pass through the whole range of the state apartments of Muriel Towers, and at the same time pay their respects to, and make the acquaintance of, their lord.

Lothair stood with his chief friends near him, the ladies however seated, and every one passed: farmers and townsmen and honest folk down to the stokers of the trains from Grandchester, with whose presence St. Aldegonde was much pleased, and whom he carefully addressed as they passed by.

After this great reception they all dined in pavilions in the park: one thousand tenantry by themselves and at a fixed hour; the miscellaneous multitude in a huge crimson tent, very lofty, with many flags, and in which was served a banquet that never stopped till sunset, so that in time all might be satisfied; the notables and deputations, with the guests in the house, lunched in the armory. It was a bright day, and there was unceasing music.

In the course of the afternoon, Lothair visited the pavilions, where his health was proposed and pledged, in the first by one of his tenants, and in the other by a workman, both orators of repute; and he addressed and thanked his friends. This immense multitude, orderly and joyous, roamed about the parks and gardens, or danced on a platform which the prescient

experience of Mr. Giles had provided for them in a due locality, and whiled away the pleasant hours, in expectation a little feverish of the impending fireworks, which, there was a rumor, were to be on a scale and in a style of which neither Grandchester nor the county had any tradition.

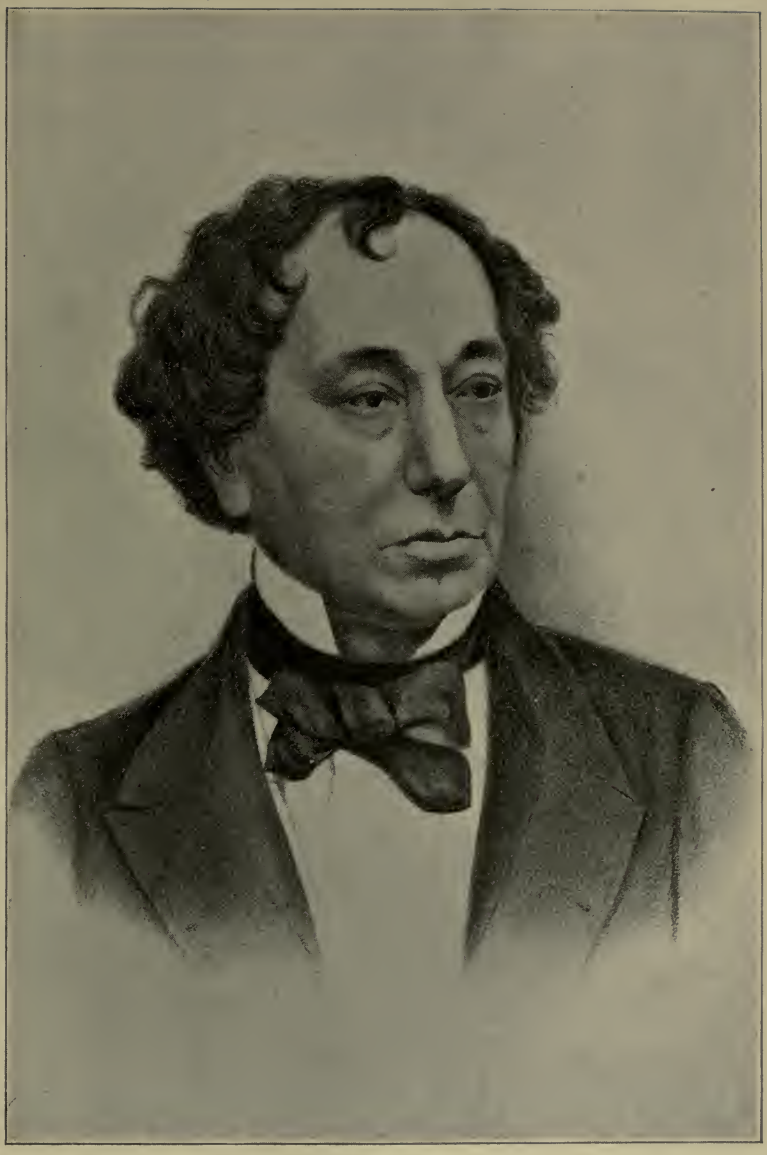
"I remember your words at Blenheim," said Lothair to Theodora. "You cannot say the present party is founded on the principle of exclusion."

In the mean time, about six o'clock, Lothair dined in his great hall with his two hundred guests at a banquet where all the resources of nature and art seemed called upon to contribute to its luxury and splendor. The ladies who had never before dined at a public dinner were particularly delighted. They were delighted by the speeches, though they had very few; they were delighted by the national anthem, all rising; particularly they were delighted by "three times three and one cheer more," and "hip, hip." It seemed to their unpractised ears like a great naval battle, or the end of the world, or anything else of unimaginable excitement, tumult, and confusion.

The Lord Lieutenant proposed Lothair's health, and dexterously made his comparative ignorance of the subject the cause of his attempting a sketch of what he hoped might be the character of the person whose health he proposed. Every one intuitively felt the resemblance was just and even complete, and Lothair confirmed their kind and sanguine anticipations by his terse and well-considered reply. His proposition of the ladies' healths was a signal that the carriages were ready to take them, as arranged, to Muriel Mere.

The sun had set in glory over the broad expanse of waters still glowing in the dying beam; the people were assembled in thousands on the borders of the lake, in the centre of which was an island with a pavilion. Fanciful barges and gondolas of various shapes and colors were waiting for Lothair and his party, to carry them over to the pavilion, where they found a repast which became the hour and the scene: coffee and ices and whimsical drinks, which sultanas would sip in Arabian tales. No sooner were they seated than the sound of music was heard, distant, but now nearer, till there came floating on the lake, until it rested before the pavilion, a gigantic shell, larger than the building itself, but holding in its golden and opal seats Signor Mardoni and all his orchestra.

Then came a concert rare in itself, and ravishing in the



BENJAMIN DISRAELI

(EARL OF BEACONSFIELD)

rosy twilight; and in about half an hour, when the rosy twilight had subsided into a violet eve, and when the white moon that had only gleamed began to glitter, the colossal shell again moved on, and Lothair and his companions embarking once more in their gondolas, followed it in procession about the lake. He carried in his own bark the Duchess, Theodora, and the Lord Lieutenant, and was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses. As he handed Theodora to her seat the impulse was irresistible : he pressed her hand to his lips.

Suddenly a rocket rose with a hissing rush from the pavilion. It was instantly responded to from every quarter of the lake. Then the island seemed on fire, and the scene of their late festivity became a brilliant palace, with pediments and columns and statues, bright in the blaze of colored flame. For half an hour the sky seemed covered with blue lights and the bursting forms of many-colored stars; golden fountains, like the eruption of a marine volcano, rose from different parts of the water; the statued palace on the island changed and became a forest glowing with green light; and finally a temple of cerulean tint, on which appeared in huge letters of prismatic color the name of Lothair.

The people cheered, but even the voice of the people was overcome by troops of rockets rising from every quarter of the lake, and by the thunder of artillery. When the noise and the smoke had both subsided, the name of Lothair still legible on the temple but the letters quite white, it was perceived that on every height for fifty miles round they had fired a beacon.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont, Francis, an English poet and dramatist; born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, 1584; died March 6, 1616. He was of a distinguished family; studied at Oxford and became a member of the Inner Temple, London, but seems to have paid little attention to the study of law, being the heir to a large estate. He died at the age of thirty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name and that of John Fletcher (1579–1625), son of the Bishop of Bristol, are inseparably connected in literary partnership. There are fifty-two dramas ascribed to them; but competent critics are of opinion that Beaumont had no considerable part in more than one-third of these, and it is not now possible to assign to each writer his respective share in any of these dramas. Their differences are best appreciated by comparing Beaumont's "Triumph of Love" with Fletcher's "Triumph of Death," included in "Four Plays or Moral Representations in One" (1647). Their plays written together include: "Philaster;" "The Maid's Tragedy;" "King and No King;" "The Scornful Lady;" "The Knight of the Burning Pestle;" "Cupid's Revenge;" and "The Coxcomb." Their first collected edition, "Comedies and Tragedies," appeared in 1647; more complete in 1679.

John Fletcher was born in Rye, Sussex, in December, 1579; died in London during the plague, in August, 1625. Fletcher survived his friend nine years, during which he produced many plays with and without collaborators; the latter include Massinger, Middleton, Rowley, Shirley, and others. It is certain that he wrote alone "The Faithful Shepherdess," "Bonduca," "Valentinian," "The Wild Goose Chase," and "Monsieur Thomas," his greatest works; "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife;" The "Loyal Subject;" "Wit Without Money;" "A Wife for a Month;" "The Chances;" "The Mad Lover;" and "The Humorous Lieutenant." Bullen, the most authoritative critic of Elizabethan literature, says he had Massinger's aid in "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Little French Lawyer," "The Beggar's Bush," "The Spanish Curate," "The False One," and "A Very Woman." The same authority gives "The Queen of Corinth" with Massinger, Rowley, and Middleton; "The Jeweller of Amsterdam" with Massinger

and Field; "The Bloody Brother" with Ben Johnson, revised by Middleton; "Two Noble Kinsmen" with Massinger, after Shakespeare's death; and considers "Henry VIII." the work of Fletcher and Massinger, with Shakespearean passages.

A Self-Confessed Coward.

Enter Bessus.

A Room in the House of Bessus.

Bessus. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger: but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still!" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again; and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks,[1] as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed, and ate quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled[2] whipped fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad, — I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valor is come over before me, and they say I was a raw

[1] The punishment inflicted on recreant knights. — *Dyce.*

[2] Ignominiously treated.

young fellow, but now I am improved, — a plague on their eloquence! 'T will cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honor on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account (worthily, as they call it), by the way of challenge.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

BESSUS. Good morrow, sir.

GENTLEMAN. I come to speak with you —

BESSUS. You 're very welcome.

GENTLEMAN. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

BESSUS. A pox on 'em, so they cry all. [*Aside.*

GENTLEMAN. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

[*Gives a letter.*

BESSUS. 'T is a challenge, sir, is it not?

GENTLEMAN. 'T is an inviting to the field.

BESSUS. An inviting! Oh, cry you mercy! — What a compliment he delivers it with! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech. [*Aside; and then reads.*] Um, um, um — reputation — um, um, um — call you to account — um, um, um — forced to this — um, um, um — with my sword — um, um, um — like a gentleman — um, um, um — dear to me — um, um, um — satisfaction. — 'T is very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

GENTLEMAN. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

BESSUS. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

GENTLEMAN. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

BESSUS. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you, above three combats a day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll the two hundredth and thirteenth man, which is something;

for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

GENTLEMAN. I will, sir. Good morrow to you.

BESSUS. Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN.] Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that 's referred: the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction." — Who 's there? more paper, I hope. No; 't is my Lord Bacurius: I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

BACURIUS. Now, Captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

BESSUS. Very right.

BACURIUS. And wronged me.

BESSUS. True, my lord.

BACURIUS. But now people will call you valiant, — desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

BESSUS. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements —

BACURIUS. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus: it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

BESSUS. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

BACURIUS. Who, then, pray?

Bessus. Bessus the coward wronged you.

Bacurius. Right.

Bessus. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bacurius. I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kicked.

Bessus. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bacurius. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up! [*Kicks him.*

Bessus. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bacurius. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bessus. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bacurius. When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bessus. Why, I am one.

Bacurius. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle; quick!

Bessus. My lord!

Bacurius. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bessus. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift. [*Gives his sword with a knife in the scabbard.*[1]

Bacurius. I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell.

Bessus. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bacurius. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. [*Exit.*

Bessus. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one: It keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the King, in a great audience, that I would make my back-

[1] A custom was prevalent of wearing a dagger or knife in a sheath attached to the scabbard of the sword. — *Weber.*

biters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that 's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit.*

Amoret and the River God.

(From "The Faithful Shepherdess." By John Fletcher.)

Enter Amarillis *in her own shape, and* Perigot *following with his spear.*

Amarillis. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Perigot. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!

Exit Amarillis *and re-enters as* Amoret.

Amoret. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice. — My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Perigot. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amoret. My Perigot!

Perigot. Here!

Amoret. Happy!

Perigot. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst. [*Wounds her.*

Amoret. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust. [*Falls.*

Perigot. Death is the best reward that 's due to lust. [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be crossed; for, being struck,
I 'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. [*Aside, and then comes forward.*] — Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

AMORET. No mercy do I crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, — who loved him, too;
He struck my soul, and not my body through, —
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.

SULL. SHEP. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. —

[*Flings her into the well.*

She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The GOD OF THE RIVER *rises with* AMORET *in his arms.*

GOD OF THE RIVER. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I, their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There 's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here 's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'T is a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she 's warm, her pulses beat,
'T is a sign of life and heat. —
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than Orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure. —
See, she pants, and from her flesh

The warm blood gusheth out afresh;
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. — Virgin, speak.

AMORET. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

GOD OF THE RIVER. I have healed thy wounds.

AMORET. Aye, me!

GOD OF THE RIVER. Fear not him that succored thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water, rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

AMORET. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality:
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

GOD OF THE RIVER. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbor-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

AMORET. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbor wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,

PSYCHE AND PAN

From Painting by Robert Beyschlag

When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
GOD OF THE RIVER. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 't is gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*
AMORET. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.*

SONG TO PAN.

(From "The Faithful Shepherdess." — Fletcher.)

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bowers,
All ye Virtues, and ye Powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs and brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.
He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loveliest lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing:
Ever holy, ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young,
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON, UPON HIS "FOX."

IF it might stand with justice to allow
The swift conversion of all follies, now
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work, whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name;
And did not manners and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand

Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since firmly resolved, shall never come
To know more than they do, — I would have shown
To all the world the art which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered with the grace
Of comic style, which only is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of naught that may be understood,
Lest they should be disproved, or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what 's obscene, or barks, — let us desire
They may continue, simply to admire
Fine clothes and strange words, and may live, in age
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it; whilst thy bold and knowing Muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

Leandro's Song.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
  Since thou know'st I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 't is thought, doth stay me,
  But 't is wind that must be blown
    From that breath, whose native smell
    Indian odors far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
  Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighboring air,
  Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
    'T is a word that 's quickly spoken,
    Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

Beckford, William, a noted English man of letters; born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, September 29, 1759; died at Bath, May 2, 1844. He was the son of an alderman, at one time Lord Mayor of London, who, dying, left to his son, then ten years of age, an immense fortune. While a mere youth he travelled extensively on the Continent of Europe; and returning to England, sat for a while in the British Parliament for various boroughs; then travelled abroad again, with a retinue of thirty servants, and returning to England took up his residence at Fonthill, in 1796. In 1801 he began the demolition of the ancient house and the building of the magnificent structure which he called Fonthill Abbey, in the erection and adornment of which he spent several years and enormous sums of money. The grand tower was 260 feet high. Here he amassed many art treasures. He is famous as the author of "Vathek," an Oriental romance of great power and luxurious imagination, written originally in French (1781 or 1782), and translated into English by himself, although another translation by (Henley) had been published anonymously and surreptitiously in 1784(?). Among his other writings are: "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters" (1780), a satirical burlesque; "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents" (1783), a series of letters from various parts of Europe; "Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal" (1834).

The Incantation and the Sacrifice.

(From "The History of the Caliph Vathek.")

By secret stairs, known only to herself and her son, she [Carathis] first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been brought from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Of these she ordered several to be taken. From thence she resorted to a gallery, where, under the guard of fifty female negroes, mute, and blind of the right eye, were preserved the oil of the most venomous serpents, rhinoceros horns, and woods of a subtle and penetrating odor, procured from the interior of the Indies, together with a thousand

other horrible rarities. This collection had been formed for a purpose like the present by Carathis herself, from a presentiment that she might one day enjoy some intercourse with the infernal powers, to whom she had ever been passionately attached, and to whose taste she was no stranger.

To familiarize herself the better with the horrors in view, the Princess remained in the company of her negresses, who squinted in the most amiable manner from the only eye they had, and leered with exquisite delight at the skulls and skeletons which Carathis had drawn forth from her cabinets. . . .

Whilst she was thus occupied, the Caliph, who, instead of the visions he expected, had acquired in these unsubstantial regions a voracious appetite, was greatly provoked at the negresses: for, having totally forgotten their deafness, he had impatiently asked them for food; and seeing them regardless of his demand, he began to cuff, pinch, and push them, till Carathis arrived to terminate a scene so indecent. . . .

"Son! what means all this?" said she, panting for breath. "I thought I heard, as I came up, the shriek of a thousand bats, tearing from their crannies in the recesses of a cavern. . . . You but ill deserve the admirable provision I have brought you."

"Give it me instantly!" exclaimed the Caliph: "I am perishing for hunger!"

"As to that," answered she, "you must have an excellent stomach if it can digest what I have been preparing."

"Be quick," replied the Caliph. "But oh, heavens! what horrors! What do you intend?"

"Come, come," returned Carathis, "be not so squeamish, but help me to arrange everything properly, and you shall see that what you reject with such symptoms of disgust will soon complete your felicity. Let us get ready the pile for the sacrifice of to-night, and think not of eating till that is performed. Know you not that all solemn rites are preceded by a rigorous abstinence?"

The Caliph, not daring to object, abandoned himself to grief, and the wind that ravaged his entrails, whilst his mother went forward with the requisite operations. Phials of serpents' oil, mummies, and bones were soon set in order on the balustrade of the tower. The pile began to rise; and in three hours was as many cubits high. At length darkness approached, and Carathis, having stripped herself to her inmost garment, clapped her hands in an impulse of ecstasy, and struck light with all her force. The mutes followed her example: but Vathek, extenuated with

hunger and impatience, was unable to support himelf, and fell down in a swoon. The sparks had already kindled the dry wood; the venomous oil burst into a thousand blue flames; the mummies, dissolving, emitted a thick dun vapor; and the rhinoceros' horns beginning to consume, all together diffused such a stench, that the Caliph, recovering, started from his trance and gazed wildly on the scene in full blaze around him. The oil gushed forth in a plenitude of streams; and the negresses, who supplied it without intermission, united their cries to those of the Princess. At last the fire became so violent, and the flames reflected from the polished marble so dazzling, that the Caliph, unable to withstand the heat and the blaze, effected his escape, and clambered up the imperial standard.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Samarah, scared at the light which shone over the city, arose in haste, ascended their roofs, beheld the tower on fire, and hurried half-naked to the square. Their love to their sovereign immediately awoke; and apprehending him in danger of perishing in his tower, their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of his safety. Morakanabad flew from his retirement, wiped away his tears, and cried out for water like the rest. Bababalouk, whose olfactory nerves were more familiarized to magical odors, readily conjecturing that Carathis was engaged in her favorite amusements, strenuously exhorted them not to be alarmed. Him, however, they treated as an old poltroon; and forbore not to style him a rascally traitor. The camels and dromedaries were advancing with water, but no one knew by which way to enter the tower. Whilst the populace was obstinate in forcing the doors, a violent east wind drove such a volume of flame against them, as at first forced them off, but afterwards rekindled their zeal. At the same time, the stench of the horns and mummies increasing, most of the crowd fell backward in a state of suffocation. Those that kept their feet mutually wondered at the cause of the smell, and admonished each other to retire. Morakanabad, more sick than the rest, remained in a piteous condition. Holding his nose with one hand, he persisted in his efforts with the other to burst open the doors, and obtain admission. A hundred and forty of the strongest and most resolute at length accomplished their purpose. . . .

Carathis, alarmed at the signs of her mutes, advanced to the staircase, went down a few steps, and heard several voices calling out from below: —

"You shall in a moment have water!"

Being rather alert, considering her age, she presently regained the top of the tower, and bade her son suspend the sacrifice for some minutes, adding: —

"We shall soon be enabled to render it more grateful. Certain dolts of your subjects, imagining, no doubt, that we were on fire, have been rash enough to break through those doors, which had hitherto remained inviolate, for the sake of bringing up water. They are very kind, you must allow, so soon to forget the wrongs you have done them; but that is of little moment. Let us offer them to the Giaour. Let them come up: our mutes, who neither want strength nor experience, will soon dispatch them, exhausted as they are with fatigue."

"Be it so," answered the Caliph, "provided we finish, and I dine."

In fact, these good people, out of breath from ascending eleven thousand stairs in such haste, and chagrined at having spilt, by the way, the water they had taken, were no sooner arrived at the top than the blaze of the flames and the fumes of the mummies at once overpowered their senses. It was a pity! for they beheld not the agreeable smile with which the mutes and the negresses adjusted the cord to their necks; these amiable personages rejoiced, however, no less at the scene. Never before had the ceremony of strangling been performed with so much facility. They all fell without the least resistance or struggle; so that Vathek, in the space of a few moments, found himself surrounded by the dead bodies of his most faithful subjects, all of which were thrown on the top of the pile.

Vathek and Nouronihar in the Halls of Eblis.

(From "The History of the Caliph Vathek.")

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar with the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odor as almost overpowered them; they however went on, and observed an infinity of

censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them; they had all the livid paleness of death: their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might seem, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once; you will soon be acquainted with all: let us haste and present you to Eblis."

They continued their way through the multitude; but notwithstanding their confidence at first they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armor, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His

person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapors; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Caliph sunk within him, and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said:

"Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers. Enjoy whatever this palace affords: the treasures of the pre-Adamite Sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it; you shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: —

"Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans."

"Come!" answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin, "come! and possess all that my Sovereign hath promised, and more."

He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition; their eyes retained a

melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes. Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power, — all these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud [Solomon the son of David].

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome; he appeared to possess more animation than the rest, though from time to time he labored with profound sighs, and like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visible in part through the grated portals; this was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation.

"Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans, which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the Prophet articulated these words: —

"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air librating over me served as a canopy from the rays of the sun; my people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds; I erected a temple to the Most High which was the wonder of the universe. But I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things; I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven; I forsook the holy city, and com-

manded the Genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakhar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure; not only men, but supernatural existences were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder and precipitated me hither; where however I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope, for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back like one petrified into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob: —

"O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us? Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair; thy heart also will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period. Employ them as thou wilt: recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains; no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction; their tears unable to flow, scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach; the Dives fell prostrate before them; every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view: but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of Genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on from chamber

to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit, all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them, to wait in direful suspense the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What!" exclaimed Nouronihar; "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine?"

"Ah," said Vathek; "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition!" Having given vent to these painful expressions, he called to an Afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders, the Caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd, till they heard voices at the end of the gallery. Presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings who, like themselves, were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered sitting on sofas five young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were all holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp; each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the Caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter, they arose, saluted and gave them place; then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek:—

"Strangers!—who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart,—if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place, and we in return will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard. We will trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent; this is the only employment suited to wretches like us!"

The Caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed, the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the fourth prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which, gradually dissipating, discoved Carathis on the back of an Afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son and said: —

"What dost thou here in this little square chamber? As the Dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the pre-Adamite Kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the Caliph; "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! Go, follow this Afrit, let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman; there thou wilt learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"The height of power to which thou art arrived has certainly turned thy brain," answered Carathis; "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for the Prophet. It is however proper thou shouldest know that (as the Afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah) I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented: availing myself therefore of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents which have rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad, had he not prevented me by deserting at last to my brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, and all the good brotherhood to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put them to the torture, could I but have allowed them the time; being however in a hurry, I only hung him after having caught him in a snare with thy wives, whilst them I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favor, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in the service of one of the Magi, and I think will soon be our own."

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the Afrit to remove Carathis from

his presence, and continued immersed in thought, which his companion durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and without regarding in the least the groans of the Prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans. Then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the Dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the Afrit himself had not seen; she passed by rapid descents known only to Eblis and his most favored potentates, and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the Sansar, or icy wind of death. Nothing appalled her dauntless soul; she perceived however in all the inmates, who bore their hands on their hearts, a little singularity, not much to her taste. As she was emerging from one of the abysses, Eblis stood forth to her view; but notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb Monarch thus answered: — "Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to employ the leisure that remains; for the flames and torments which are ready to seize on thy heart will not fail to provide thee with full employment." He said this, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but, resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of Genii, and all the Dives, to pay her homage; thus marched she in triumph through a vapor of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance. She even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place, when a voice proceeding from the abyss of Death proclaimed, "All is accomplished!" Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid princess was corrugated with agony; she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the Genii, and having execrated the hour she was begotten and the womb that had

borne her, glanced off in a whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of Heaven — Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled with looks of the most furious distraction; Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance, nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation, whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

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